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OF

MANY MEN.

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BEQUEST OF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

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To

Hon. James Russell Lowell

with the Author's Compliments

For accompanying letter of [illegible]
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OF

MANY MEN.

BY

T. C. EVANS.

JUNE, 1888.

NEW YORK:
THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.
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PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE accompanying sketches are mainly collected from publications to which I have contributed them at intervals during the last few years. They are without any higher pretension than that of current newspaper articles, written as hurriedly as such productions usually are, and, except one or two, with as little expectation that they would ever appear outside of the columns for which they were originally designed. Those relating to Dickens and Bulwer I hoped sometime to recast and elaborate, but opportunity has not served, and they, with the rest, are presented substantially as they were first written. Each had then reference to some event of immediate interest to which the persons discoursed of bore a more or less direct relation, and they had then respectively an excuse of timeliness, which cannot now be urged in their favor. I am sensible of their inadequacy, of the fragmentary character of most, and the marks of haste and incompletion not always absent from work designed for the daily press on all, and it therefore seems proper that they should be accompanied with this prelude of explanation and, so far as they are deemed to require it, of apology. As they are too slight for serious praise, they may perhaps hope to escape severe animadversion, and any readers who may await them will be as many as I permit myself to anticipate for them.

T. C. EVANS.

June, 1888.

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OF

MANY MEN.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1883.

I RECALL the date of my first meeting with Mr. Dickens by reference to the following letter, which is printed in the second volume of the collection edited by his sister-in-law, Miss Georgiana Hogarth, and his eldest daughter, Miss Mary Dickens, republished in New York City by Charles Scribner & Sons, 1879 :

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
Wednesday, January 6, 1859.

To Mr. Arthur Smith.

MY DEAR ARTHUR : Will you first read the enclosed letters, having previously welcomed with all cordiality the bearer, Mr. ——, from New York. You having read them, let mé explain that Mr. Fields is a highly respectable and influential man, and one of the heads of the most classical and respected publishing house in America ; that Mr. Richard Grant White is a man of high reputation, and that Felton is the Greek professor in the Cambridge University, perhaps the most distinguished scholar in the States.

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The address to myself, referred to in one of the letters, being on its way, it is quite clear that I must give some decided and definite answer to the American proposal. Now, will you carefully discuss it with Mr. —— before I enter on it at all? Then will you dine here with him on Sunday, which I will propose to him and arrange to meet at half-past four for an hour's discussion? The points are these:

First. I have a very grave question within myself whether I could go to America at all.

Secondly. If I did go, I could not possibly go before the autumn.

Thirdly. If I did go, how long must I stay?

Fourthly. If the stay were a short one, could you go?

Fifthly. What is his project—what could I make? What occurs to you upon his proposal?

I have told him that the business arrangements of the readings have been, from the first, so entirely in your hands that I enter upon nothing connected with them without previous reference to you.

Ever faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

My visit to England was, as the letter recites, for the purpose of inviting Mr. Dickens to deliver in America the readings which he was then giving in London and the provincial cities. He had begun them with many misgivings and against the counsel of some of his most trusted advisers the previous year, but their success was so immediate and complete and the pecuniary returns from them so great that the wisdom of his decision from all points of view seemed to be fully vindicated. It was not, as he said

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in one of his letters to Forster he feared it might be, stooping from a higher form of work to a lower, but was really a most effective extension and amplification of the already wide, almost universal, publication of his works. His voice and manner, his remarkable dramatic capabilities, which, in the opinion of Macready, Mathews, and other princes of the stage, would have made him one of the greatest actors, if destiny had not reserved for him the higher distinction of being one of the greatest authors of his age, seemed to shed a new light upon the characters which the pages of his work revealed. He was everywhere received with a tumult of enthusiasm, which betokened not alone admiration of the author, but an earnest affection for the man. Whatever reluctance he originally felt to the work speedily vanished, and the opposing counsels of his friends were at once silenced.

Such a storm of patriotic indignation had followed his first visit to America, twenty years before, and the publication of the "Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," that I felt if my mission was to be successful I must be able to offer him assurances which would be convincing to him that the old resentment toward him had passed away, and that the new generation which had grown up but faintly remembered the portentous figures of Elijah Pogram, Hannibal Chollop, and the rest of the transatlantic retinue which moved so grotesquely in the midst of a spray of furious and unremitting expectoration through his American books, while Copperfield, and Dora, and Little Nell, and Esther Summerson were as familiar to them as their own kinsfolk and neighbors. In order to provide myself with sufficient evidence of this, I addressed letters to persons in all parts of the country, whose position seemed to give them the right to interpret the sentiments on this point

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of the communities among which they lived.* I received replies from governors, senators, bishops, editors, authors—all sorts of people; and the burden of them was substantially the same, that Mr. Dickens might securely count upon a generous and cordial welcome. I retain a few of these letters, of which the following may serve as a sufficient example:

NEW YORK, January 6, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: I have heard with a good deal of interest that you propose to induce Mr. Dickens to visit this country again and give a series of readings. I cannot doubt their entire success. His "American Notes" excited a good deal of severe and, in my judgment, very unjust prejudice in the public mind, but this, I think, has very largely abated, even in the quarters where it was strongest, and I am confident Mr. D. would now meet with a very general welcome.

I am, very truly yours,

H. J. RAYMOND.

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*NEW YORK, November 30, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I am about visiting London with the hope of inducing Mr. Charles Dickens to give a series of readings in the United States. Suitable assurances from prominent men that his reception here will be one of general welcome will materially aid the accomplishment of my purpose. If you share the conviction which I have found to prevail among men of letters and others whom I have consulted, that his visit would be attended with that welcome to which his distinguished name and place in literature entitle him, I beg to request that you will add your own to the many similar assurances I have already received and which I shall have the honor of placing before Mr. Dickens on my arrival in London.

I am, with great respect,

Yours very truly.

Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE, Buffalo, N. Y.

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OFFICE OF DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO., BANKERS,
NEW YORK, January 7, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I certainly feel much interested in your proposed efforts to induce Mr. Charles Dickens to visit this country again, and to give to our people in this country an opportunity of hearing his readings. Having myself recently heard him in London, I cannot doubt that he would meet with great success here should he come.

It may be supposed that the American people have some old grievances to settle with that gentleman relating to his remarks upon them many years ago. I do not for a moment believe there is at this late and more intelligent day any prejudice existing that need cause the slightest apprehension on that score, and shall be glad to know that Mr. Dickens is to return to us.

Yours truly,

WATTS SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, January 7, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: Herewith I have the pleasure to enclose for you a note of introduction to Mr. Dallas. My acquaintance with Mr. D. has never been intimate; indeed, it is limited to two or three semi-official interviews.

I trust you may be successful in your project. If the people of this country are made to understand that Mr. Dickens desires to make another visit, to do them justice and to undo the wrong done by his "Notes" and "Chuzzlewit," then I believe he will be well received. Those books, I have always believed, were less the frank expression of the author's real impressions than a concession to the general prejudice of the British public against the Americans. Those books were made for booksellers; but if Mr. Dickens, coming here now in the fulness of his

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fame and in the maturity of his genius, comes in a more catholic and less provincial spirit, he will be received not with the affection and enthusiasm inspired by his earlier writings, but with the respect due to his exalted rank as an author.

Truly yours,

DANIEL E. SICKLES.

Mr. Arthur Smith called upon me at the time appointed and drove me to Tavistock House, where we found Dickens awaiting us in the library. With him was Mr. Lawson Levy, of the London *Telegraph*. Dickens's greeting was full of cordiality. His hand-grip had something electric in it, as if it sent some of its own measureless vitality into the hand which it grasped. He asked me a hundred questions about my voyage, which had been such as the Atlantic usually provides for January travellers; about American friends; about how I was lodged; about my first impression of that great British institution, the London fog, through an unusually dense example of which we had found our way with dubiousness and difficulty from Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, to the pleasant fireside of the Tavistock House library. There was something indescribably inspiring and captivating in his manner, in the alert, buoyant, mirthful expression of his face, and in his bright, rapid, and humorous play of talk, which was punctuated by hearty outbursts of laughter. "What a face," said Leigh Hunt, "is his to meet in a drawing-room! It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings," and Mrs. Carlyle said of it "that it was as if made of steel." In truth, no one could come into his companionship without being instantly impressed with those qualities which made his personality in all societies so striking a one. Beneath a manner which was arch,

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gay, vivacious, and sympathetic, lending itself with ready spontaneity to all the passing moods of his companions of the moment, there was apparent a reserve of iron energy and a resolute, powerful will. His brow was as fair and smooth as was that of the young historian of Pickwick, whose portrait by Maclise, painted twenty years before, stood upon an easel in the library, clustered about by heavy waves of soft brown hair, of which time had diminished the abundance, but the rest of his face was bronzed and weather-beaten, telling of his long daily walks in the open air, which he kept up during his whole working life, till the infirmities of his later years forbade them. Forster prints in his life extracts from letters to him in 1837: "What a brilliant morning for a walk!" "Is it possible that you can't, oughtn't, shouldn't, mustn't, won't be tempted?" "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I knows a good 'ous there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine." "Where shall it be? Oh, where! Hampstead, Greenwich, Windsor? Where!" And Sala, writing of him after his death, has described himself as encountering him in the oddest places and most inclement weather—in Radcliffe highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn lane, in the Wandsworth road, at Hammersmith, Broadway, in Norton, Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. A hansom whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton, and there he was striding as with seven-league boots seemingly in the direction of northend Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway sent you forth at Lessor Grove, and you met him plodding speedily toward the Yorkshire stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Cold-

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bath fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters' road at Halloway, or bearing under a stately press of sail underneath Highgate archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way up the Vauxhall Bridge road. "I was among the Italian boys from twelve to two this morning," says one of his letters. "I am going out to night in their boat with the Thames police," says another. It was the same when he was in Italy or Switzerland, and when in later life he was in French provincial places: "I walk miles away into the country, and you can scarcely imagine by what deserted ramparts and silent little cathedral closes, or how I pass over rusty drawbridges and stagnant ditches out of and into the decaying town." My own frequent walks with him in London and in the neighborhood of Gad's Hill impressed me with a sufficient sense of his pedestrian powers. Often when we had done our good ten miles he would hold out seductive inducements for just another stretch of three or four miles or so, and he always came in after these tremendous pulls apparently as fresh as when he started. He told me once of a walk which he made from Tavistock House to Gad's Hill, a distance of about thirty miles, starting at two o'clock in the morning and coming in dazed and reeling, everything swimming before him, about nine o'clock, when after a little refreshment he plunged into bed and slept for ten hours. These night walks were his remedy for occasional insomnia. When he found, after a few hours in bed, that he could not sleep, having exhausted the familiar expedients of counting up to a hundred over and over again, or repeating over some phrase or the line of some ballad, he would get up, dress himself, and sally forth, rain or shine, into the midnight streets, coming back at dawn, sometimes after sunrise when the town was astir, the Fleet jammed with huge vans loom-

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ing through the morning smoke and mist, and Piccadilly waking into life with its trundling hulks of omnibuses and light-flying hansoms carrying early workers to their tasks and tipsy, belated revellers home to their beds. Many a weird Dantean vision rose before him on these grim night walks. St. Paul's, he said, never seemed so vast as when its black dome reared itself against a blacker sky, like a temple built out of the elements of night, and London Bridge, the river below soundless and invisible, the lamps along its parapet shining dim and yellow through the fog, seemed as if it spanned Phlegethon or the Styx; as if with the turning of the world and the ebbing of its day tides of life it had become a causeway of the dead, across which, silent and unseen as the river below, they streamed in endless multitude, journeying from deep to deep of darkness in ghostly and phantasmal procession. Strange figures of the living rose before him in these night wanderings—wrecks of men and ruins of women, gaunt, hungry faces, sin-branded, the outcast, the homeless, swaggering sons of Belial flown with insolence and gin; Doll Tearsheet, with her fading bedizenments and tipsy leer of solicitation—all that the night side of a city like London could present were as familiar to him as they were to Inspector Field or Detective Bucket, or Mr. George Augustus Sala, who of old was, like Dickens himself, an indefatigable explorer by night and day of the mysteries and miseries of that hugest of all the aggregations of mortality under the sun.

There were half a dozen or more guests at dinner; among whom, besides Mr. Lawson Levy and Mr. Arthur Smith, I chance to remember a Mr. Ouvery, Mr. Dickens's solicitor, and the conversation was very gay and spirited. It turned somewhat upon American affairs, and Dickens laughingly said it seemed as if destiny had ordained that

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he should have another bout with the Americans. He quoted Colonel Damas's observation to Claude Melnotte after their duel : " It is astonishing how much better I like a man after I have fought with him," and said that he rather liked the Americans better after his battle royal with them. Prescott had recently died, and there was much admiring talk of him, Dickens recalling interesting memories of him and showing much familiarity with his works. There was talk likewise of Cooper, and Poe, and Washington Irving, and some laughing comment upon Mr. N. P. Willis's " Pencillings by the Way," in which he gave almost as much offence to British sensibilities as Dickens's work afterward gave to those of our peppery compatriots. Of his first meeting with Dickens, whom he visited in company with Mr. Macrone, Dickens's publisher of that time, he writes : " In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull and Mouth Inn, we pulled up at the entrance of a large building, used for lawyers' chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, a few books, a small boy, and Mr. Dickens for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing, and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers, the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit. I remember saying to myself as I sat down on a rickety chair : ' My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher.' Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller, minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily

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cut, and, after changing a ragged office coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailor to the wind." This description, certainly not to be commended on the score of delicacy, excited amusement rather than indignation in Dickens's mind, and he never referred to it without hearty laughter. There was talk likewise of American journalism, not unfriendly, but mainly without wisdom, showing but a limited knowledge of the subject. Mr. Greeley's name, as was natural, was the first in estimation. Everybody present seemed to be aware of the eminence of his abilities and character, as well as of his personal eccentricities of dress, manner, and speech. Mr. Bryant was known rather as the author of "Thanatopsis" and the "Flood of Years" than as the editor of the *Evening Post*. On the whole, I should say that the average literary Londoner of 1858 knew hardly more about American journalism than the average literary New Yorker now knows of the journalism of Madrid.

There seemed on the part of some of the guests an apprehension that, however warmly the people of America might welcome Mr. Dickens in case he determined to pay them another visit, the journals, or some of them, would seize upon that opportunity to settle old scores with him. But the letters which I carried with me, the one from Mr. Raymond, printed above, another, very kind and cordial, from Mr. Greeley, and many others from the most prominent workers in journalism of that time, authorized me to assure the doubting Thomases that Mr. Dickens would receive, in case his visit became a fact, as kind a welcome from the press of America as he or his most ardent friends could desire. And although his journey hither was delayed for a period of years, I am glad to remember that

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such a welcome did await him, and that to the end of his life he bore a grateful and appreciative memory of it.

After dinner there were games in the drawing-room—a familiar custom in all Dickens's houses—in Doughty Street, in the old days; in the cottage at Twickenham, in Devonshire Terrace; in Tavistock House, at Gad's Hill; even in his palace at Genoa during his Italian exile, for he carried his habits with him wherever he went. Experience had given the house an endless repertory of these pastimes. One consisted in starting a whispered phrase (first written down) and sending it on its whispered way from guest to guest, the point of the procedure consisting in comparing the version given by the last recipient with the written sentence. It usually came out very much mangled and battered, so that its author would not have known it. For instance, "Theophilus Thistle and his sieve" might, after its transit round the circle, emerge in such shape as this: "The ostrich whistles in its sleeve," thus flying in the face of natural history and ascribing a frivolous as well as a sartorial habit to the unclad, unsibilant bird of the desert. Whereat there would be peals of laughter and an endeavor to find out where the ostrich came in. Then another would be started, and all the whisperers enjoined to take pains. But the sentence never got around without a complete change of identity. It was generally ludicrous when it started on its journey, but gathered absurdity as it proceeded and came out impossible. Another of these phrase games, so to speak, was as follows: The first in the circle of guests repeated some brief sentence, for example: "April showers bring May flowers;" the next recited that and added another to it, the next recited both, adding another of his own, and so accumulating incoherence and perplexity, the swelling rigmarole, in twittering female

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treble and booming masculine bass, went round the circle, leaving a ghastly wake of the mnemonically disabled (for any one who failed was counted out), and there were generally only two or three survivors, Dickens himself being almost always among them. One of the phrases of his addition I remember. It was "Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand." Poignant and bitter memories were associated in his mind with this apparently commonplace designation of a tradesman's name and number, for it was in a blacking factory set up in opposition to Warren, of the Strand, and bearing a similar name, that some years of a servitude which he esteemed degrading were spent in his boyhood, and the remembrance of them, always painful and revolting to him, evidently came back to haunt even his happiest hours. His biographer tells the story in the first volume of his life, and except to him it was not at the time of which I write known to even the most intimate of Dickens's friends and associates. The incident may seem trivial, but in the light of the story told by Forster of the acute misery and suffering associated with this period of his life, when he seemed to himself to be cast into the midst of degrading associations and chained by hunger and penury to what he regarded as an ignoble and loathsome employment, it has always had for me a strange impressiveness. The spectre of those squalid days, his parents, brothers, and sisters inmates of the Marshalsea prison; himself a forlorn little waif, sitting in the window gazed at by the idlers in the street, "covering pots of paste blacking, first with a piece of oil paper, then with a piece of blue paper, then tying them round with a string and cutting them neat all round;" dining on two penny days on a piece of pudding with currants in it, and on penny days, or those in which his little weekly earnings were nearly ex-

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pended, on a piece of similar pudding without currants. "Stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby," got in a court near St. Martin's Church sometimes, and at others in the Strand, somewhere near where Lowther's Arcade is now"—this spectre would not down, but haunted all the years of his prosperity and renown.

It seems incomprehensible that the retrospect could have given him so much pain. The employment was not such as he would have chosen, but it was useful and respectable. The experiences of trial and misery which he then underwent had their share in making him what he subsequently became. He was then sowing in bitterness the seed from which he was thereafter to reap so fruitful and noble a harvest.

Another of the games consisted in the pantomimic presentation of some episode of history. One of the guests withdrew from the room while those who remained decided upon the event to be represented and assumed their respective places in the drama, of which the guest outside was made the principal figure and was expected to submit himself in silence and with docility to the course of the play. Mr. Wilkie Collins was on this occasion the sequestrated guest, being banished to the library under strict guard, and the historical event which it was determined to represent was the beheading of Charles I. A sofa pillow was laid upon a rug in the middle of the floor to represent the block. Dickens, with a black handkerchief tied around his head, armed himself with the fire shovel and stood sternly by as headsman, and the rest, variously equipped as halberdiers, ecclesiastics, and the like, with whatever properties the drawing-room afforded, occupied the places assigned them, and when all was ready the dazed and spectacled novelist was brought in to his doom. He

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submitted his head to the block with much resignation, and the headsman made an energetic feint of chopping it off with the fire shovel, after which the tyrant was allowed to get up, adjust his collar, and guess what the performance was, which he did without hesitation, though for a moment he imagined that, despite his sex and his trousers, he might have been cast for the equally tragic rôle of Mary Queen of Scots.

Another of these pastimes consisted in the production of a poem, each guest contributing a line of given measure without knowing the import of any of the preceding lines, the paper, passed from hand to hand, being folded down after each contribution, so that the Sappho or Tyrtæus to whom it succeeded had to hazard a wild conjecture as to the burden of what had gone before and take a desperate chance to keep up a continuity of meaning. The poem completed, it was read aloud by Dickens, with tragic gesture and intonation, and whatever its other qualities, it was invariably amusing.

Mr. Dickens's household at this time consisted of himself, his two daughters, Mary and Catharine, who subsequently married Mr. Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie, a young writer of good talents, who about this time contributed to *All the Year Round* "A New Sentimental Journey," which some of the old readers of that periodical may remember; Miss Georgiana Hogarth, his wife's sister, and two of his younger sons, lads of ten and twelve, the others, except the elder, who was living in chambers, being, as I understood, at school in Germany. There were in all, if my recollection is not at fault, eleven children. The twenty-first birthday of the eldest, Miss Mary Dickens, who is still living and unmarried, occurred during my stay in London, and was celebrated by a dinner,

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to which, family and guests, twenty-one persons sat down; and it was my good fortune on this occasion to be seated next to Mr. Charles Lever, who was in London on a flying trip from his consulate at Spezia, in Italy. He was a large, jolly man, full of odd anecdotes, as burly and energetic a laugher as Dickens himself, and might have sat for his own portrait of Harry Lorrequer grown into not much of the gravity but all the rotundity of middle age. Of the other guests present, I chance to remember Mr. Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt, the airy, bright, lovable, irresponsible original of Harold Skimpole; Messrs. Albert and Arthur Smith, Mr. Edmund Yates, and, I think, Mr. John Forster. The separation of Dickens and his wife had taken place but a short time before, but there was nothing at Tavistock House or at Gad's Hill, which I subsequently visited, from which a stranger would have inferred that any shadow rested on the household. Everything was of the utmost brightness and charm, Dickens's high spirits and mirth seeming to be communicated to all who surrounded him. Whatever his sorrows were—and they were many in these years—they made no outward sign. But a year before he had written to Forster: "Quite dismiss from your mind any reference whatever to circumstances at home. Nothing can put them right till we are all dead and buried and risen. It is not with me a matter of trial, or suffrance, or good humor, or making the best of it, or making the worst of it any longer. It is all despairingly over. Have no lingering hope of or for me in this association. A dismal failure has to be borne and then an end." It was as a refuge from these distresses that the first thought of giving paid public readings came into his mind, as if he foresaw in the excitement of this new occupation some relief from the troubles which weighed upon

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him. It is painful to revert to these calamitous circumstances in his life, but they have long since been given to the world as a part of the duty devolved upon the life-long, trusted, devoted friend whom he chose as his biographer, and no reference to him in the years of which I write would be complete without allusion to them.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, for four or five years the town residence of Dickens, where "Bleak House" and a part of "Hard Times" were written (latter finished in Boulogne, July 14th, 1854), was a handsome, rather spacious mansion, built of a yellowish sort of stone, approached through a carriage gateway leading into a small court-yard, in the centre of which was a small circular plot, which in summer-time was planted with flowers; doorway with bright brass knocker (device, a griffin's head, or a lion's, I forget!), reached through a small pillared porch; dining-room, equal to ample hospitalities, on the ground floor; library above it, handsome high room, books from floor to ceiling, a few pictures, not many, among them the portrait by Maclise, before referred to, representing Dickens *ætat* twenty-seven, with long flowing brown hair and copious black satin expanse of cravat, decorated with two pins joined together by a delicate golden chain; large, long table covered with books, papers, and a few ornaments; drawing-room comfortably, not gorgeously furnished, opening from the library, in the latter, most conspicuous decoration, Stanfield's picture of the Eddystone Lighthouse, painted as a drop scene for Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of that name, written for private representation at the Tavistock House Theatre, Mr. Dickens, the members of his family, the author, and other literary friends assuming the various characters. This picture, afterward removed to Gad's Hill and placed in a frame in

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the hall (although it was painted in one or two mornings' work), brought at the sale of Dickens's effects after his death one thousand guineas. Dickens, describing the circumstances under which it was painted, said that "walking one day on Hampstead Heath to think over a speech he was to deliver at the theatrical fund dinner then imminent, he met Mark Lemon, and together they went to Stanfield. He had been very ill, and told them that large pictures were too much for him, and that he must thereafter confine himself to small ones. But I would not have this. I declared he must paint bigger ones than ever, and what would he think of beginning an act drop for a proposed vast theatre at Tavistock House. He laughed and caught at this. We cheered him up very much, and he said he was quite a man again." There were two other smaller pictures by the same artist, painted to illustrate the same play, but their subjects I have forgotten. The Lighthouse, however, standing bluff against a windy, cloud-swept sky, the surf tossing and tumbling on the Eddystone Reefs, where Winstanley and his ill-fated fabric, which he built to stand till the judgment day, went down together in a great tempest once on a time, I can see yet. Dickens sold Tavistock House in the following year, residing thereafter exclusively at Gad's Hill, but it will always remain associated with his memory. It was the birthplace of Esther Summerson and Poor Rick, Inspector Bucket, Mr. Tulkinghorn, Josiah Bounderby, Mr. Gradgrind, and the rest, and something of the renown of the old occupant will always abide with it.

A few days later I received a letter from him inviting me to Gad's Hill, whither the family had gone for a few weeks' sojourn. It was down in Kent, on the road to Canterbury, near the twenty-seventh mile stone from Lon-

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don, on the summit of Strood Hill, a square, solid old brick mansion, built eighty years before by one Stevens, who had begun life as ostler at an inn, afterward married the hostess, took up brewing, and finally become "Mare of Rochester," as he wrote himself on one occasion. Not much trained in writing, this old worthy, his name and its honorary appendices measuring the limit of his experiments in that line. The house was built to last, showing in its builder a rugged British integrity or wise forecast for his heirs, and it wore its fourscore years as lightly as the jaunty little bell tower which crowned its roof. It was seated some distance back from the high road, with gardens and lawns surrounding it, and in the rear the meadow stretched away toward the woods of Darnley Park, stately *pleasaunce* of Lord Cobham, great man of that Kentish region, whose picturesque Elizabethan mansion, red, rambling, turreted, and time-beaten, floated many a rood along a space of lawn, terraced, lit with lakelets, a statue here and there, the splendor and the stridulous cry of peacocks not wanting, which was islanded in the midst of the woods aforesaid a long arrow shot away. Inside the hall an inscription, illuminated by Mr. Owen Jones, hung against the wall enclosed in a frame: "This house, Gad's Hill place, stands on the summit of Shakespeare's Gad's Hill, ever memorable for its association with Sir John Falstaff in his noble fancy. 'But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four o'clock early at Gad's Hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all. You have horses for yourselves.'" Engravings from Hogarth's pictures also adorned the walls: "Marriage à la Mode," the gouty earl, the languid and *distrait* bridegroom elect; Counsellor Silvertongue, nibbing the

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pen with which the pending contracts were to be signed; the expectant virgin, her countenance prefiguring her after history; her vulgar, shrewd old parent haggling with the earl over the marriage settlements; the "Rake's Progress," the "Industrious *vs.* Idle Apprentices," and the rest made of it quite a Hogarthian gallery, and attested the admiration which Dickens felt for the works of the greatest pictorial moralist and one of the greatest delineators of character which the British Islands has ever produced. The hall divided the house into two equal portions, drawing-room and dining-room occupying one side and Dickens's study and a large, handsome guest's room the other. The study, which has been made familiar to the public by engravings, looked out through a broad, high recessed window upon the meadow and the Darnley Woods, trees near by showing their naked lace-work of boughs in that midwinter season—"bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang"—but in summer casting their flickering shadows on the pages which grew under his hand; desk fronting the window, which he faced when writing—as if to drink in the lights and shadows and splendors and glooms of all the passing moods of sky and wood and meadow which the suns and clouds and storms and calms of the journeying days wove for him—contained, besides its writing equipments, a few ornaments—two green bronze frogs of swelling abdominal amplitude and straddling exorbitance of leg, fighting a duel *à l'outrance*, with fencing foils, a statuette of a dog-fancier, arms, pockets, and all available receptacles overflowing with small dogs, barking, demure, arch, sullen, expectant, as of a bone or a tussle with the house cat; a gilt leaf with a rabbit sitting upon it erect upon its haunches; the huge paper knife often held in his hand during his public readings, and the

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little green cup ornamented with the leaves and blossoms of the cowslip, in which a few fresh flowers were placed every morning—"for he always worked with flowers on his writing-table"—and a few other small objects not remembered. His desk was at all times arranged with the most perfect neatness and order, and his habits of work were systematic and almost invariable. He commonly wrote from breakfast till the hour of luncheon, except that he would generally take a turn through the meadow, visit the stables, give good-morning to his dogs, Turk, Linda, Bumble, and the rest—he was a great lover of dogs, had many of them, first and last,* and was a curious student

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The story of his many dogs, first and last, would fill a book. One of the later of these, introduced to Gad's Hill, I am glad to say, after my visit, was presented to him by an admirer, and could not well be rejected, though he might have been if he could have exhibited the whole circle of his qualities at first sight. He was a Spanish bloodhound of immense proportions named Sultan, ferocious and depredating from the moment he stepped on the scene. He recognized Dickens as his master at once, as if he knew what was expected of him; and he tolerated the rest of the family, but was on his hind-legs, at the limit of his chain, howling like a Finland wolf, when anybody else approached. A few days after his arrival he got loose and went off two or three miles "to have a prize-fight" with another dog; came back toward evening lacerated, with bloodshot eyes, and his tongue "hanging almost to the ground." He had extinguished the pretensions of the other dog, and that animal was buried the next day. Endless were the atrocities of this animal, and his malignity was proof against all sorts of discipline. He was whipped every few days in the most conscientious manner, but it did him no good. "Cut that dog in two," one of the gardeners said, "and the hind-legs would have the fore-legs by the throat in a jiffy." One day he carried out his principles to a limit which proved to be beyond the line of forgiveness. He sprang at a child coming up the gar-

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of their ways and habits—after which he would settle down to his three or four hours of work, which he suffered nothing which was not of the first urgency or importance to in-

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den walk, injuring it severely, and would doubtless have killed it if he had not been pulled off by some of the men. This was his death-warrant. They chained him up over night and next day took him across the meadow and shot him. He died with a howl of defiance, the most piratical and bloodthirsty of all the Dickens dogs—fit for the kennel of the huge Earl Doorm or William De la Marck.

"Just watch that young dog," he said to me one day as we were walking in the streets of Rochester, accompanied by two of the animals, one middle-aged and of solid exemplary character, the other just out of puppyhood and with an enterprising curiosity which left nothing uninvestigated. In the course of that walk he must have become acquainted with the perfume of most of the citizens of Rochester whom we found on the streets, and he struck up a cordial if brief acquaintance with every dog we passed. Pretty soon he turned up a side street, and a few squares further on we found him on the sidewalk, beating the pavement with his tail, and looking at us over the corner of his eye. In the interval was a butcher's stall, and under the bench thereof sat an enormous bull-dog, which had once resented the familiar approaches of the younger animal by strewing the air with him, "his outstretched members revolving like the spokes of a wagon wheel." When he alighted he fled the spot, his terrified legs "devouring the miles," and would never go by the lair of that bull-dog again. But his manner on each occasion when he had gone round the spot of danger and sat on the same stone awaiting his master seemed intended to repel the possible surmise that his disappearance had been other than casual, and especially to rebut the assumption that there had been any cowardice in it. A serious look at him on these occasions seemed to be construed as implying an injurious reflection upon his valor, and he had a variety of rather sheepish ways of getting out of the range of immediate observation; but he soon brightened up, and was as full of supererogatory exploits and adventures as ever.

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terrupt. He was at that time engaged upon the early chapters of "The Tale of Two Cities," not yet named, one of the masterpieces of his art, and in our walks had much to say of that dread revolutionary time across the channel with which it mainly dealt. He had accumulated much lore concerning this time, endless, strange, and terrible stories of it which he had heard from the lips of those who had themselves stood under the shadow of the guillotine, remembered the pestilential glooms and black horrors of the Conciergerie, and had heard the rumble of the tumbrils in the prison yard at dawn, not knowing but that their own names were on the death list, and that the coming sunrise was the last for them in all the turnings of the world. He spoke of Carlyle's "History of the Revolution," which he read twice every year, as one of the most wonderful books of the century, as the only one he had ever read which mirrored in any sufficient degree that upbreak in flame and ruin of the foundations of an ancient society, as if Vesuvius had burst beneath them, hurling aloft shrine and throne, temple and palace, mitre and sceptre and diadem, robes and scrolls of magistracy, the priest's missal, and the harlot's habit, to scatter them in smoke and ashes upon the wind. He spoke often of Carlyle, who was in Scotland at this time, and from whom he had recently received a letter describing, in Carlylean manner, incidents of his journey, and referring to the book upon which Dickens was engaged.

Coming up Strood Hill one day, the homestretch of a long afternoon walk, he narrated to me that long ago, when he was a little lad, his father told him, as they were walking up the same hill, that if he was a good boy and very per-

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severing he might when he grew up sometime come to have a house like that, pointing to the square old mansion on the top of the hill. The story was then new to me, though it has since been published in his biography and fancifully set forth in one of his sketches. He had certainly heeded the paternal admonition as to perseverance, and the promised reward had come to him. He bought Gad's Hill in 1856, it being then purchasable for the first time in almost half a century. "As soon as I heard it was for sale," he said, "I sent Wills down directly to treat for it, and found, curiously enough, that it was the property of a lady whom I had known very well for a good while." Mr. Wills was the publisher of *All the Year Round*, and one of Dickens's most faithful friends and lieutenants. His negotiations resulted successfully, and the property passed into the ownership of Dickens, though he did not take possession till the following year, not having the heart to turn out abruptly the old rector who had lived there for thirty-four years. "They wouldn't," he wrote, when the business was finished, "take £1700 for the property, but finally wanted £1800. I have finally offered £1750. It will require an expenditure of about £300 more before yielding £100 a year." Afterward he found that the changes absolutely necessary would take £1000, "which sum I am always resolving to squeeze out of this, grind out of that, and wring out of the other, this, that, and the other, annually, all three declining to come up to the scratch for the purpose." "This day," he wrote (March 14th, 1856), "I have paid the purchase money for Gad's Hill place. After drawing the check I turned round to give it to Wills, and said, 'Now, isn't it an extraordinary thing—look at the day—Friday! I have been nearly drawing it half a dozen times when the lawyers

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have not been ready, and here it comes round on Friday, as a matter of course.' " It was not originally his intention to make it his residence, but his liking for the place grew, and he ultimately expended a considerable sum in improving it, building a new drawing-room and dormitories, a conservatory, stables, offices, and the like. The property was divided by the high road, on the other side of which, in the midst of a pretty shrubbery, he set up the Swiss chalet presented to him by Mr. Fechter, the actor, "which arrived from Paris in ninety four pieces, fitting like the joints of a puzzle." "I have put five mirrors in it," he wrote to an American friend; "and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the grain fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out; and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers and, indeed, of everything that is growing for miles and miles is most delicious." He used to make great boast, too, not only of his crowds of singing birds all day, but of his nightingales at night. A brick tunnel running under the road led from the house and lawn to the little chalet parklet, but that and the construction of the chalet itself was the work of years afterward. In the middle chamber of this pretty little wood-engirdled refuge the last afternoon of his life was spent, and here his last written word was recorded.

My first walk with him led us down Strood Hill, under which Falstaff and his merry brigade may have had their

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ambush, hard by the battle-ground on which that mighty warrior encountered the waxing legion of the men in buckram, through miles of country road, with hedgerows, cottages, and farm-houses on either hand; through the long continuous streets of Strood, Rochester, and Chatham, three towns in one, built along the Medway, where the Chatham Dock Yards were, in which his father had once been employed; past the town clock, which in his boyhood he thought the most wonderful clock in the world, really a dilapidated, moon-faced old horologe, always going wrong; past the town hall, which his young imagination built into a structure more spacious and splendid than the white house of Chosroes or the Dalmatian palace of Diocletian; past the inn of the Seven Poor Travellers, and that one in which the volatile and voluble Mr. Alfred Jingle usurped the habiliments of Mr. Tupman; past St. Mary's place, otherwise "The Brook," in which he used to live "in a house next Providence Chapel, with a white-washed front—yard before and behind," in the garret of which he read, with trembling eagerness and delight, "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Tales of the Genii," and "The Arabian Nights," and past the street which had been Rome Lane, in which, with satchel and shining morning face, he had gone willingly or unwillingly to his first school—all changed now after five and forty years; when in manhood he went to look for it, he could not find the place, "but he remembered that it was over a dyer's shop; that he went up steps to it; that he had frequently grazed his knees in doing so, and that in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe he generally got his leg over the scraper."

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From the battlements of the old castle near by, which we mounted, climbing up ninety feet of stone stairway, which wound up one of its huge, round corner towers, he could look abroad upon the whole circumference of his little world of those days. There was the shining Medway, with its ships and boats; the rolling hills of Kent, crowned with windmills and intersected by long stretches of hedge, brown in that winter season, but in summer time green as the meadows they bounded; the little quaint, long town, with its slate roofs and spires and fringe of suburban cottages, set in the midst of trees; the memorable field of Mars, on which Mr. Pickwick had stood with unflinching valor a hot fire of blank cartridges from the muskets of the soldiers on parade, but fled before their advancing bayonets; far off Gad's Hill and the Cobham Woods—nothing, as seen from that high perch in mid-air, much changed in the twoscore or more years which had gone since he played under the shadow of the old castle and thought that the black loopholes in its walls "made it look as if the birds had pecked its eyes out." Like Scott, he was always a sickly boy, could not join in the ruder sports of his fellows, but found a substitute for such recreation in reading, devouring eagerly every printed thing which fell into his hands, but being chiefly interested in the wonder world of romance, which had just begun to reveal itself to him. I thought the nearness to him of this towering old ruin, clustered about with feudal memories, might have sometime inspired him to reclothe it in its old panoply, to set again its flying banners in the wind and wake again the bugle peal from its battlements; but another work than this was appointed to him. The tarry old sailors down on the Chatham wharves, with tarpaulins and baggy trousers and short pipes stuck in the middle of their jolly old mahogany

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countenances; the groups of soldiers off duty, lounging about the tavern doors; the little street urchins at their games; the bent old woman, hobbling along the sunny side of the street, leaning upon her stick; Mr. Pumblechook, bulging from the door of his warehouse and shedding a ponderous sign of sagacity and importance upon the thoroughfare—these figures, and others like them, had more interest for him than those of the vanished men at arms and fair women which the old walls had once engirdled. His inspirations were drawn from his own time, and he built his work out of the living materials of his own generation.

Against the giant wall which divided the quadrangle of the castle, not so high as the outward ones, there were still some fading decorations, painted panellings of wasting greens and crimsons which had outlasted the lives and memories of all the great bishops and warriors on which of old they had flung their splendor. To me the vacant gulf seemed for a moment repeopled with its vanished processions—its "tiptoe amorous cavaliers;" its "hyena foemen and hot-blooded lords." Madeline and Porphyro, with heart on fire, and palsy-twitched Agatha and the old bedesman, meagre, barefoot, wan, wandering the chapel aisles amid the sculptured dead on either side, seemed to rise out of its gloom like spectres out of a grave. "I wonder," said Dickens, "what a man would do if he were put down on that wall and left over night?" I thought if anything would turn his hair white, the terror of that situation might do it; and the suggestion led Dickens to describe a number of efforts he had made to verify an occurrence of the sort, but they were none of them successful. He once even made a journey to Holland on this curious quest, but it was fruitless, like the rest. Indeed, he al-

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ways followed up stories of marvellous occurrences with much assiduity, but he generally found that they had only a basis of neighborhood credulity and superstition. Ghost stories had a fascination for him, and he sometimes made fanciful use of them in his Christmas stories and sketches; but in his novels he was chary of admitting any incidents which had not the warrant of experience. The spontaneous combustion of the gin-saturated old Chancellor Krook, in "Bleak House," is the only one that I can now remember of a phenomenal or marvellous sort which he so employed. Indeed, he often encountered perfectly authentic characters* which were too fantastically absurd for delineation, and verified stories of depravity too revolting for any artistic use, holding, with Fielding, that that "wildly improbable class of realities" were not admissible in fiction. Some of these he has preserved in his letters. During his residence in Paris a duchess was murdered by her coachman in the Champs Elysée, and he thus records the occurrence: "She lived alone in a great house, which was always shut up, and passed her time entirely in the dark. In a lodge outside lived the coachman, and there had been a long succession of coachmen who had been unable to stay there, and upon whom, whenever they asked for their wages, she plunged out with an immense knife by way of immediate settlement. The coachman never had anything to do, for the coach hadn't been out for years. Neither would she ever allow the horses to be taken out for exercise. Between the lodge and the house is a miserable garden, all overgrown with rank weeds and nettles, and in this the horses used to be taken out to swim in a dead green vegetable sea up to their haunches. On

* Forster's Life, vol. ii., pp. 262–8.

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the day of the murder there was a great crowd, of course, and in the midst of it up comes the duke, her husband, from whom she was separated, and rings at the gate. The police open the grate: 'C'est vrai donc,' says the duke. 'Qui, madame, la duchesse, n'est pas?' 'C'est trop vrai, monseigneur.' 'Tant mieux,' says the duke, and walks off, to the great satisfaction of the assemblage." Another of these strange chapters of social history he thus records: "B. was with me the other day, and described an extraordinary adventure of his life at a place not far from Gad's Hill three years ago. He lived at the tavern, and was sketching one day, when an open carriage came by with a gentleman and lady in it. He was sitting in the same place, working at the same sketch, next day, when it came by again. So another day, when the gentleman got out and introduced himself—fond of art, lived at the great house yonder, was an Oxford man and a Devonshire squire, but not resident on his estate, for domestic reasons; would be glad to see him at dinner to-morrow. He went, and found among other things a very fine library. 'At your disposition,' said the squire, to whom he had now described himself and his pursuits. 'Use it for your writing and drawing; nobody else uses it.' He stayed in the house six months. The lady was mistress and very beautiful, drinking her life away. The squire was drunken and utterly depraved and wicked, but an excellent scholar, an admirable linguist, and a great theologian. Two other mad visitors stayed there six months—one a man well known in Paris, who goes about the world with a crimson silk stocking in his breast pocket containing a tooth-brush and an immense amount of ready money; the other, a college chum of the squire, now ruined with an insatiate thirst for drink, who constantly got up in the middle of

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the night, crept down to the dining-room, and emptied all the decanters. B. stayed on the place under a sort of devilish fascination to discover what might come of it. Tea or coffee were never seen in the house, and very seldom water. Beer, champagne, and brandy were the three drinkables. Breakfast, leg of mutton, beer, champagne, and brandy. Lunch, shoulder of mutton, beer, champagne, and brandy. Dinner, every conceivable dish (squire's income, £7000 a year), champagne, beer, and brandy. The squire had married a woman of the town, from whom he was now separated, but by whom he had a daughter. The mother, to spite the father, had bred the daughter in every conceivable vice. Daughter, then thirteen, came from school once a month. Intensely coarse in talk, and always drunk. As they drove about the country in two open carriages, the drunken mistress would be perpetually tumbling out of one and the drunken daughter out of the other.

"At last the drunken mistress drank her stomach away, and began to die on the sofa. Got worse and worse, and was always raving about somebody where she had once been a lodger, and perpetually shrieking that she would cut somebody else's heart out. At last she died on the sofa, and after the funeral the party broke up. Squire and chum both died of delirium tremens soon afterward; man with the silk stockings, tooth-brush, and ready money went back to France, and the heiress inherited the fortune."

The choice of walks in that fair Kentish region was of utmost variety, and Dickens knew every mood and feature of all of them as well as he knew his own lawns and gardens. I remember the Maidstone road, our goal upon it being Chalk Church, under the porch of which the Canterbury pilgrims used to stop, unstrap their wallets, and eat

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their pilgrim fare, and which I thought must sometime have cast its sheltering arch over the great chronicler of these pilgrimages, Dan Chaucer himself; and likewise with peculiar interest the Leather Bottle Inn, Cobham, in the garden of which was dug up the famous archæological stone celebrating the device and personality of Bill Stumps, and where in the smallest of inn parlors we drank the smallest of beer out of little yellow earthen mugs, with a white ornament on the sides and little loops of handles. Of my London walks with him I retain likewise pleasant recollections of a visit to the old Abbey, where he rests; to St. Paul's; to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall, in which, as I told him, I had a few days before met Macaulay walking alone there, one hand thrown behind him and the other grasping his stick; face red and turgid, gray, protuberant eyes, with a far-off look in them, wearing altogether an aspect not of health. As I was to see him near by but once, having previously gotten a distant glimpse of him through an opera-glass in the Peers Chamber, I was glad that it should have been in the midst of the great hall which he had so magnificently described as resounding with acclamations at the coronation of thirty kings, and about which cluster historic memories which will be forever associated with his name. In all these journeys Dickens was the brightest and most vivacious of companions, full of glancing humorous comment upon the incidents and characters we encountered, and I must account them among the pleasantest experiences of my life.

Of his contemporaries,* small or great, he spoke with

* Hans Christian Andersen, whom Dickens first met in a drawing-room in London, took his hand, placed it under his

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freedom, with appreciation and generosity. He was not one to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike," and what he gave of praise he gave ungrudgingly in abounding meas-

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waistcoat, and pressed it upon his heart. "A horrible idea came into my mind," said Dickens; "suppose I never get it back!" He asked his fellow-novelist out to Gad's Hill, and he came promptly and stayed a good while. He was very absent and sentimental and emotional in his manner, would burst into tears on no apparent pretext and hurry away to his room, and with all his merits and good qualities was a burdensome guest. A few days after his arrival he rang the bell and asked to see the "eldest son." The eldest son was away, but Dickens came to see what was wanted, and it turned out that the guest wanted the eldest son to shave him, that being the custom in his own country.

Dickens explained that, in the first place, young Charles was absent, but that if he were at home it would be unsafe for him to attempt the desired service, as, with the best intentions, he would run great risk of cutting the esteemed guest's head off. So, his beard being urgent, Hans Christian took his staff and fared forth to Chatham, several miles away, to look for a barber. His visit at Gad's Hill was of generous continuance, and when one day he dropped a hint of departure, Dickens said: "I went out and ordered the horse hitched up immediately."

He told this of the Brownings: They were in Paris, and attended one of the séances of Home, the spiritualist. In the course of the sitting a faintly luminous hand appeared from above and laid a laurel wreath on Mrs. Browning's brow. The next day Home called on Browning at his hotel, and was by him promptly ordered out. He was evidently in no doubt as to the character of the juggler's performance, though Mrs. Browning believed in him; may have thought the wreath of supernal fashioning, and handed down from beyond the stars. Hawthorne's note-book recites a part of this story, but not, I think, Mr. Browning's share in it. Mr. Dickens was as little likely as any man to put faith in the supernatural pretensions of any Nostradamus or Cagliostro, but he had a tolerant interest in all sorts of curious people, and Herman Merivale recounts that at his last

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ure. Of the younger writers I think he spoke with most eulogy of Sala, whose work at its best was, as he said, not surpassed by that of any writer of the time, and whose

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London residence, shortly before his death, Home exploited there, Landseer among others being present, a spectacle of helpless credulity. Of Mrs. Browning Dickens spoke with the affectionate enthusiasm which she seemed to inspire in all hearts, and said, among other things, that her husband's style, which in his own hands had its own unmatched force and meaning, had affected hers injuriously, and that it was a pity she could not have "kept her own voice."

I once carried a letter of introduction to Virtue, the London publisher, with whom I had some affairs, and was shown into his private room, where I found at a desk a large man wearing a large crush hat, which was tilted back from his broad brow at an abrupt angle, and who was covering with utmost rapidity and freedom of hand one large sheet of paper after another with random sketches of men, horses, dogs, and the like, in all sorts of grotesque attitudes and relations. Mr. Virtue was out, but was expected back presently, and I was to wait for him. The artistic gentleman at the desk began a conversation on indifferent topics, nothing of it now remembered except that it was of welcoming intent, and uttered in a deep hearty voice; and when Mr. Virtue presently appeared he introduced me to George Cruikshank. Some conversation followed, in which Mr. Cruikshank said that he was proud of the favor which his work had met with in America, and had always hoped that he might sometime pay a visit to that country. Before we separated he asked me to pay him a visit, and signified a wish to be of any service to me which lay in his power during my stay in London. I said, "Mr. Cruikshank, the kindest thing you will probably ever have an opportunity to do for me would be to give me two or three of those sketches you have just been making." He laughed and bundled up the whole of them—a dozen or more in all—and gave them to me, saying they were not worth the interest I expressed in them, and that if he had opportunity he would be glad to give me a more finished souvenir. I mentioned this meeting to Dickens a

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range and variety of information and performance were astonishing. Of Thackeray he spoke little. They were then transiently estranged, but came together again in the old friendly spirit a short time before Thackeray's death, five years later. I asked him about the story, which both narrate, of the first meeting between them, which took place at Dickens's lodgings in Furnival's Inn during the publication of "Pickwick," which Thackeray, then an underpaid and not very well-known young writer, wanted to illustrate, bringing with him sketches in testimony of his capacity for that work. Dickens said he remembered it perfectly,

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few days after, and he told me that while Cruikshank was illustrating one of his early works he one day took him by the arm and led him to the window, and pointing at the figures which moved to and fro in the street, said: "See there, George; why can't you make them like that—just as they are." "George's" rejoinder is not known, though it might rationally enough have been, "Well, Charles, why don't you do the same thing yourself?" the element of caricature, the humorous exaggeration of features and characteristics being as marked in the work of the writer as in that of the artist. Cruikshank always nursed the hallucination that he had something to do with "Oliver Twist" besides making the illustrations for the early editions. He claimed to have originated the plan, and given Dickens the outline of the principal characters. The latter during his lifetime once condescended to notice this pretension, so far as to say in print that it was entirely visionary; but after his death the claim was anew urged by Cruikshank, with no effect, however, beyond that possibly of confirming his own conviction of its truth.

Cruikshank was an implacable and unbending teetotaler, keeping till nearly fourscore the complexion of a Sister of Mercy and the healthful appetite of a mountain shepherd. I never saw him but this once, but felt then that I had met a great man—one whose name was worthy to be inscribed beside that of Hogarth, and whose art had carried on with equal fidelity the moral lessons inculcated by that of his mighty predecessor.

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and that they were very bad. What they were doubtless like any one who is curious may see by referring to the volume of "Thackerayana" published by Chatto & Windus (London, 1875), in which examples of his drawing of that period are reproduced. I remember well his admiring and appreciative speech of Mrs. Gaskell, Jean Ingelow, Wilkie Collins, Charles Lever, and many another of his contemporaries, some then not famous, now hardly remembered; and I have ever since lamented that I did not make record thereof, while the echo of these bright discoursings was yet fresh in my memory. In his work as editor first of *Once a Week* and later of *All the Year Round* he was, of course, deluged with the voluntary contributions not only of all Great and Lesser Britain, but seemingly of all the provinces of the empire likewise. How patient he was under this infliction, how helpful when help was possible, when the contributor was not an out-and-out dunce, but one whom some wise hints and counsellings might serve, every one who knew him knew, and the unknown and obscure writer who deserved his good word got it spontaneously without any admixture of patronage or condescension. I cannot better illustrate his cordial and generous attitude toward young writers than by printing the following letter which he addressed to me in reference to some experimental literary fragment*—three or four

* I find among my papers the following letter concerning the same matter from Mr. James Russell Lowell, with my answer thereto, written at Gad's Hill, containing some reference to Mr. Dickens's mode of life and work at his country home; and for this reason both may perhaps be appropriately appended here. My answer was never sent, by what accident of affairs I now know not. Mr. Lowell will receive it, if at all, first by this medium, and the thanks which it expressed to that distinguished man so

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chapters of a projected novel—which, at his request, I sent to him, and which at this writing, thirty years later, is still the same fragment, the action of the little drama and the

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long ago have lost nothing of the sincerity with which they were then recorded.

CAMBRIDGE, June 13, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I find that at present the editors of the *Atlantic* would be unwilling to begin another serial, and Mrs. Stowe's will not end till December.

It seems to me (though I am apt to distrust my own judgment as to stories) that the chapters you sent me show very decided ability. May I accordingly be thoroughly frank with you, as one should be with a man for whose brains one has a respect? At any rate, let me try.

I will tell you just how the story struck me. First, I thought, Here is real power of conception and freshness of expression, but they belong either to a *young* man or to an inexperienced one; or, secondly, is it, I thought, a foreigner writing an American story? Some of your material—your castle, for example, and your servants—seem to me exotic, while your village is thoroughly and admirably native. It is seldom that I find a writer capable of drawing Nature, or unconscious enough to trust himself to her, as it seems to me you are; and when I do meet with such a one, I cannot help wishing that he should disencumber himself of books altogether.

If you have the power of feeling and reproducing *character* you don't need castles "and things"—a log hut will serve your turn as well; and I confess that I have seen deserted and ruinous wooden houses in the heart of New England that affected me with a profounder and more truly imaginative melancholy than their crumbling congeners in England or Germany, because I was more in sympathy with the habits and feelings of the men who had dwelt in them, and whose history I could recreate for myself.

You don't wish a lecture, nor I to deliver one. Is it a queer way of expressing admiration? I assure you there are touches in your opening chapters that have won mine. Most of our modern

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progress of the tale suspended through all these years, with as little prospect of being again set in motion as the wings of the summer fly which hummed in the air of that

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novels seem to me novels of scenery and costume—they don't get down to the naked savage man who is under all our fine clothes and in all our drawing-rooms—and I would give everything else for the *wild* flavor I get in such a book as "Wuthering Heights," or in the fearful laying bare of human motive and weakness, the death-grip of the natural and social conscience as they are shown in the "Scarlet Letter."

Don't be in a hurry. Think your story well out before you write it, and well over while you write it. I have seen too many authors' first ventures block the way to future fame, lying there sunken wrecks (and the more good timber in them the worse), like bars in the harbor's mouth. Few writers escape their first book; it hangs life-long round their necks, like Coleridge's albatross.

Will you let me see some of the following chapters?

I remain very sincerely yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

GAD'S HILL, NEAR ROCHESTER, KENT, ENGLAND
(No date; sometime in midsummer, 1859).

DEAR SIR: Your very generous letter to me referring to some pages of a story which I sent you would have been immediately answered, but that when I received it I was in the last days and hours of preparation for my departure abroad, and had not the leisure to write you a suitable reply. But though my thanks are delayed, they are none the less hearty and sincere, and they will lose no part of their claim upon your acceptance by being written under the roof of Mr. Dickens at Gad's Hill, where I have been stopping for the last few days. On my return to the United States I will make an effort to see you in order that I may profit further by your kind and wise counsel, and I hope you will not think it amiss for me to say that there is no writer on either side of the ocean whose approbation or censure or advice could have greater weight with me.

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vanished season "far hidden in the deep and long ago."

This is written very early in the morning (5 A.M. according to the clock which has just struck), and the sun is tipping with a plume of crimson the Darnley Woods, which I can see at no great distance from my window. Dickens has just tramped through the hall, his footsteps sounding very loud in the house not yet astir, and where, excepting himself and the servants, I am probably the only person in the house awake. He does not commonly begin his work till after breakfast, between eight and nine o'clock, but we are going early to London to-day, and his daily tale of work must be accomplished, no matter what other duties or engagements intrude. From what I have seen of him—and I have been much with him of late in London and here—I should consider him one of the most perfectly disciplined of workers, capable of the completest self-denial (would get up at midnight as readily as at dawn if it were necessary to the daily product of copy), but generally so managing his work as to have no lack of leisure and no end of fun. He is now engaged on a new work not yet named [it was "The Tale of Two Cities," hurriedly christened that morning in the office of *All the Year Round*, Wellington Street, Strand, before the first instalment of copy was sent away to the printer], of which he has read me some portions. It deals with the French Revolution, and from what I have heard of it I think it is destined to be a wonderful book, taking a higher tragic range than is usual in his works, and in some of its parts reminding me of Carlyle. I am to bring on the advance plates on my return in a few weeks, and the first copy is to be given to the printers to-day.

I had the good fortune to meet a few days since a relation of yours, Mrs. G., with her daughter, and as I mentioned my unfulfilled obligation to thank you for your letter, she desired me to say to you, with appropriate remembrances, that they were about going to Paris (where I hope next week to join them for a few days), thence to Switzerland, and afterward to Rome.

I spent a day at Knebworth recently with Bulwer, who has been somewhat out of health, and a recent letter from him in-

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GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Tuesday, August 16, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I return you herewith the proofs of the opening of your story.

I think the story evinces a great deal of promise and a great deal of power. If I may venture to take the liberty of offering you two pieces of advice, they are these:

1. Never to be afraid of being pathetic when any tenderness naturally arises in you out of the situation, and never to regard it as a kind of weakness that needs to be jested away or otherwise atoned for.

2. Not too pettingly and perseveringly to urge to the utmost any humorous little extravagance. I think the dog should not open his mouth so very wide in barking as to show the whole of his internal mechanism, and the same kind of objection strikes me in reference to the spelling of some of the noises made, both by men and beasts.

These are slight remarks, and they in no way affect my honest opinion that you begin exceedingly well—with force, with interest, and with character.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

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forms me that he is going to the Continent possibly for a few weeks, but that his stay may be prolonged and his journey extended to the East as far as Turkey and Egypt. He is very yellow and wrinkled about the face, stoop-shouldered and attenuated, though seemingly not feeble, and so deaf that it is almost impossible to hold conversation with him. But I found him a kind and agreeable host nevertheless.

With renewed thanks and grateful surprise at the estimation which your letter expresses of the fragment of story sent you,

I remain, dear sir, ever sincerely yours.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Esq.,
Cambridge, Mass.

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His recent domestic troubles, the establishment of a new periodical, *All the Year Round*, which in its first years seemed to exact from him unremitting attention, and other circumstances connected with his business affairs made it, in the opinion of his solicitor, unwise for him to think of visiting America at that time, and so, at his request, I cancelled a conditional contract which we had signed looking to the visit which he seemed anxious to make, and to abandon the idea of coming with reluctance. I paid him another visit in the ensuing summer, had a few pleasant weeks with him, and from that time saw him no more, as I was abroad during his subsequent visit to this country. What Johnson said of Garrick might be truly said of him, that he was the most cheerful man of his generation; to which it might be added that his was one of the most generous, genial, helpful, and sympathetic natures ever born into this world. His books portray him better than the painters. Of all the great writers whose dust the venerable Abbey enshrines, there is not one who has shed abroad throughout the English-speaking world a wider or a sweeter influence than the one who lies under the monuments of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Dryden, the stone above him inscribed with the name of Charles Dickens.

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BULWER.

March, 1884.

BULWER'S autobiography, edited by his son, the present Earl of Lytton,* better known in the world of letters as

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* The correspondence of Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer, just published (London, 1885), divides attention in London with the last instalment of Carlylean memoirs. Sir Edward's earlier letters (he was then plain Edward Bulwer) are written in a strange dialect, attesting the urgency of his amatory emotions and the consequent temporary eclipse of his judgment and understanding. They are full of affectionate diminutives, like those which fond mammas sometimes address to their infants and which lovers in extremity may sometimes in conversation address to the objects of their affection, but which are rarely confided to the betraying guardianship of ink and paper. The later epistles are in another tone, exhibiting the depth and impassability of the gulf which had widened between them and giving sign of that enduring rancor which has now taken posthumous shape in the publication of the present volume. The resentment of Lady Bulwer outlived her life, and when she died her long-meditated plans of vengeance were confided to other hands for execution. Her executor is Miss Louisa Devey, to whom, by will, Lady Bulwer left all her papers, including letters, an incomplete biography, and another manuscript of an autobiographic character, entitled "Nemesis," enjoining that under no circumstances should any portion of them ever be permitted to pass into the hands of any members of certain families she named. The publication of the letters by Miss Devey is hastened by the recent appearance of the biography of the late Lord Lytton, edited by the present one—better known in literature as Owen Meredith—until recently Viceroy of India. Miss Devey does not think that that work

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Owen Meredith, recalls very vividly to me a visit which I made to the great novelist at Knebworth, in 1859. In looking over my letters of that period, I find the following from him, one of a dozen or more which passed between us in the course of some literary negotiations I was empowered to enter into with him, and the only one except some trifling notes on which I can now lay my hand. Some have been given away to friendly autograph hunters, a number are doubtless lost, and others may still be safe in repositories which I have not now the leisure to explore :

SIR : I am much obliged by your note. There are considerations apart from any terms you might be empowered to offer to me which might induce me to decline entering into any literary engagements at present, and I should not be disposed to do so unless it were for a work nearly, if not quite, completed for publication. I should also add that my friendship with Messrs. Blackwood and the liberality which I have invariably received from that firm make me naturally desirous to confine to them the publication of any literary enterprise which might be of a nature to suit them, and, at all events, I should deem it right to confer with them on the subject before accepting any overture from others.

Possibly, if I were induced to contribute to the periodical in which you take interest, the historical tale alluded to might be the most eligible for selection, partly because so large a portion of it is already finished, and it has always been my intention some day or other to complete it ; partly because I have an idea that it would please Ameri-

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does justice to Lady Bulwer, and she feels that further delay in presenting her side of the story would be prejudicial to the object of her trust.

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can readers. But the terms you propose, though liberal, are inferior to those that I could readily obtain in England. Even, however, if all other objections were removed, my plans as to travel are so unsettled at this moment that I should be unable to come to any definite engagement. I am going abroad (D. V.) in a very short time. I may only stay a few weeks, or I may extend my wanderings to Constantinople, and thence to Greece or Egypt. And I might not be able to write during my absence from England.

Under these circumstances, though I do not say that I would decline any offer that you might be good enough to make, I do not see my way to an arrangement at present. But if you like to communicate with the parties concerned in the United States, any letter directed to 1 Park Lane will reach me wherever I may be abroad.

I have no intention of visiting the United States, nor if I did so should I contemplate lecturing, which I presume to have been in your thoughts when you submitted that the visit might be attended with pecuniary profit to me.

Believe me, your very obliged

E. B. Lytton.

Knebworth, August 6, 1859.

I had been commissioned by a prominent publishing house in Philadelphia, which had in view the establishment of a new monthly magazine, to obtain, if possible, an original story for that publication from either Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, or Bulwer, to be published exclusively in America or simultaneously with its appearance in England, and was armed with a somewhat liberal discretion as to the amount to be paid for such a work. It was in reply to my letter setting forth the particulars which the

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proposal embraced that the above response from Bulwer was written, and it was the preliminary of further correspondence, which did not result successfully, so far as the negotiations were concerned, but procured me many civilities from him—among them an invitation for a day and a night to Knebworth, of which I, of course, availed myself. This famous historic seat, as widely associated with his name as Abbotsford is with that of Sir Walter Scott, was down in Hertfordshire, only a few hours from London by train, and from Stevenage, the nearest station, I took a solitary and somewhat weather-beaten fly for the park, which, as well as I can remember, was some miles away, and was approached through the most beautiful country road, bordered with hawthorn hedges and farmhouses, wearing in that harvest season a look of substantial British peace and abundance. The park gates opened into woods which seemed wild enough to afford ambush for a Boadicea or shelter the priestesses of Stonehenge. They were full of birds and other small forest inhabitants, which were very tame, showing that, unvexed by hound, or hawk, or horn, they were without molestation in their ancestral coppice and lived on terms of friendly companionship with the keepers of the domain. The woods were not of great extent, but the winding road through them made them seem larger, and they enclosed a broad and handsome stretch of lawn, with a stately terrace on one extremity and the old brown-turreted Elizabethan or composite pile at the other. I gave my card to a liveried man in waiting, who met me at the arched doorway of the hall, and he informed me that Sir Edward (the novelist's then title) was somewhere in the grounds, but would return presently. In a few minutes he came walking up the gravel road, a tall, thin man, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, wearing a slouch hat and a

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negligent, half slovenly suit of gray tweed—a figure differing greatly from that of the dainty and fastidious Pelham, with which the readers of twenty-five years ago were somewhat in the habit of identifying its author.

He had a very high, thin Roman nose, eyes of pale, watery blue, with a kind of half-dazed look in them, mingling wonder, and weariness, and abstraction, but they were pleasant and welcoming; hair of rusty yellow inclined to gray; complexion likewise of yellowish tinge, face corrugated with tiny wrinkles, like a shrivelled golden apple; but with it all he wore a look of distinction and an air of high patrician courtesy. He brought in his hand the card which the footman had carried to him, and greeted me with hospitable politeness, my response to which informed me that he was too deaf for any satisfactory conversational purpose. Whatever was said to him had to be shouted loudly into his ear, which he assisted as much as possible by making a trumpet of his thin, long, aristocratic hand, from which such a stream of various literature had flowed for thirty years and was still flowing in undiminished volume and variety. He led me through the hall, in which hung old suits of armor and hunting trophies, into his library, a high, bright room, looking out on a garden gay with mid-August blossoms and musical with bees and birds. Beyond stretched a broad landscape of alternating woods and farms, dotted over with village and grange, and church spire, and cottage and windmill, not surpassed in beauty by any I had seen in England. He began at once upon the subject of my visit, and told me in a general way of the situation of his literary affairs at the time. My own share in the conversation was necessarily of the slightest, owing to his deafness, and consisted almost entirely of such responses and explanations as it was neces-

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sary to make; and although I did not find it easy to communicate with him, it was happily not impossible. After we had finished the business in hand we walked through the woods and grounds; he continued the conversation on general subjects, but seemed spontaneously to avoid those which required a reply. He spoke with admiration of Longfellow, and of Cooper said that he had a new race and a virgin world for his material and listening mankind for his audience, and had built the best and probably the most enduring fabric of literature which our country had yet to show. Formerly he had some thoughts of visiting America, but now he had none. He would like to see Niagara and the prairies, and of the Indian there said that he had not yet found his historian as his brother of the woods had in Cooper. I had brought him a letter from Mr. Delane, editor of the *Times*, and of him he said that his influence in shaping and directing the currents of public opinion exceeded that of any man in England. Of Dickens he spoke not profusely, but in a way that would have warmed the heart of his fellow-novelist could he have heard it. Only a few years before Dickens, John Forster, Charles Knight, Douglas Jerrold, Wilkie Collins, Laman Blanchard, Peter Cunningham—I know not how many more—had visited Knebworth for the purpose of enacting a play, the title and authorship of which I have forgotten. It was produced with much *éclat* in the old picture gallery, looked down upon by men and women of the ancient house of Lytton, who had probably never gazed on livelier procedure within the circumference of their sombre habitation either in the flesh or from their bright imprisonment on the canvases of Lely, or Kneller, or Sir Joshua. Of this performance, he said that Dickens was the best actor, and that if another work had not been ap-

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pointed to him he would have shone among the foremost on the stage.

Knebworth dates back to the time of Edward III., but the old feudal construction has long since passed away. Some portions of the building erected in the time of Henry VII., however, still remain, and the bed-chamber in which the virgin queen reposed such measure of virginity as may have accompanied her thither is yet shown to the visitor. But portions of the structure are of still later origin. In fact, it seems to have undergone a continuous process of growth and decay for seven centuries. A broad stream of tradition flows through it from a far-gone period of British history. Some of its occupants had gone forth with the crusades and fallen before Askalon or Jerusalem. Its gates had been alternately shut against the assault and opened to welcome Plantagenet and Tudor. Memories haunted about it of Hampden, and Pym, and Eliot, of whom its lord of those troubled days was a mighty ally. It had a ghost much talked about and believed in but little seen, though a book had been written about it, setting forth its authenticity. It had a mighty dungeon called "Hell Hold," a kind of oubliette beneath the square tower, into which the younger members of the race peered with terror, generation after generation, remembering the dark legends which were associated with it. Its great dining hall was hung with shields and breastplates, some of which, it may be, flung back the glitter of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and tattered banners which may have swung in the convulsive and unforgotten airs of Poictiers or Agincourt. To revive the fallen fortunes and in some way restore the splendors of this ancient seat had been the dream of Bulwer's life since his childhood, and he adhered to this purpose through all the circumstances

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of his career as resolutely as Warren Hastings, in the midst of the confusion and peril of his Eastern satrapy, clung to his early purpose of restoring the prosperity and splendor of Daylesford. It descended to him on the death of his mother, from whom his marriage had estranged him for a number of years, but who ultimately forgave him, though she was never reconciled to the marriage, and seems to have forecasted its result with much sagacity.* In the in-

* Bulwer first met Rosina Wheeler at a social party in 1825, and in her autobiography she thus describes him: "He had just returned from Paris and was resplendent with French polish as far as boots went. His cobweb cambric shirt front was a triumph of lace and embroidery, a combination never seen in this country until six or seven years later, except on babies' frocks. He was studded, jewelled, ringleted, skilled in the nice conduct of a clouded cane, and really 'unmistakably gentlemanlike-looking.'" In her book, recently published and suppressed, she prints two hundred and ninety-eight of his letters, in the earlier of which he calls himself her "adoringmost poodle and puppy," and gives himself a variety of other surprising appellatives, and in the later ones informs her that under no conceivable circumstances can he ever be persuaded to live with her again. There was much letter-writing after this, but no reconcilement ever came of it. In his last letter he expressed indignation at her visit to his chambers in the Albany. "Your conduct," he says, "requires no comment; your letter deserves no answer. You come to my chambers, ring violently; my sole servant is out. I am not in the habit of opening my own door. I go at last, ill and worn out, see you, to my surprise. You recur to your most base, unworthy, and most ungrateful suspicions on seeing two teacups on my tray, make a scene before your footman and the parties of the lodge, and expose me and yourself to the ridicule of the town. And this is the history of your adventures. I have only to say at present that it furnishes another to the unwarrantable and unpardonable insults and injuries you have so unsparingly heaped upon your husband." In a few months afterward,

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terval nearly thirty years had gone—years of constant and successful literary labor, and the result of them was apparent in the restoration of the gloomy old pile which Walter Scott described as of no architecture, or of all architectures—uncouth, heavy, sombre, dismantled, and half decayed—to its old condition of stateliness and grandeur.

There were only a few guests at dinner : a neighboring baronet, who might have sat for the portrait of Sir Leicester Dedlock, scanning passing persons and events over the summit of a neck-cloth high enough to give him an unprejudiced view of them ; his two daughters, slight, graceful, and beautiful ; their mother, not so slight nor so beautiful, but with diamonds and a head-dress to make up ; an airy *attaché* of the embassy of Sir Henry Bulwer at Constantinople, full of health, high spirits, good looks, and Turkish anecdotes ; perhaps one or two more ; but after this lapse of time their figures are so obscured that I cannot recall them with certainty. The dinner was served in one corner of the vast hall, making a spot of soft light in the midst of surrounding and overarching darkness, through which I could catch now and then a glimpse of the high-hung banners, tattered and old, that with "the opened door seemed the old wave of battle to remember,"

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in June, 1836, the final separation was accomplished, and with her two children she left Berrymead, her husband's home, for the last time. He survived the separation more than thirty years, and she nearly half a century, but they never met nor interchanged communication afterward. That she should have kept her resentment alive for so many years, and could not carry it with her even into the grave, shows much more clearly that she was a person of tenacious purpose than that she was a comfortable wife to live with, and there is doubtless one expansive side of her domestic story which is not set down in her autobiography.

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of helmets, and horns, and crossed swords,* like shadow pictures painted on deeper shadow, as if a dusty atmosphere of feudal legend, telling, like the shredded ensigns, the tale of other men and manners, closed down around the brightness of our feast. The young Turkish secretary told many stories of Constantinople ; of Sir Henry, his chief ; of the varieties of ambassadorial experience at the Golden Horn, the baronet said little, but listened in a superior manner, expanding occasionally in conditional

* The present Earl Lytton has added many to the trophies and decorations of Knebworth. Around the cornice of the great hall, in white letters on blue ground, is set this rhyme, whether the composition of the late or the present lord I do not know. They are worthy of either, or of Sir Philip Sidney :

Rede the rede of this old roof tree ;
Here be trust fast, opinion free,
Knightly right hand and Christian knee ;
Worth in all, wit in some,
Laughter open, slander dumb ;
Hearth where rooted friendships grow,
Safe as altar even to foe.
And the sparks that upward go,
When the hearth flame dies below,
If thy sap in them may be,
Fear no winter, old roof tree."

At the foot of the staircase in the hall hangs a noble full-length portrait of Disraeli, with whom the late earl established a devoted friendship early in their lives, in the days of Pelham and Vivian Gray, which was proof against all the changes and vicissitudes of forty years. In the picture gallery hang portraits of Anna of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., Edward IV., Henry V., Lucy Walters, mother of the ill-fated Monmouth, Sir Thomas More, Mirabeau, and Admiral Blake, some of them, I think, added since my visit. In a cabinet at the end of the great drawing-room is kept the inkstand of the Long Parliament, a lock of Nelson's hair, and many another curious trophy of impressive, personal, or historic association.

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acquiescence; his lady was mildly interested in the condition of missions in the East, and the young ladies were eager, curious, and full of vivacious interrogations; Sir Edward was, of course, wholly oblivious of all the conversational accompaniments of the feast. He talked little during the dinner, but afterward, when the ladies had retired, lit a cigar of utmost length and strength and told us many stories in a very happy and humorous manner. He had recently been to Ireland, and brought back a quaint stock of Irish anecdotes, which he repeated with much cleverness, the humor of them being enhanced by the Quixotic solemnity of his face. None of these rehearsals required any rejoinder, and his guests were apparently aware of the embarrassment it occasioned him to have his infirmity brought into attention. The dinner broke up about nine. I smoked awhile with the *attaché* on the terrace, then returned to the drawing-room, almost as vast though not so high as the great hall in which we had dined, where there was whist or piquet and a faint tinkle of music and moonlight outside on the gardens and lawns, all of which save the moonlight vanished early, and before eleven the last guest except myself had rolled away. I bade farewell to my host, as I was to return early to town, and thereafter saw him no more. My remembrance of him, though of somewhat shadowy and obscure texture, owing doubtless in some degree to the difficulty of free communication with him, is that primarily of the *genius loci* of a domain crowded with traditions of valor and learning, and then of a delicate and courteous host and a high-bred British gentleman.

The editorial notes of his son make frequent mention of the hostility which his works excited among other writers and critics during the early part of his career. Frazer

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satirized not only his books, but his person and all the known ways of him without mercy and without restraint. *Punch* bristled with impertinent epigrams, barbed with contempt for the young author and his pretensions. Carlyle satirized the dandy cultus which Pelham set forth in "Sartor Resartus." Thackeray wrote fantastic burlesques of his books, ascribed to Sir Edward Bulwig, with an appendix of many initials. Tennyson, to whom he had referred in some lines of a poem entitled "The New Timon," published about 1842, rejoined in a dozen blistering stanzas printed in *Punch*, the most memorable castigation administered to him in that long season of literary strife, in which every hand seemed to be against him. They are as follows:

THE NEW TIMON.

We knew him out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke—
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing greatly broke.

So died the old; here comes the new.
Regard him: A familiar face.
I thought we knew him. What, it's you!
The padded man that wears the stays.

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when he wrote!
A lion you that made a noise
And shook a mane *en papillottes!*

And once you tried the muses, too.
You failed, sir. Therefore now you turn
To fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

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But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be popes
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir; you are hard to please.
You never look but half content,
Nor like a gentleman at ease
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites, and what with sneers,
You cannot let a body be—
It's always ringing in your ears:
"They call this man as good as me."

What profits it to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt!

You talk of tinsel—why, we see
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks.
You prate of nature! You are he
Who spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon, you! nay, nay, for shame
It looks too arrogant a jest.
The fierce old man, to take *his* name,
You bandbox; off and let him rest.

In the next issue of the same journal Tennyson published a palinode lamenting the expression of resentment into which he had been betrayed. Thackeray's recanta-

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tion and amend came late, but they were ample and generous and such as befitted the amplitude and generosity of his character. Of his other assailants most are forgotten, and the "pigmy wars" of that vanished period have gone the way of all such skirmishes, so embittered and venomous at the time, intrinsically so trivial and unimportant. But the "Caxtons" remain, and the "Varieties of English Life," and the long range of books more interesting than many greater ones, which have charmed and captivated two generations of readers, and will doubtless cast a similar spell on several generations which succeed them. In the bede roll of British fiction his name will long hold an honored and illustrious place.

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CARLYLE.

December, 1884.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER will soon publish the two concluding volumes of "Carlyle's Life and Letters," edited by Froude, bringing the copious Carlylean biographical series to a close. They serve to confirm the unpleasant impression produced by the publication of the earlier volumes, and present their illustrious subject in the light of one displeased with most things in the scheme of God's universe: with institutions past and present; with men, contemporaneous or historical (save his scanty list of heroes whom he erected into demigods and called on all the world to fall down and worship); with himself, assailed from without by the spectacle of a world nodding toward chaos and from within by rooted discontents, intrenched against all sorceries of exorcism that tore and rent him at their will.

Genius is not always bland and companionable, and that of Carlyle was neither, but one of the most stormy and denunciatory which, in our time, has launched its message on the world. "There is none that doeth good—no, not one," he reiterates forever, clothing the affirmation in high, piercing phrase never divorced from pedantry, and in the sweep of his denunciation he includes all things—parliaments, revolutions, reforms, systems of philosophy, of religion, of law; schemes of economy, institutes of government (believing as to the latter, it would seem, only in the handcuff and the knout as efficient instruments), so

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that, as Emerson says, finding nowhere under the stars any sign of wholesome growth, he addresses his shrill eloquence to the celebration of the majestic laws of decay. The world is perishing all around him, generation follows generation in the same devil's dance of death, and all their pirouettings, gestures, and grimaces between the old stars and the old graves, from the beginning to the ending of their days, are but the gesticulations and the grinnings of so many dead sea apes (with now and then a larger one called "leader" among them), all deeds of them forever nothing save feeding the wind and folly. He could see in Washington only a commonplace Virginia surveyor; in the State which he founded only a casual confederacy of fools, promising to blossom into bores and finally ripen into knaves. To him our national struggle for the extirpation of slavery was only the burning out of a foul chimney. It was Peter battling with Paul as to the mode of recompensing their servants. It was an Iliad in a nutshell. Parliament consisted of six hundred talking asses, set to govern the mightiest empire in the world, and it ought to be turned out of doors and sent about its business. Kings, lords, the old vulturous attorney host, the mitred hierarchy of the church, the hucksters of Birmingham and Manchester, the "able editors" who instructed all these, the poets who sang to them, the doctors who physicked them, the mimes and mountebanks who amused them—all fell under the beam of his fiery scorn, and it seemed as if, had the power been his, he would have abolished them all and instantly from the sum of things. To him Wordsworth was intrinsically and extrinsically small, "let them say or sing what they will." Macaulay's "History of England" was "full of wind and other temporary ingredients." In Charles Lamb he saw only a ridiculous little

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mortal of the cockney school of literature, much addicted to gin, and with preposterous fluttering ribbons at the extremity of his knee-breeches. Of Coleridge he says: "Never did I see such an apparatus got ready for thinking and so little thought. He mounts pulleys, scaffolding, and tackle, gathers all the tools in the neighborhood with noise, demonstration, precept, and advice, and raises three bricks." He describes John Bright as the "anti-corn law member, with his cock nose and pugnacious eyes, and Barclay Fox, Quaker collar, who had come across to see him, and with whose views he discorded not a little." Dickens was "a fine little fellow with clear, blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are." Gladstone was a man, "ponderous and copious; once of some wisdom, or possibility of it, but now possessed by the power of the prince or many princes of the air. A man incapable of high or sincere purposes, who, knowing nothing as it ought to be known, had flung his force into words and specious sentiments and become the representative of the multitudinous cants of the age, religious, political, literary, and moral, differing on this point from other leading men, that the cant seemed actually true to him, as if he believed it all and was prepared to act upon it." Of our New England sibyl who journeyed to the Chelsea shrine to interrogate its oracle, he says: "Yesternight there came a bevy of Americans from Emerson, one Margaret Fuller the chief figure of them, a lilting, lean old-maid, not nearly such a bore as I expected." Emerson and Tennyson, perhaps, draw the greatest share of regard which he bestowed on any of his contemporaries. To the former he wrote after the publication of "Sartor Resartus:" "I

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hear but one voice, and that is from Concord;" and their correspondence, extending over a period of almost forty years, is crowded with tokens of their mutual esteem and appreciation. Of Tennyson he says: "A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-haired man is Alfred—dusky, smoky, free and easy—who sweeps outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquillity and tobacco smoke; great now and then when he does emerge, a most restful, burly, solid-hearted man." He admitted the genius of Ruskin, but could see nothing except pompous commonplace in the labored discoursings of George Eliot.* "It's all just hoom, hoom," he was wont to say, "empty as the rattle of a revolving Tartar prayer mill." In the most of these

* George Eliot's biography by her husband, Mr. Cross, just published, is in marked contrast with that of her great contemporary Carlyle. It is as full of sweetness and light as his was full of bitterness and darkness; disclosing the gentleness and benignity of her spirit, as the harshness and rancor of his own were disclosed in his posthumous records. Her works had made all mankind her lovers, and none of them are alienated now that they are taken into the arcanum of her spiritual life. But of Carlyle's admirers a multitude turned their faces away in silence and sorrow from the portraiture of himself which his own hand drew, lamenting that the cloud from which he had launched his bolts of fire ever was lifted and such forbidding lineaments of the thunder bearer revealed. Both are at rest now, the stormy sophist and the golden-mouthed sibyl, the works they wrought broadening in the world's remembrance, the informing spirit of each, which cast such enchantment on the generation in which they lived, now fully disclosed, carrying the lesson, if it were needed, that love crowns with its garland only the memory of those that loved, and but a withered chaplet remains for the brow clothed in wrath and wrinkled with menace and scorn of all men and things under the stars.—Nov., 1884.

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judgments no sensible person will concur. They are, in different degrees, rash and precipitate, presumptuous, fanatical, and impudent. He had no reputation for good temper or moderation to forfeit, but these judgments impugn his perspicacity and make us distrust the accuracy of the seer's vision, which he so confidently vaunts.

Margaret Fuller, "the lilting, lean old maid," had nothing but eulogy for Carlyle, of whose talk she said that it "was an amazement and a splendor not to be faced with steady eyes. . . . He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of solemn heroical critical poem with regular cadences, generally catching up near the beginning some singular epithet which serves as a refrain when his song is full. He sometimes stops for a moment to laugh at himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morganas—ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about, but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels." Measured against these sympathetic and appreciative words of him, the manner of his reference to her takes on an increased aspect of coarseness not to be mitigated or atoned by his fine flood of fantastic talk or the dazzling splendors of his written discourse.

Wordsworth considered his strange style an abomination, and said that he sometimes thought him mad. Macaulay writing in 1832 to MacVeigh Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, says: "As to Carlyle, he might as well write in Irving's unknown tongue at once." The ascription by some London journal of one of these articles to Lord Brougham he pronounces "deliciously absurd,"

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which it undoubtedly is, though for a different reason than that which Macaulay had in mind. Either of the essays contributed by Carlyle to that publication were so much superior to anything of the kind which Brougham ever wrote, that it would now be deemed the height of absurdity to associate his name with their authorship. Trevelyan, Macaulay's nephew, who wrote his life, says that in his later years he never read Carlyle; and he regrets "that one who so keenly relished the exquisite trifling of Plato should never have tasted the description of Coleridge's talk in the 'Life of John Sterling,'" a passage equalling any in the Protagoras or Symposium. There was nothing in common between them in their outlooks on life, in their literary style or methods, or in the aims which they respectively pursued with so much brilliancy and energy, winning each so wide a measure of the world's attention. They met once at Lady Ashburnham's, and Mrs. Carlyle recites with surprise that Macaulay did all the talking. It was an occurrence, theretofore, unparalleled in her experience, that her lord should at any time yield the conversational primacy to any other person. He would have poured the stormy flood of his own discourse against the delugings of old Sam Johnson, like Euxine rolling on Propontis, had opportunity served, or given resounding battle to Diderot or Mirabeau. But for some reason he seems quietly to have yielded place to Macaulay, whose speech, like his history, he may have deemed to have been full of "wind and other temporary ingredients," though it was commonly esteemed to be a grave, solid, and splendid discourse, not orphic and sibylline like his own, and addressed rather to the children of this world than bellowed upward into the immensities and downward in the profundities, as his own was wont to be, thrilling to the gen-

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erations of light and darkness, abiding there, but rolling in thunder high above the heads or rumbling in earthquake deep beneath the feet of the common race of men.

To the detail and domestic and daily circumstances of Carlyle's life nothing now remains to be added. But his final place in literature and the real measure and quality of the influence exerted by him on his own age and such portion of posterity as he is destined to reach will long continue to engage the attention of the world. It is now of universal acceptance that the place he filled was a mighty one, that the words he shot abroad were fire arrows carrying, at any rate, a trail of transient illumination in their flight. As to the fruit of his work, whether it was, on the whole, confusing or guiding, whether any wholesome body of principles useful in directing conduct can be extracted from his voluminous and strident pandects, and whether he is destined to an enduring place among prophets, poets, or lawgivers, remains yet to be discussed and adjudicated. Of his life there are none to deny that it was of lofty uprightness and purity, accompanied in all its steps by an unbending sense of duty, of fidelity to the truth as he saw it, of stern self-abnegation, and of a fearlessness like that which stiffened the sinews of Paul before the priests of Jerusalem, and the beasts of Ephesus, and the judgment seat of Agrippa, and the stones of Antioch and Iconium, and the prison walls of Cæsarea. Of the body of his work it must be said that, to those who possess the key to it, in power, eloquence, and imaginative range it was not equalled in his generation and is scarcely paralleled in the whole range of English literature. As Froude says of him, he had no sins of youth to atone for, and in the grave

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matters of the law he walked for eighty-four years without spot or blemish; yet, notwithstanding all these eminent endowments, virtues, and achievements, the general impression of him, wide now as his fame, founded upon these volumes of biography, upon his letters, diaries, and the recorded speech of him, is that he was, on the whole, one of the most unpleasant persons of his time, full of snarls, gibes, flouts, and sneers, with an exaggerated sense of his own wisdom and infallibility and an accompanying assurance of the unwisdom and imbecility of almost all the remainder of the human race. He was an uncomfortable husband (really a most tender, affectionate, and loyal one, but seemingly churlish and insensible), an uncomfortable friend, for he satirized the visible and spiritual attributes and belongings of all who came within the circle of his association, and seems to have felt an unfeigned and indiscriminate contempt not unmingled with commiseration for them all. At his home in Chelsea, as elsewhere, he was domineering, dictatorial, and insolent; the stranger within his gates he spared not; his own salt gave no such sacredness to his guest that in after time the poisoned barb of contempt and ridicule should be turned from him; and he was a figure which, in spite of all the majesty which can be claimed for it, in spite of its high purpose and achievement and long battle against the beleaguering legions of darkness and lies, we are not allowed to contemplate with unreserved admiration.

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JOHN T. DELANE.

March, 1884.

It is wittily said of the newly installed editor of the London *Times*, that "it is proper the garter of journalism should be held by a Buckle." He is rather young to have the Jupiterian function devolved upon him, being only a little over thirty; but his great predecessor, Mr. Delane, was even younger when, on the death of his father, he was called to the direction of the same paper. If I remember rightly, he was only twenty-four when he was summoned to the post, which he held with unrivalled ability for nearly thirty years. Under his direction the *Times* reached its highest place of power. It uttered the voice of England with more energy than her parliaments and expressed its conscience with more fidelity than her priests. While it seemed obedient to the stronger currents of public sentiment, it really in a large degree guided them and in effect formulated every morning the thought of the nation on all subjects of urgent public concern. I carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Delane from Mr. J. Bancroft Davis, who had made his acquaintance while attached to the American Legation in London, and who was afterward for several years the American correspondent of the *Times*. On the day after my arrival Mr. Delane called at my lodgings in Half Moon Street and took me for a walk through Piccadilly and Hyde Park. As we turned into the former, a few steps from my door, salutations were exchanged between himself and a ruddy, much-bewhiskered old gentleman, who was mounting his horse in front of Cambridge

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House preparatory to a gallop in Rotten Row. It was Palmerston, rugged, stout-hearted old lord, now past seventy, soon to be again Premier, ousting Lord Derby, who had shortly before ousted him, and in no very long time to be borne with pomp to the great Abbey hard by the scene of his life labors. Further on we saw Rothschild, who stopped his brougham to exchange a few words with my companion. Near Hyde Park corner a similar vehicle whirled past, in which sat Bulwer, a lean and yellowish gentleman with arms folded before him and hat pulled down over his brows. Soon followed Disraeli, charioted in like manner, pallid and Saturnine, the historic curl not yet entirely uprooted from his forehead, an Oriental figure, as of some Emir of Idumea or the deeper East floating calmly on the drift of that turbulent, tremendous, and highest of all occidental tides. Delane, of course, knew everybody, and pointed out to me scores of celebrities, Landseer among them, mounted on a gray horse of prancing and curvetting habit, which its rider may have portrayed as well as ridden; Lyndhurst, mummied in warm wrappages, and accompanied by an attendant who sat beside him in his carriage; Majesty in yellow chariot, fringed with outriders, and many another not at this writing to be certainly recalled. On other occasions he accompanied me to the picture gallery of Apsley House, to Westminster Abbey, of the myriad monuments, inscriptions, and trophies whereof he knew more than all the deans and vergers and more than all the guide-books had to tell; and on still another we made a Sunday visit to Windsor Castle, concerning which, with all its belongings, environments, and traditions, his knowledge was similarly copious and overwhelming. I could not have found in England so accomplished and learned a cicerone, and I shall always

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associate with remembrances of him the proud old keep, "girt with its triple belt of kindred and coeval towers," looking out on many a spot of historic fame—Runnymede among them, now a riverside field, plumed with peaceful trees, the air above it electric with memories.

Here is a pleasant letter from him, from which the record of the year is omitted. It was in 1859—Lord Derby, Prime Minister; Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), Secretary of State for India, the government of which was at that time in process of transference from the old East India Company to the Crown; Parliament tempestuous over Indian affairs and Disraeli's Reform Bill, in which he had outbid the Liberals in his proposed extension of the franchise; country altogether considerably agitated, London full of labor troubles, strikes among workmen and much proletariat murmuring, so that the convocation of which I had the privilege of being a spectator was impressive on other accounts than that of its costume and decorative accessories:

16 SARGEANT'S INN, February 1.

MY DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to enclose a ticket for the very best part of the House of Lords, and hope that you will enjoy one of the most splendid as well as the most interesting of our constitutional spectacles. You should go about twelve o'clock, so as to be in time to see the notabilities arrive, and unless your eyes are better than mine you will find an opera-glass very useful.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Mr. Delane was in appearance a typical Briton, squarely, almost massively built, head of generous amplitude, eyes large, bright, and pentrating, ruddy, well-nourished face,

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fringed with the regulation British whisker of mutton chop pattern, and he bore with him the clearest signs of energy, intelligence, and power. His various attainments were the marvel of his contemporaries, as was his sustained power of work, which, however, at the last failed him, and in his closing years he was but the shadow of what he had been. I imagine it will not be disputed that in the roll of British journalism before or since his time his name should head the list.

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GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

March, 1884.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA pays a pleasant tribute to the late Charles Delmonico in a recent number of his "Echoes of the Week," in the London *Illustrated News*. Since his first visit here, in 1863, in which he made his acquaintance with the Delmonico cuisine, he always considered that famous restaurant to be the first in the world, and he knew all hostelries from Archangel to Aleppo, from San Francisco to Abyssinia.

He had a good opportunity to know the house and the man, for he lived near the Fourteenth Street establishment and dined there almost daily for the best part of the year. I was much with him in those days, and remember his prandial and other customs well. He was a copious and stormy talker, with overwhelming information on every topic and more anecdotes than the Gesta Romanorum. He was much liked by Americans, particularly by his intimates, among whom in New York were Hurlbert, Sam Ward, William Young, of the *Albion*, recently dead in Paris, Mr. H. Harrisse, since author of a famous life of Columbus, the foundations of which were laid by him in Mr. S. L. M. Barlow's library of "Americana," in Madison Square, moving much in the circles which they respectively frequented and captivating everybody with his sometimes stormy and always copious and various discourse.

Sala was one of the most industrious and systematic writers I have ever known—not surpassed in these partic-

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ulars by Dickens or Carlyle, or even Anthony Trollope, who tells us the secret of his enormous literary productiveness in his recent biography. His rooms adjoined mine in the old Hoppock Mansion, in Fourteenth Street, and he was always at his work table shortly after breakfast, where he stayed during the forenoon and sometimes a part of the afternoon. After his more serious work was done he was apt to explode in whimsical improvisations, poetical and other. I happen to remember two stanzas which he came in to read me one day just after he had written them—I think they have never been printed, and if at all, only in some private form, but there is no treason in them, and they are sufficiently amusing to be made the property of the public. Shirley Brooks, not now so widely known on this side of the water as he was twenty years ago on the other, was a writer for *Punch* with Jerrold, Mayhew, Blanchard, Lemon, and the rest; afterward editor for a short time; a novelist—author of "The Silver Chord," etc., now mostly forgotten—critic, writer of dramas, wit, swell diner-out, and so on; and Charles Mackay was the well-known song writer, at that time a fellow correspondent with Sala, preceding Russell as the war correspondent in this country of the London *Times*.

"I'm glad to hear that Shirley Brooks,
Ere Atropos his goose he cooks,
Has served the varlet with a lout
Of good old-fashioned English gout.

"Charles Mackay scarred with healing pitch
And tessellated with the itch,
Was scorned alike by poor and rich
Of Sov'rans in our isle.
Returning hence to Scotland's coast,
He rubs himself against a post,
And blesses Duke Argyle."

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Sala printed a volume of his letters to the London *Telegraph* during the war time, and they were among the most picturesque and animated which that stormy season brought forth. In these letters he did not refrain from giving the then disconsolate American Eagle an occasional prod in the tenderer parts of its system, but his work was calculated for the meridian of London, and he knew the inclinations and expectations of his readers. In his last visit he expressed a hope that the bird would forget these random and inconsiderate puncturings and let bygones be bygones. But that was all unnecessary; his animadversions were slight and innocuous; nobody was hurt; at any rate, not the eagle.

I first met Sala in Evans's Covent Garden, London, in the winter of 1858. I had gone there to eat devilled kidneys and drink porter in company with Blanchard Jerrold, Horace Mayhew, Arthur Dickens (brother of Charles), and one or two other gentlemen not now remembered. Sala came in presently, took a seat at the same table, and at once took entire charge of the conversation. If he had been Thor just burst from the Arctic cloud rack and lighted upon the earth to taste for a moment the felicity of cider cellar merriment, he could not have brought with him a more vivifying and bracing conversational atmosphere. I did not learn who he was till he had gone—"like a storm he came and shook the house, and like a storm he went." Except a particular phrase, not particularly poignant, though amusing as he employed it, I can remember nothing of his speech except that it was of astonishing energy and range, and that a huge Rabelaisian grotesquerie ran through it like a fantastic zigzag vein through a block of onyx. Some raillery was going on between himself and Jerrold touching their respective achievements. "What

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are your epaulettes, then?'' said Jerrold. "My epaulettes,'' said Sala—"my epaulettes are continual labor and continual embarrassment.''

Like Thackeray, he began life with artistic ambition, and attained considerable skill with his pencil, though never sufficient to impel him to attempt the illustration of any of his own works, as Thackeray did. He was disappointed with the result of his art studies, and it early became apparent to him where his real strength lay. After that whatever he did with his pencil was mainly in the way of pastime. I have a few of his sketches, which show refinement and a practised hand, but they illustrate chiefly the wisdom which instructed him to lay aside the pencil as a serious instrument and take up the pen.

I find the following among my letters from him, and as it presents him in so winning and amiable a light, and is so good an example of his bright and engaging epistolary manner, I think I may venture to share it with the public. Since Mr. Dickens's death Mr. Sala has been generally recognized as the best after-dinner speaker in England, and although he is almost equally brilliant and felicitous as a letter-writer, that fact has, of course, been better known to his private correspondents and friends than to the public at large.

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
Sunday, December 21, 1879.

CARISSIME ——: I returned from Washington and Philadelphia here on Thursday, and found your welcome letter of the eighth instant. I should have replied to it immediately, but I had to prepare a lecture on "Shows that I Have Seen," which I delivered at Chickering Hall last evening. So I sent for a shorthand writer, who charged me forty dollars for "taking" my discourse; but

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the miscreants at the Hall didn't give me any "drop" light on my reading desk, and being parcel-blind I could not read a line of my MSS., and had to deliver the thing extempore. The audience seemed to like it. I did not. The evening was wickedly wet; and the attendance, although fashionable and appreciative, was so "select" that I shall barely cover my expenses, and am sorry that I delivered the lecture (including the blastation stenographer) by at least fifty dollars. *Μεδενε συμφοραν ονειδεσες; κοινε γαρε τυχε και το μελλον αορατον*, which being interpreted meaneth that there is no use in crying over spilt milk; and that we know not what may turn up to morrow.

Yes; many years have passed since we abode in West Fourteenth Street (which from a Belgravian-like thoroughfare has become kind of Tottenham Court Road), where I cursed and you laughed continually. Considering that I met Harrisse and Hurlbert face to face in Paris last year, and that I asked Harrisse whether he heard from Hurlbert lately, it is very possible that I might not recognize you. I am sure that you would not recognize me—an old, old gentleman with a bulbous nose, a triple chin, a bald head, and blue spectacles—gouty, bronchitic, asthmatic, dry, and disagreeable. Neither Schenck's sawdust pills (see all the fences in New Jersey) nor the celebrated Rising Sun Stove Polish Syrups avail. And they leave the temper like unto Iron Bitters. Come and see us as soon as you can.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Mr. Sala's pleasant words about Charles Delmonico will find welcome echo here in the hearts of all who knew him. My acquaintance with him reached over thirty years, beginning in his boyhood, and I feel myself qualified to de-

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clare that than his a more generous, gentle heart never beat in man. He was full of kind deeds to everybody at all times, of a gentle courtesy, simple and sincere in his manners, loyal and constant in his friendships, and probably left as many devoted personal friends as any man who has died out of the life of New York in this generation. I saw him first, a round, rosy-faced boy, at what is now the Stephens House in Lower Broadway, overlooking the Bowling Green, then the principal establishment of the Delmonico family, in 1855, just after the return of Dr. Kane from his Arctic explorations. The doctor was a guest there, and I associate the white Esquimaux dogs, sledge, walrus tusks, boots of reindeer skin and polar bear robes, and other Arctic trophies, which he brought back from his adventure, with my first remembrance of Charley, whom I last saw during the summer just gone at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, in the company of John Hoey and a few friends, who had instituted a kind of mild guardianship over him long before his malady became apparent to the public. He looked very well, and his speech and manner were quite natural, though his family and friends were already aware that there was something gravely amiss with him. In the early months of the following spring his body was found lying at the bottom of a ravine in the Orange Mountain, the flood having partially covered it with sand, pebbles, and other miscellaneous drift. He had wandered away there, demented, and either fallen or cast himself down the steep bank of the ravine. The last heard of him before his death was that he had called in early morning at the house of a poor German woman and asked for a cup of coffee. He stood by the stove while drinking it, and the woman noticed that he looked dazed and ill. When he went away he bade her good-morning,

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and said: "I hope you may never want for anything," his last word of kindness, as all words of his had been throughout his span of life. Sala had every reason to remember him with a note of appreciation and eulogy, neither of which would be wanting from any who had ever known him or the peerless temples of hospitality of which he was the arch priest.

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EDMUND YATES.

1885.

THE success of Mr. Edmund Yates's "Fifty Years of London Life" excites the emulation of a host of scribes, and a snow-storm of similar volumes is promised. Among them is Mr. Robert Buchanan's reminiscences of a literary career, concerning which a New York journal says, with more pungency than politeness, that "the 'reminiscences' may be well enough, but where is the literary career?"

It is not likely that any of the scribes who are spurred into retrospection by the extraordinary success of Mr. Yates's book will be able to make so interesting a volume as he has done. His experience of London life has been singularly wide and various; he has known familiarly some of the greatest and many of the most interesting and amusing men of his generation, and he has been for more than a quarter of a century in that sort of literary practice which especially qualified him for the work which he has so successfully accomplished. He has no concealments; does not pose for posterity nor try to make himself bigger or taller than he really is, but tells the story of his fifty years in the great capital, embellished with the vignettes and full-length figures of the curious and interesting men and women he has known, with simplicity and sincerity and with an almost unfailing *bonhomie* and friendliness, which brings upon him the gentle rebuke of his old *confrère*, Labouchere, who thinks that he ought to have

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sprinkled more red pepper in the blandly seasoned dish of reminiscences which he has served up and in which his critic testifies that there is no lack of less poignant spices.

The sale of Mr. Yates's book in America bids fair to be quite as large as in England, where it is now all the rage, eclipsing all works of the sort which have been published there in the last quarter of a century. It is issued in various forms by a number of publishing houses, and it is safe to say that it is at present much more widely purchased by our compatriots than the works of Plato or Sir Thomas Browne, not to mention those of Emerson, or Hawthorne, or Thoreau. It will not probably last as long as the "Phædo," or the "Wood Notes," or "The Scarlet Letter," or Thoreau's description of rabbit tracks in the snow and the gestures of the autumnal woodpecker hanging head downward on a birch and beating his tattoo to the echo of the perishing woods; but while it lasts, it is a very attractive and appetizing book, worthy of the wide attention which it has challenged on both sides of the water.

I first met Mr. Yates at Tavistock House, at the dinner table of Charles Dickens, later at Gad's Hill, where, in company with Dickens, we had Sunday afternoon walks about the windy Kentish uplands, among the windmills, hop fields, belts of woodland, granges, villages, and parks of that picturesque and historical region. Yates approved himself a sturdy pedestrian and a jolly, good-natured companion. He was large, burly, and broad chested, with a powerful lower jaw, which did not prevent his smile from being a pleasant one, but which indicated pugnacity and staying qualities in a fight, and he was always overbrimming with

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mirth and animal spirits. He was a prime favorite with Dickens, who had known (first on the stage) his father and mother, deeming the voice of the latter to have been the sweetest he ever heard, and he was a frequent guest at both the Dickens mansions. I afterward met Mr. Yates at his own house in Doughty Street and in many London clubs and society, and retain the most agreeable remembrances of his hospitality and companionship. He was then a clerk in St. Martin's le Grand, which is the British designation of the London Post-Office, and an industrious miscellaneous worker for the press, on the first round of the ladder which he has since climbed with so much diligence and success.

The noise of his quarrel with Thackeray filled the London air in the days of which I write (the winter of 1858–59), and in his book recites the inception and progress of that unfortunate controversy, taking a proper share of blame to himself for the indiscretion which brought it on, but still apparently holding to the belief that Thackeray's resentment was of undeserved severity. Both were members of the Garrick Club, and had met there constantly for years on terms of mutual kindness and politeness, the one a great writer in the fulness of his fame, the other an impetuous, high-spirited young scribe just embarking upon his work; and the cause of contention was an article written by the latter and published in an obscure little journal called *Town Talk*, in which the personal appearance, manners, and literary characteristics of the great novelist were commented upon with a freedom which its writer now admits to have been indefensible. Thackeray retorted in a letter of extreme severity; Yates, thus countered upon, declined to retract or apologize, and the matter being brought to

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the notice of the governing committee of the club, he was summarily expelled from its membership. Dickens afterward endeavored to act as peacemaker between the angry contestants, but the only result of this well-meant intervention was to effect an alienation between himself and Thackeray which lasted for many years, reconciled, indeed, only a short time before Thackeray's death. All these events, so agitating at that time to the persons concerned, were pretty thoroughly forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century, until the chief actor in the furious little drama rehearsed the story anew, with all its preluding accompaniments and consequences. It does not now seem so tremendous a literary collision as that between Milton and Salmasius or Henry VIII. and Luther, and after the interest in Mr. Yates's volume subsides it will not be likely again to occupy the attention of any considerable portion of mankind.

Mr. Yates's acquaintance with Dickens began in 1854, and his picture of the appearance of the immortal Boz in that period will be read with interest. There was no one in the world, he said, for whom he had so much admiration or whom he so ardently desired to know. He had formed an impression of the personality of the great man from the portrait by Maclise prefixed to "Nickleby"—"The soft and delicate face, with the long hair, the immense stock, and the high-collared waistcoat." But he "was nothing like that. His hair, though worn still somewhat long, was beginning to be sparse, his cheeks were shaved, he had a mustache and a door-knocker beard encircling his mouth and chin. His eyes were wonderfully bright and piercing, with a keen, eager outlook, his bearing hearty and somewhat aggressive. He wore on

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that occasion a loose jacket and wide trousers, and sat back in his chair with one leg under him and his hand in his pocket, very much as in Frith's portrait." The acquaintance thus begun speedily ripened into a friendship which lasted until Dickens's death, which at the outset was fruitful of many benefits to Mr. Yates, amply and affectionately requited by him as the years went on, bringing to Dickens their increasing burden of sorrow and calamity.

Of the writer's life at Gad's Hill Mr. Yates says: "You breakfasted at nine, smoked your cigar, read the papers, and pottered about the garden until luncheon, at one. All the morning Dickens was at work either in the study, a room on the left of the porch as you entered, a large room entirely lined with books and with a fine bay-window, in which the desk was placed; or in the *châlet*, a Swiss house of four rooms, presented to him by Charles Fechter, which took to pieces and was erected in a shrubbery by the side of the road opposite to the house, where he had a fine view extending to the river. After luncheon —a substantial meal (though Dickens generally took little but bread and cheese and a glass of ale)—the party would assemble in the hall, which was hung round with a capital set of Hogarth's prints, now in my possession, and settle on their plans. Some walked, some drove, some pottered; there was Rochester Cathedral to be visited; the ruins of the castle to be explored, and Cobham Park, with all its sylvan beauty, in easy distance." Of these varying pastimes, Mr. Yates always chose the walk with Dickens. The distance travelled was seldom less than twelve miles, and few guests were found to face that ordeal. Mr. Yates describes, without naming, a portly American gentleman

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in varnished boots who wilted on the home stretch of one of these terrific pulls and had to take refuge in the basket carriage which opportunely came along—possibly, George Peabody or the Hon. James Buchanan, both portly and American, and presumably capable of pedestrian surrender when the joke had been carried too far.

Yates's remembrances of Sala are among the most interesting portions of his volume. They were comrades and colleagues for many years, wrought side by side in many a literary enterprise, and always had a hearty friendship for each other. Long ago they wrote together for a little comic paper called the *Train*, of which Yates was the editor, and which had a sharp competitor in a similar publication called the *Idler*, conducted by a clever little group of university men, among them James Hannay, I. Cordy Jeaffreson, Mr. Wiltshire Austin, and Blanchard Jerrold. "Who are the people of the *Idler*?" one of the contributors of the *Train* inquired, thus answering his own interrogatory: "Hannay & Co., University & Water, with a dash of—no—not gin, but a little cheap claret in it; fellows who, if you once get in their pillory, will pelt you with Greek roots like so many cabbage stumps." To which the *Idler* responded, Sala and Brough being regarded as the leading lights of the *Train*:

> "Easy to see why S. and B.
> Dislike the University;
> Easy to guess why B. and S.
> Detest cold water little less.
>
> "For as their writings prove their creed,
> That those who write should never read,
> Their faces show they think it bosh
> That men who write should ever wash."

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A host of amusing people move through the pages of the volume in fantastical procession. One of his post-office companions stopped him one day in front of the famous pill show of Holloway in the Strand, where within a number of workmen were employed in putting up the medicines. "Can you keep a straight countenance for a few minutes?" his companion asked. Yates thought it possible, and they entered the shop, when his comrade, to the astonishment of the workmen, began a series of the most extraordinary genuflexions, striking out with his arms and kicking out with his legs like an escaped lunatic. "Look at that," he said. "Three months ago I could move neither hand nor foot. I took your medicines, and now look at that, and that, and that"—launching out tremendously and springing into the air almost as high as the counter, after which both visitors hastily disappeared, leaving the inmates of the shop in a state of consternation which it must have taken large doses of their valuable medicine to assuage.

Of his godfather, Edmund Byng, many amusing stories are told. "How did you like that dish?" he said to a guest at his dinner table. "It was very good." "Good, sir! of course it was good. Everything is good that comes to this table. I didn't ask you if it was good. I asked you if you liked it."

"Is the duchess in?" he asked one day the janitor at the door of a ducal residence. "Her Grace has gone to Chiswick, sir." "God bless my soul! I didn't ask you where she had gone. Do you think I could be guilty of

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the indecency of inquiring into her Grace's movements? I asked you if she was in."

Mr. Yates describes a meeting between Tennyson and Tupper, at which he was present, at the house of the representative of the publishing firm of Moxon & Co., and says it was the first time they had met, and that it was amusing to witness their bearing toward each other. But he gives no particulars. It must have been like the meeting of a crested eagle with the bird of Michaelmas, or of a Libyan lion with one of the stuffed bulls of Egypt. The proofs of some recently finished drawings for the illustration of the edition of "Enoch Arden" were exhibited to the Laureate, who approved of them all, with one exception. "This is not right," he said in his deep voice. "'There came so loud a calling of the sea.' The man cannot have lived by the sea. He does not know what a calling means. It is anything but a great upheaval such as is here represented."

One of the most spirited stories in the book is that which describes Mr. Yates's interview with Lord Stanley, of Alderley, then postmaster-general, to whom he had been sent with a document for official signature. He found the great man at home, just arrived from Newmarket, and was ushered into his sublime presence. He stood on the hearth-rug in the library, with his back to the fireplace, and on a table near by were three or four heavy leather pouches in which official documents were forwarded to him from the post-office.

"As the butler closed the door behind me," the narrator says, "I made the gentleman a bow, at which he took

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not the slightest notice. He did not offer me a seat, so I remained standing *plante la.*

"'What do you want?' was his gracious query.

"'I have come about the reduction of the registration for my Lord. I thought Sir Rowland Hill had explained it in his letter. It is necessary that your Lordship's signature—'

"'Yes, yes, I know all about that,' he interrupted; 'I have signed the d—— thing;' going to one of the official pouches and rummaging in it. 'It's here somewhere—no, that's not it. I can't find it, but I know I've signed it. Look here, have you got a cab outside?'

"'Yes, my Lord.'

"'Then just take those pouches back to the office. You will find it when you get there.'

"'What!' I cried in a tone that made my friend jump again. 'What, do you expect me to carry those bags to the cab? If you want that done ring the bell and tell your servant to do it. I'm not your servant, and I don't carry bags for you or any man in London.' He looked petrified, but he rang the bell.

"'What's your name, sir?' he asked.

"'My name is Yates, my Lord.'

"'I don't like your manner, sir,' he said.

"'And I don't like yours, my Lord,' I rattled out. 'I came here properly introduced by the secretary. I made you a salutation which you had not the politeness to return—you have never asked me to take a seat—'

"'Wasn't I standing myself?' he interpolated.

"'That's no affair of mine. Your business as a gentleman was to ask me to be seated. And now you think I am going to do your servant's work.'

"Here the servant entered and was ordered by his mas-

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ter to carry off the bags. I was preparing to follow him when Lord Stanley said :

" ' You shall hear more of this, sir.'

" ' Whenever you please, my Lord ; I shall be quite ready,' and off I went."

But he heard no more of it, and the next messenger sent from the post-office to the noble lord was greeted by him with effusion, both his hands cordially grasped, and he was made to stay over to luncheon.

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MOUNT VERNON AND SOME OF ITS MEMORIES.

February 22, 1885.

THERE recently died in Fairfax County, Va., one Henry Lamb, whose entire life was spent in the neighborhood of the Washington mansion, at Mount Vernon, and who always asserted that the vault containing the remains of Washington had been violated and the skull carried away to France, where it was sold to a firm of phrenologists, who subsequently issued a work the front page of which presented an illustration setting forth its measurements and proportions. The agents of this desecration he declared were the sailors of a French ship, anchored in the Potomac near by. The skull which was taken away was replaced by that of a negro servant of Colonel Fairfax. This story seems to have obtained some credence in the neighborhood, as an indignation meeting was held at the time, in which Mr. Lamb participated. His death has revived the story and given it a measure of currency anew. But it is likely of airy foundation, and no visitor to Mount Vernon need dread that he is sorrowing over the wrong set of relics. About the time of the alleged robbery Congress passed an act providing for the erection of a crypt in the Capitol to contain the remains of Washington, but for some reason it was never erected. That is where they ought to lie, under the middle of the dome, in sculptured marble and alabaster, the Goddess keeping perpetual watch above them high in the upper air.

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When the Prince of Wales was in this country, Buchanan being President, he with his retinue was escorted to Mount Vernon, where beside its tomb he planted an acorn, dukes, marquises, and other lords, Presidents, Secretaries of State, Chancellors, Archbishops, and other high dignitaries looking on, which must by this time have grown into a vigorous oaken sapling. The brick crypt, situated on the border of a thicket of trees a little way from the mansion, its front guarded with open iron gates, behind which rested the marble coffins of George and Martha Washington, was not strong enough to resist the assault of determined grave robbers, and its situation was lonely and exposed. At the time of the disappearance of the remains of the late A. T. Stewart and the attempted violation of the tomb of Lincoln, at Springfield, I remember to have thought of the unprotected condition of this frail and isolated vault and how easily its sacred dust might be carried off and made merchandise by body-snatchers, to the shame and grief of the nation and the world. I do not know precisely what measures for the guardianship of these reverend relics are now in force, but they are doubtless adequate; and if not, the remarkable story of the recently departed Mr. Lamb ought speedily to make them so.

Mount Vernon at that time, just before the war, wore a look of decay, desertion, and ruin. I went down a second time, on the day following the Prince's visit, in company with Mr. Woods's correspondent of the London *Times* and another journalist, in order to make a more leisurely inspection of the mansion and the grounds and the various souvenirs of Washington which were there preserved. The long pillared porch looking out on the

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Potomac, which pictures of the place have made almost universally familiar, and which had echoed so many historic footsteps, was rotting away, and its floor seemed hardly secure enough to justify the visitor in trusting himself upon it. The only persons about the mansion were a negro woman, who emerged from the cellar with a bright handkerchief bound round her head, and a small scrambling black baby, which tumbled about the lawn under the trees, summoning maternal attention occasionally by shrill outcries and by violent gesticulation of all its ebony members. In the hall hung a small glass case containing the key of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette, a plain iron instrument covered with rust, and not so large as one would have surmised, considering the dimensions of the gloomy old fortress to which it had given access. Its dimensions left the imagination unsatisfied, and were not in keeping with its tremendous historic associations; but small as it was, it could not be looked upon without emotion and a torrent of memories. In the great drawing-room, its high ceiling garlanded with the prim decorations common to the period in which they were set in their place, its panelled walls and stately fireplace, girt round with yellowing sculptures of marble, were kept the saddles and the holsters which had gone with the commander-in-chief through the campaigns of the Revolution. There was also an ancient harpsichord with one or two strings yet unbroken, which when touched gave forth a piteous vibration, as if it were the ghost of the music which had once awakened there, uprising for a moment out of its grave to utter its passing note of lamentation. In the old days its tones must have swelled many a time, like the harp of Tara, to chiefs and ladies bright, inspiring them to stately minuet marchings, and these vanished figures of grace and

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valor seemed again to rise and move in shadowy procession through the deserted apartments. A few other memorials of the lord of the mansion were likewise displayed—arms, raiment, furniture, and the like—but there was dust and ruin on all, and a gloom as of the vault near by in which their old possessor awaited the resurrection. The grounds and lawns and deserted gardens, overrun with all wild growths, neglected and untended, seemed lapsing back into wilderness, but they still wore an aspect of mournful beauty, and the outlook from them, commanding the blue windings of the Potomac, and the valleys and uplands, and woods and farms beyond, was of exceeding grace and nobility. It was not long after that the tides of war were to pour around it in bellowing black delugings, rising ever higher and higher, as if to engulf beneath them it and its memories forever. The thunder of Lee's cannon, and Pope's, and Stonewall Jackson's rolled across it, enough to rend the marble in which the old warrior lay and call him forth to "cry those dreadful summoners' grace." I have not since then visited Mount Vernon, but imagine that it is now well guarded and cared for, and I, for one, will not doubt that the protectorate of its custodians is extended over all the remains of mortality which its vault opened to receive.

It is to-day one hundred and fifty-three years since Washington was born and nearly eighty-four years since his death, in which interval the State which he founded has grown into proportions and power of which he could never have dreamed and is still seemingly in the infant steps of its progress. Of the founders of States, his fame is the loftiest and purest which has been committed for preservation to the records or monuments of man, and it seems appro-

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priate that his column of commemoration should overtop all others, catching on its glittering summit the earliest and latest beam of dawn and sunset across the land to which his valor gave deliverance and his virtue liberty.

Journeying southward in the years just preceding the war, by the way of Washington and Richmond, a Virginia gentleman, who was my companion, pointed out to me, at a spot some little distance south of Fredericksburg, the site of the old dwelling place to which, during the early boyhood of Washington, his parents had brought him from his birthplace in the neighboring county of Westmoreland. It was moonlight, and little could be seen with clearness, but I retain a remembrance of naked old chimneys, half fallen, from which the surrounding habitations had long since withered away. But for a moment those cold hearth-stones seemed to me to bear anew their flame, and the household figures of the wasted home moved again amidst its radiance. Before those black and hollow caverns the boy Washington had often sat, the light from them, so fallen in darkness now, kindling the shining face with its glance of unforeboded destiny. All that overarching air, now still under moon and starlight, except as it answered the clamors of the flying train, had rung with his voice many a time, then training itself unconsciously for the accents of magistracy and command. Perhaps the cherry-tree stood not far off on which the hatchet of young George wrought that historic mutilation. Its roots were somewhere in the earth here, now a part of it, which once cast upward with their transitory blooms the flower of an unfading legend and the perfume of a moral unmatched in the breadth and diligence of its application. That dreary and deserted place of great memories swept across my

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fancy like a dream, faintly remembered now after almost a lifetime, and I wonder if those old hearth-stones lie there yet, telling their tale of ruin to the wayfaring man who journeys past them as they told it to me from behind the curtain of old night so long ago.

In the cemetery of Fredericksburg, Va., is an unfinished monument to the memory of the mother of Washington, who sleeps beneath what is built of it, and the house in which her later years were spent still stands in the town unchanged from the time when she received within it and gave blessing and farewell to her immortal son. This monument was begun in 1833, and was the gift of a New York merchant named Burroughs, who died before its completion. The base and pedestal were constructed on a scale of appropriate massiveness and dignity, and the shaft to be set upon them was also provided, but it has never been put in its place. For fifty years it has lain alongside of the construction which was built to receive it, and in that time Virginia has not had energy enough to mount it on its completed basis. It is time now that the pious and munificent work of this almost forgotten New York merchant should be completed, and unless, after half a century of waiting, Virginia is at last ready to assume and discharge her neglected duty, I hope some other New York merchant will finish the good deed so long ago begun by Mr. Burroughs.

While on the subject of the Washingtons, I may mention, for the benefit of students of his genealogy, that in the first volume of the "Chronican Monasticon de Abingdon," published in illustration of mediæval British history

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under the direction of the Master of the Rolls by the British Government, and to be referred to in the British Museum, there is recorded a grant of land from Edgar, the Anglo-Saxon king, to Athunold Washingtunh, dated A.D. 963. If the genealogists agree in tracing the pedigree of our Washington back to this remote Saxon progenitor, it gives him a background of almost a thousand years and an ancestral line as long as that of the Hapsburgs or Hohenzollerns and a good deal longer than that of the Romanoffs, Carignans, Bonapartes, and other upstart dynasties of modern days. But whether they agree or not, the occurrence of the name in that old chronicle is interesting, and when I visit London again I, for one, shall take a cab for Russell Square and endeavor to get sight of this old Saxon rescript, earliest of all so far discovered that bear the Washington name.

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TWO INAUGURATIONS.

March, 1884.

THE inaugural address of Mr. Cleveland will hold its own with any ever delivered since the foundation of the Government. It carries with it every evidence of the earnest sincerity with which it is informed from the first line to the last, and gives assurance to all men that he will be the President of the nation and not of any faction or fraction thereof. He is fully alive to the gravity of the duties which he assumes, and it is safe to say approaches them in as conscientious a spirit and with as resolute and unswerving a courage as have ever animated any of our chief magistrates. He seems to rise with ease to the level of all occasions, and to possess a reserve of power equal to the greatest duties and emergencies. The grave, earnest, and eloquent words of his message will not fail to inspire belief that he has been providentially appointed to the great work before him, of such infinite importance to the country, and in which at this time a weak or corrupt magistrate might bring the nation to the verge of ruin. The day of the installation was of bright augury, all the omens auspicious, and after its long interregnum of twenty-four years all good Democrats have a right to be proud of the magnificent manner in which the party again steps into the place of power and takes up anew the axes and the rods.

Washington has known few such days since its foundations were planted. Except the one on which Lincoln was inaugurated, none perhaps exceeds it in historic impor-

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tance. That was a day to be long remembered by those who participated in its ceremonies, and could recall the ominous cloud of peril under which the whole pageant seemed to move, and the sense of relief when it was all safely over and the new President fairly installed in the White House. The Senate sat all the night previous, not adjourning till after daylight, Crittenden, Douglas, Trumbull, Wigfall, and Wade thundering against each other in their final debate, while some of their colleagues, overcome by sleep, lay stretched out on the Senatorial sofas snoring a drowsy accompaniment. By sunrise the town was astir, and crowds began to assemble at all points along the avenue. Lincoln spent the early morning hours in his rooms at Willard's, having among his callers David Davis, Thurlow Weed, Leonard Swett, of Illinois, Ward Lamon, and I know not how many other chiefs of the victorious party in that culminating hour of its triumph. The procession began to move about eleven, but it was an hour and a half later before Buchanan appeared, having been delayed at the Capitol in signing bills, some of which got his autograph appended to them after his term of office had actually expired. Senators Baker and Pearce took seats in the carriage fronting the two Presidents, Buchanan looking old, gray, and haggard; Lincoln, dark and firm, wearing a mournful and anxious expression of face; and thus attended they set forth on their historic ride to the Capitol. Mounted guards and a flying squadron of special correspondents surrounded the carriage, the latter keeping as near to it as possible, one of the artists of an illustrated paper making a sketch of the scene as he rode along. There were clouds of dust along the avenue, sometimes enveloping the whole *cortege* like a snow-storm, in the midst of which, on the summit of Capitol Hill, the gigan-

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tic figure of General Scott loomed up behind his battery of guns.

It was a little after one o'clock when the outgoing and incoming President, arm in arm, entered the Capitol, proceeding immediately to the President's room, whence they emerged in a few minutes, preceded by the marshal of the district, judge of the Supreme Court and sergeant-at-arms, and followed by the Senators, the diplomatic corps, heads of departments, Governors of States and others, and made their way to the east portico of the Capitol, where a small wooden pavilion had been arranged, under which Mr. Lincoln stood while he delivered his memorable message. Chief-Justice Taney, old, shrivelled to the bone, with a face like parchment, muffled in his silken robes, sat in front of the array of judges, doubtless with many musings. Close by stood Douglas—so near, in fact, that Mr. Lincoln, finding no place on or under the small reading table provided for him in which to deposit his hat, handed it over to his mighty rival, who held it carefully until the speech was completed. Mr. Lincoln's voice was clear and penetrating, and was distinctly heard far and near among the assembled multitudes, which preserved unbroken silence from the beginning of the message to the end. Then a tremendous cheer rose and ran like a wave along the avenue, carrying testimony, which was likewise flying over the wires in every direction, that the inauguration had been successfully accomplished, and that, in spite of all perils, visionary and real, Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States, and a new historic era had been ushered in.

I came from Springfield to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, my duty being to write letters about the progress

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to a New York newspaper. No adequate description of it was then or now possible. No chief magistrate of the nation since it was founded had ever been so accompanied to his place, and none bids fair to be so till a new and like peril goes hand in hand with him thither. It was not merely an outbreak of partisan enthusiasm which rose round him everywhere, such as might greet any political chieftain in his season of triumph, but seemed rather the voice of a people in an hour of deep foreboding saluting their chosen, and with mingled hope and misgiving speeding him upon his work. There was token everywhere, lying below the upper voice of huzzas and acclamations, of a sense of impending danger and uncertainty as to what the immediate days were to bring. Lincoln was not apparently without this feeling, though in most of his addresses he preserved a cheerful and hopeful tone. In his speech, however, to his friends and neighbors at Springfield at his departure—perhaps the most mournful and certainly one of the most impressive that ever fell from his lips—he signified an apprehension, which proved to be true, that he might be addressing them for the last time, and might never again look upon the city which had so long been his home. At Cincinnati, when the ceremonies, hand-shakings, and speech-makings were at last done, and he had reached the privacy of his rooms, he repeated to a few friends who were there the lines from Henry IV. :

> "Come, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell strange stories of the death of kings;
> * * * * * *
> They were all murdered,"

saying that they had been murmuring in his mind all day. To Judd, his closest companion, had in those hours

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come news from his detective corps in Baltimore, Allen Pinkerton at their head, known then to himself and the President alone, a cause sufficient, were there none other, to determine even so sombre a choice of Shakespearian quotations.

Commonly in these days Mr. Lincoln wore an expression of quaint good-humor, with a worn, anxious look under it, and had the readiest pleasant word for any and all who came near him. What he encountered every day would have tired a giant, but he went through it with no sign of flagging, and had a reserve of strength and elasticity for occasion piled on occasion, Pelion on Ossa of duties little and grave, all of which he met with unfailing fitness, rising when needful without effort to the greatest, and never disdaining nor shrinking from the humblest.

The Presidential party proper consisted of Mr. Lincoln, his wife, and three sons, his secretaries, John H. Nicolay and John Hay, N. B. Judd, Ward Lamon, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, Elmer E. Ellsworth, Dr. W. S. Wallace, and Lockwood Todd (relations of Mrs. Lincoln), Q. M. Burgess, George C. Latham, W. S. Wood, and B. Forbes. With these were the correspondents, the delegations which came and went, and now and then appeared for a little space a figure of historic interest and importance. Among these was Mr. Greeley, who was at the West on one of his periodical lecturing tours, and who got on the train at Ashtabula, and continued with it for a few hours. Mr. Nicolay speedily took him in charge and conducted him to Mr. Lincoln, with whom he remained not more than a quarter of an hour, and then came into the front car, where he joined Mr. Dutton, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, and myself; and in an acquaintance with him which began in 1852 and

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was continued till his death, I never saw him more cheerily anecdotal, bright, genial, and lovable. There was no politics in his talk, and he did not once mention Mr. Lincoln nor the state of the country, then sufficiently alarming, nor the prospects of the new party which he had done so much to found, which was then stepping across the threshold of action. I recall that he told us some good stories and said many quaint, wise things, and birds flying by made him remember that he once saw Audubon. For the work of him and the greater man spun with him along the Ohio levels, on that gray February afternoon, so long ago, time was preparing as tragical an ending as awaited any of their generation. To both came the martyrs' crown as their meed of loftiest deserving, and they fill an ever-broadening space in the remembrance of the nation which both of them served so well.

With a single exception, the speeches of welcome which greeted Mr. Lincoln from Springfield to Harrisburg, where the flow of oratory was suspended, were of unblemished courtesy, and such as befitted the man to whom they were addressed and the community which, through their appropriate officials, addressed him. In New York, however, a lecture on patriotism was delivered to him by Mr. Fernando Wood, then Mayor, and a line of policy laid down for him differing considerably from that formulated in the resolutions of the convention that nominated him. Mr. Lincoln's reply is still lively reading, and at its conclusion nothing important was left of his lecturer.

On the morning after the secret departure of Lincoln from Harrisburg, the remainder of the party, except a few who were in the secret, were in a state of the utmost excitement and agitation. Judd, David Davis, Colonel Sumner, and Major Hunter, together with Ward Lamon,

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who had gone forward with the President, were on the evening before taken into consultation, and the facts concerning the situation at Baltimore as then known laid before them. In the minds of all except Colonel Sumner they seemed to justify the action which was taken, but to him it seemed cowardly, and he said if it were necessary he would mow a pathway through Baltimore for Mr. Lincoln with grape shot. He acquiesced, however, reluctantly in the decision of the others, though he insisted on going through to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, saying that he had undertaken to do so, and that at all hazards would he do. It being thought that Mr. Lincoln would be safer with a single attendant, this purpose of Colonel Sumner's was thwarted by a stratagem, greatly to his indignation, and for which he was informed that Mr. Lincoln would make him any reparation or apology which he might deem to be his due on his arrival in Washington.

The journey from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and thence to Baltimore, was not without its anxieties. It was early known that Mr. Lincoln was safely in Washington; but the extent or measure of the trouble, if any, awaiting us at Baltimore could only be guessed at. Fortunately there was none, the real object of the animosity of the mob being beyond their reach. The party drove to the Eutaw House, where dinner had been provided for them, and it was reassuring to see there the familiar and friendly face of Mr. Coleman, until recently one of the well-known hosts of the Astor House in New York. After dinner the party drove to the Washington depot, where a train was in waiting, and although it was surrounded by a fierce and brutal-looking mob, no action of violence took place, and beyond a few oaths and coarse expletives none of the party were subjected to any annoyance.

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It was a little more than a week after the arrival in Washington of Mr. Lincoln before the date of his inauguration, the interval being diligently occupied mainly in the work of riveting together the Cabinet, which he had long before substantially determined upon. His Inaugural Address was completed before he left Springfield, though it was subjected to a careful process of revision almost up to the hour of its delivery; and he had to sustain the shock of many a collision and the embittered remonstrance of many a disappointed individual and cabal before the final screw was put into the fabric of his Cabinet. Even then it threatened to tumble apart. The slate, indeed, seemed irrevocably shattered on the morning of the inauguration, which brought from Seward a letter desiring to withdraw his promise to accept the post of Secretary of State; but this in the last moment he was induced to reconsider. Of course the most diligent and enterprising correspondents knew nothing of this at the time. It came out long after, with many another stirring incident of that time, of which the best—in fact, the only sufficient story so far, is that of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, now in course of publication in the *Century Magazine*, who moved in these tides of affairs, and were a modest part of them, and from whose narrative I have refreshed my memory of some of the events of that momentous period.

Of the principal figures which moved in that great drama, it is difficult to remember many yet among the living. Lincoln, Buchanan, Scott, Seward, Douglas, Taney, Stanton, Sumner, Weed, Greeley, Raymond, almost all the members of the disrupted and shattered Senate have long since passed away. Hamlin * is alive yet, and

* Old Hannibal Hamlin is among the mourners who have come early to Washington to attend the funeral of his party. He

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old Joseph Holt and older Simon Cameron. But at the moment I can remember no others.

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is a very interesting old figure, indeed, dating back to antediluvian political periods, and still going without his overcoat in the coldest weather. I saw him twenty-four years ago take his seat in the Senate chamber beside John C. Breckenridge, the retiring Vice-President, and when that tall and handsome Kentuckian administered to him the oath of installation as his successor, he kissed the book with a smack significant of energetic inward sentiments of piety and a due appreciation of the dignity and importance of the function to which he was summoned. He was then a handsome stalwart man of middle age, wore a Websterian blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons and a high stock, over which his collar rambled and wilted in negligent folds. He was rather ponderous in his ways of speech and action, and looked like a good, reliable old professional patriot, who could be depended on to do the regulation thing every time. He was never a vividly illuminative person, but has been a variously useful one in public concerns for more than fifty years, and is a conscript father on whom the younger generation of patriots may well look with veneration. He was born in 1809, served in Congress from 1836 to 1840, the last three years as Speaker of the House; was again a member from 1842 to 1848, in which year he was appointed to the Senate to fill an unexpired term; was duly elected thereto in 1850, serving out his term of six years, and after a short interregnum was elected Vice-President, having accomplished all these honors and services at a time when Arthur, Cleveland, Dan Manning, Whitney, Vilas, and the rest who are now stepping on the stage of power were but little advanced out of schoolboyhood. Of his father he says that he was one of a family of more than twenty brothers and sisters, showing the source of that vitality which at seventy-six still keeps him warm without an overcoat. Of his own brothers four were named after the grand geographical divisions of the globe—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—demonstrating with his own the expansive and ambitious conceptions of his parent, who would link the names of his posterity with none less majestic

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Weed and Greeley had a pitched battle on the composition of the Cabinet, neither scoring a victory. Weed was bitterly opposed to giving the Treasury to Chase; Greeley supported his appointment, and, so far as this was concerned, carried his point, but was beaten on others, so that it was practically a drawn battle. Lincoln bluntly told Weed that if Chase did not come into the Cabinet, neither should Seward. Cameron was busy in those days, wanting everything according to long-established Cameronian precedent. He got the war portfolio at last, after infinite moil; did not keep it long, but had a long season in which to explain the intricacies of his brief administration, and survives the explanation. David Davis was a most trusted and faithful counsellor in these periods, much with Lincoln, and sharing his confidence as completely as any man.

Of the curious and interesting people pervading Washington at that time or in the months following the breaking out of the war, I remember N. P. Willis, Gottschalk, Count Adam de Gurowski, James E. Murdoch, Walt Whitman, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Emanuel Leutze, the painter; Frederick S. Cozzens, author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers;" Frank Vizitelly,* artist and correspondent

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than those of continents and conquerors. One of his brothers, Africa, was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and the race in general has had its share of prosperities and honors. The old gentleman is out of public life now, and is not likely to re-enter it, but will write a book of remembrances, which will not fail in the particular of length, and may be interesting.—*February 22d*, 1885.

* Frank Vizitelly, the artist and correspondent who was reported dead, is discovered to be alive in the Soudan, where he

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of the London *Illustrated Times*; Samuel B. Ruggles, F. B. Carpenter, painter of many portraits and compositions illustrating the history of that period, mainly vanished now with the rest of the pageant and "fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces." Later on came the princes of France, father and sons, De Joinville, De Paris, and De Chartres; Lord Hartington (not then come to his lordship),* Hawthorne, Caleb Cushing, Henry Ward Beecher,

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has an extensive and exceedingly fatal medical practice. Vizitelly was in this country during the Civil War, making sketches and writing letters for the London *Illustrated Times*, and in this capacity he frequented both the Federal and Confederate camps. He was a clever artist and writer, and could eat and drink more at a sitting than any man in either army. When provisions were abundant he was welcome everywhere, but when they began to grow scarce the expressions of sorrow at his departure were only ceremonious, and did not represent the real sentiments of those who gave him farewell. It is probable that his appetite has diminished in the quarter of a century since he used to breakfast among the correspondents at Welker's restaurant in Washington, beaming with Gargantuan and engulfing smiles, the wonder of waiters, the adoration of the landlord, and the terror of his companions, who could not know the limit of his elasticity nor surmise the consequence when that was reached and passed. Unless his appetite is diminished, or the commissariat of the Soudan has been recently improved, his sojourn in that region will be brief, and he will reappear among the flesh-pots of London, I hope as ruddy, colossal, amusing, and eupeptic as he was twenty-five years ago.—1885.

* Lord Hartington, who is likely to become his (Gladstone's) successor, is the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, and is now fifty-two years old, having been born in 1833, about the time when his chief was winning his earliest laurels in the field of literature by the publication of his still remembered work, entitled "Church and State," which is now remembered chiefly by the trenchant essay in which Macaulay reviewed it. He is thus de-

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Bishop Matthew Simpson, Herr George Von Bunsen,* and indeed, first and last, almost everybody in the land or visitors thereto who was of especial celebrity.

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scended from one of the most ancient and illustrious houses in England, and in due time will become the eighth duke of his line, and mount as proud a circlet of strawberry leaves as embellishes any head in Great Britain. But he has always been as hard a worker as if he had his own way to make in the world, and had no ancestral fortune or honors awaiting him. He graduated at Trinity College in 1854, was immediately returned to Parliament for North Lancashire, accompanied Lord Granville's special mission to Russia, was Lord of the Admiralty for a brief term in 1863, and afterward, Secretary of the War Department. In 1866 Lord John Russell made him Secretary of State for War, and he took part in the debate on the Reform Bill which Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, attempted to carry through Parliament in that session. He was not much of a speaker—is not now—but was and is a good man of business, as assiduous and painstaking as if he were only a junior clerk instead of an official personage of the most expansive pattern. He had much to do in the calculations and negotiations accompanying the transfer of the electric telegraph from private companies to the State, in revising the contracts with the mail steamship companies, and in many other of the most important administrative acts of the Government. In 1870 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, which post he held till the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's government in 1874, and in office and out, since relations between them were first established, he has remained a stanch and faithful lieutenant of that great chieftain, whose mantle now seems so nearly ready to fall upon his own shoulders. In 1875, when the Eastern question came up and the atrocities in Bulgaria roused the whole nation against the misrule of the unspeakable Turk in his European dependencies, he personally visited Turkey in company with Mr. W. E. Forster, made local inquiries, and returned with authentic information which was of the first importance in subsequent dealings with that perplexed and confusing question. More than once the Queen has pressed the

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Willis was as much of a dandy as he had been twenty years before, had a large collection of waistcoats, some of them dating back to Gore House and the Blessington

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Premiership upon him, but he has declined that perilous honor, and counselled her Majesty to summon Mr. Gladstone instead.

Lord Hartington visited this country about the time of the breaking out of the Civil War, being then a not particularly distinguished young nobleman, animated by the sentiment then common among his countrymen of languid antagonism to the North and languid sympathy for the South, and a general belief that if the country were broken in two permanently the national rooster would crow less offensively, and with a rival cock in the domestic barnyard would find enough to do at home to exhaust all his surplus energies. During his visit he called on Mr. Lincoln, who was not unaware of his sentiments in regard to American affairs, and who with an air of rustic innocence and simplicity addressed him throughout the interview as Mr. Partington. In the drawing-room of Mr. August Belmont a young Southern lady affixed a secession badge to his coat, which, as soon as it was recognized, produced a social earthquake, and came near causing that indiscreet nobleman to be projected head-foremost through the window. The badge was swiftly removed, and he endeavored to explain that he was not aware of its import. The circumstance was embarrassing in the last degree to host and guests, and very likely to Lord Hartington and the indiscreet young lady whose colors he had worn. He went back to England shortly afterward with no very favorable opinion of the Yankees, nor they of him, though he has since conquered the approbation of everybody as a diligent, laborious, and faithful public servant who, with every temptation to ease and self-indulgence which ample wealth and high rank could give him, has chosen to scorn delights and live laborious days in the service of his country and countrymen.

The author of "Society in London" says of Lord Hartington that his social aspect is severe; that he always comes in late and last at the dinner parties which he honors with his presence,

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period, and used to astonish his fellow-guests at Willard's with the splendor of his neckties. He was always mild, bland, and amiable, and was much liked by everybody.

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offers no greeting to any other guest, and exhibits the appearance of being bored. He is without any resources of small talk, and not lustrous in his management of the larger varieties of discourse, so that wherever he is he seems entrenched in a sort of isolation, as if there could be no possible point of contact between himself and those around him. He shows best on the ministerial bench and in the thick of official activities, and presents his most winning aspect as the platonic admirer of the Duchess of Manchester. He bids fair to occupy a place of increasing importance in the politics of England for many years to come, and may turn out to be a greater man than anybody yet surmises, though the probabilities are the other way.—*May 31st*, 1885.

* So it seems that Herr George Von Bunsen, son of the illustrious savan Chevalier Von Bunsen, formerly Prussian Minister in Rome and London, author of almost as many big learned books as his famous contemporary, Alexander Von Humboldt, and introducer of Max Müller to the work which he has made that of his life, is one of the indirect instigators of Bismarck's present wrath against the American Minister, the American pig, and the American House of Representatives. When Bismarck came into power he turned the elder Bunsen out of the London embassy, and the younger one (who, by the way, is the son of an English lady of rank, proud of his English half lineage and of his proficiency in English language and literature) has never forgiven him. When our Minister Sargent reached Berlin he found himself ignorant of everything which a foreign minister ought to know—the language, the etiquette, official and social, and the proper way of placing himself in agreeable relations with the court to which he was accredited. In this emergency Von Bunsen took him in hand and coached him on all points. He was instructed that Bismarck's objection to the American pig was really in the interest of the domestic animal—in order words, of the Prussian land-owners, who wanted to control the home market without foreign competition, and that the charge of un-

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Whitman later had a post in one of the departments, from which he was dismissed by an austere secretary, whose moral sensibilities were shocked by the freedom of some of the lines in his "Leaves of Grass." During the war Whitman visited the hospitals and ministered to the sick and wounded, wrote his "Drum Taps" and other great songs of battles; lives now, aged sixty-six, in Camden, opposite Philadelphia, somewhat disabled by paralysis, and not rich, his books having brought him abundant fame but little money. Gottschalk, the wizard of the

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wholesomeness brought against our product was but a pretext. These views Mr. Sargent confidentially communicated to the State Department, which confidentially published them in the Magazine of Consular Reports instituted by Mr. Secretary Evarts. When the twofold privacy of this communication was pierced, and it fell under the eye of the chancellor, he naturally transferred out of the reserved store of his resentment a liberal share to Sargent and the pig-breeding land of him, snubbing both as occasion served, and sat with a firmer seat on the pretensions of transatlantic bacon.

I remember Herr George Von Bunsen well. He was attached to the Prussian Legation in Brazil, and I met him during a visit there twenty and more years ago. He was a buttoned-up young man, rather reserved and stiff in his manners, but pleasant enough after he had thawed out. Neither his learning nor his abilities were conspicuous, though in neither was he deficient. He was a frigid model of social propriety, and the measured precision of his conversation gave one the impression that he wrote out what he had to say beforehand, and filed it afterward for reference and official approval if need were. He seemed at that time likely to do always proper things and no important ones, but he now figures as the apparent though not responsible instigator of a formidable international misunderstanding, and an unconscious agent in limiting the distribution of our national pig—an economic interruption of which in those days I would not have thought him capable.—*August*, 1884.

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piano, died years ago in Tijuca, a beautiful mountain retreat near Rio Janeiro, his threnody sung by whispering palms and chiming waterfalls, to which I have often listened with as much enchantment as to the bright rain of music which he was wont to fling from his flying fingers like diamonds or drops of dew. Peace to the minstrel. "The angel of the darker drink" could nowhere have brought him his message of release under balmier skies or in the midst of more beautiful surroundings.

As an incident of these Washington remembrances of a quarter of a century ago, I must recall the visit which Douglas paid to Lincoln at his rooms in Willard's Hotel a day or two before the inauguration, exciting as much surprise and curiosity at that time as the appearance of Mr. Blaine in Mr. Cleveland's parlors at the Arlington would have excited in this less menacing and agitating period. Mr. Douglas had learned that the Peace Conference then in session was likely to adjourn without arriving at any agreement; and foreboding as a result of this the immediate secession of the Border States, he went at once to Willard's to make a personal appeal to Mr. Lincoln to use his influence with his friends to have some conclusion reached which would avert a catastrophe so fatal. He sought for Judge Davis to convey to Mr. Lincoln his message; but the judge, in company with Thurlow Weed, had left the hotel shortly before on some errand of Cabinet making, and nobody knew when he would return. But Colonel Ward Lamon, afterward marshal, and an old friend of both, carried him at once into Lincoln's parlors, where a long interview ensued. Mr. Douglas said he had sought it at the risk of being misunderstood; but that the critical condi-

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tion of the country required every friend of the Union to lay aside all partisan feeling and personal considerations. In the event of the dissolution of the conference without agreeing upon any basis of adjustment, Mr. Douglas felt assured that the Border States would withdraw from the Union before any plan could be matured for referring the matter in dispute to the people of the several States. A fearful responsibility would rest on the President if the nation were dissolved under his administration, unless he did everything in his power to avert such a catastrophe. He besought Mr. Lincoln to speak to his friends in the conference and save the country. Another day and it might be too late. He had children as well as Mr. Lincoln, and they should strive together, laying aside all other considerations, to leave them the inheritance of an unbroken country in which to dwell. He expected to oppose the incoming Administration, but no partisan advantage should be taken or political capital manufactured out of an act of patriotism designed to save the Union. Mr. Douglas said that he had now done his duty, and asked Mr. Lincoln to perform his. The latter listened kindly throughout, and seemed to be deeply impressed by the patriotic appeal of his defeated rival. He had a speedy conference with his friends both in and out of the Peace Conference, but events were in the saddle in those hours, and overrode all efforts of Senators, Presidents, or conventions to restrain or guide them.

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GRANT.

1885.

GENERAL GRANT'S is the greatest military name which rises out of our Civil War, and is destined to the most enduring memory. Probably no citizen of the United States twenty-five years ago had less expectation than he of becoming a conquering hero, and being twice elected Chief Magistrate. It is not likely that he was at that time conscious of his equality to the great duties which were to devolve upon him. He found in himself as the need for them rose new faculties and powers of which he had no surmise. At any rate, he had given no previous sign that he was aware of their possession.

Washburne, who first brought Captain Grant to the attention of Governor Yates (of Illinois), then deluged with a flood of raw levies, much in need of disciplinary attention and with few available hands competent for that work, speaks of his modest self-estimate at that as in all after times, and contrasts with it the extraordinary promptitude and energy with which he entered upon his work. He found chaos, out of which he speedily evolved order; a mob, which he swiftly organized into a disciplined command. He could not then have dreamed of Donelson and Shiloh, yet it may have been that, once feeling in his hand the tools which destiny had appointed to his use, the consciousness dawned upon him that he was no longer a square peg in a round hole, as he had almost always hitherto been. After his girdle was buckled on it could

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not by any discriminating questioner have been asked of him, as Cicero asked of his son-in-law, "Who tied Dolabella to that sword?" That now obsolete and merely emblematic instrument, which in point of fact I believe Grant rarely wore, has not in modern times fallen into a stronger hand or cut a deeper name in the adamant of history.

Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac April 10th, 1864. Immediately thereafter President Lincoln began to experience a feeling of relief and confidence with which none of his previous commanders had been able to inspire him. His new general did not make a fuss and demand this, that, and the other impossible thing, but went to work with the materials confided to him, with a result which is now known to mankind. "He is one of the quietest little fellows you ever saw," Lincoln said to a visitor. "Sometimes he is in the room a minute or two before I know he is here. The only evidence you have that he's in any place is that he makes things 'git.'" Grant, he said, was the only general he had had. He made no complaints and no impossible requisitions, paraded no plans ("I don't know what his plans are, and don't want to," Lincoln said), but his presence seemed to have fired the sluggish bulk of the armies of the East as it had heretofore done those of Shiloh, Murfreesborough, and Vicksburg. It is no wonder that the sore-laden President felt a sense of relief that at last some one had appeared who could ease his bent shoulders of a part of their crushing load.

After Shiloh Grant was for a time under the cloud of Halleck's displeasure and was about to leave the army which he had led to victory, and for that purpose had

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sought and obtained leave of absence. Sherman heard of this from General Halleck and rode over to his camp, "a short distance off the Monterey road," where he found Major Rawlins, Logan, and Hillyer, of his staff, in the midst of packed camp equipage, all ready to move in the morning. He inquired for Grant, and was shown his tent, where he found him seated on a camp-stool with papers on a rude table before him, which he was assorting and tying up into bundles with red tape. Sherman asked him if it was true that he was going away. He said it was. "You know how it is, Sherman," he said. "I am in the way here. I have stood it as long as I can, and can endure it no longer." He was going, he said, to St. Louis; had no business there, but was only eager to escape the embarrassment and mortification of the anomalous position in which the stupid and selfish antagonism of Halleck, his ranking officer, placed him. Sherman protested loudly and earnestly against this move. "Stay," he said; "something good will turn up and you will be restored to your true place; but if you go away events will go right on and you will be left out." He told Grant how it was with himself before the battle of Shiloh. Some of the Northern correspondents had spread on all the winds the report that he was crazy, inflicting on him the bitterest misery and mortification. He was so much cast down by these publications that he was almost on the point of resigning his command and abandoning the army; but the battle and the victory had given him new life, and he was now in high feather. He urged Grant to recall his request for leave of absence and remain "around;" that some change in affairs would restore him again to his command, which, indeed, speedily turned out to be true. Grant took the advice and, in the light of after events, it would seem as if

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his career thenceforward was shaped by that timely and friendly and loyal counsel. This was early in June. About mid-July Halleck was summoned back to Washington, and Grant remained in his own command.

Before he left the Western armies for Washington, after the bill reviving the office of lieutenant-general had become a law and he had been appointed to that post, he wrote to Sherman, setting forth the great obligations he was under to the officers who had occupied subordinate positions under him, particularly to himself (Sherman) and McPherson, to whom he desired that a copy of the letter might be sent. "How far," he said, "your advice and suggestions have been of assistance you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to a share in the reward I am receiving you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude my letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction." Sherman replied in a generous, impulsive manner, saying that he was now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupied a position of almost dangerous elevation. He urged him not to stay in Washington; said that Halleck was better qualified than he to "stand the buffets of intrigue and policy." "Come out West," he said, "and take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley; let us make it dead sure, and I tell you the Atlantic slope and Pacific shores will follow its destiny as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with its main trunk." But Grant took command of the Potomac armies instead, hammered his way through the Wilderness, and wound up the great war under the apple-tree of Appomattox.

John Russell Young, who accompanied General Grant in his journey round the world and was its historian, told

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me that of the endless procession of kings, high mightinesses, and great ministers of State whom he met in that memorable progress, he was most impressed with Bismarck and Li Hung Chang, the illustrious Chinese statesman, deeming, indeed, the latter the greater man. His stature and proportions corresponded with the amplitude and vigor of his understanding, and he would have stood a head and shoulders above the Iron Chancellor, as that great prince and statesman would tower above the assembled occidental magnates of his time. Li Hung was, in fact, the tallest minister of State on record, and though he has since then gone into retirement, accompanied by the reproaches and opprobrium which are wont to accompany retiring Oriental ministers, he still remains a personage of interest in his own and other lands, remembered in this, however, mainly because of the eulogiums of his illustrious American visitor.

As a rule, the mandarins imagined that Grant was Emperor of the United States, and was for some reason in exile. It was not considered delicate to inquire too curiously into particulars, lest they might find, as is sometimes found in the case of high Chinese personages, that he had robbed the till; but they thought he had been disgraced or deposed for some reason, and was travelling about the world "waiting for the storm to blow over."

Mr. Young also informed me that in Paris General Grant would not go to the Hospital des Invalides to see the tomb of Napoleon. He regarded that terrible dead islander as a monster and murderer, and had no more interest in the cenotaph of him, with its imperial emblazon-

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ments, than he would have had in the sepulchral adornments and memorials of any coffined knave who had sacrificed to his lust of ambition and dominion the lives of his fellow-men. He was not dazzled by the splendor of that fiery arch of conquest through which the little Corsican was shot out of the cannons of revolution, its flame not yet vanished from the world, caring, indeed, no more for him or the deeds of him than if he had been some blood-stained brigand from the mountains of his native island, his victims reckoned in scores instead of myriads. I wonder if any other great soldier who has visited Paris since the dust of the mighty emperor was there entombed has had the fortitude to stay away from the Invalides?

During his Presidential terms General Grant acquired an international reputation for reticence. But, in point of fact, among his friends and those whom he trusted he was not more silent than other men. He never talked for display; never fought his battles over again; never in the faintest degree sought to extol himself, but entered readily into the spirit of any discourse which the time and occasion inspired, bringing to it in all cases simplicity, sincerity, directness, and common-sense. He had no wit, and little appreciation of it in others. His conversation was yea, yea, nay, nay, as if he deemed that whatsoever was more than these came of evil. Nobody ever heard him swear, though the provocations of soldiers to that form of locution are sometimes extreme, and nobody ever heard from his lips an indelicate or equivocal expression. I spent a long afternoon with him at his seaside villa at Long Branch a dozen years ago in company with two of his friends, and his conversation was full of variety and inter-

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est. I had just returned from a journey to the Red River regions of the Northwest, carrying me through the frontier military posts where he had been stationed just after his graduation at West Point, and he had many inquiries to make concerning the state of things in that territory, as well as many reminiscences of his own earlier experiences there. He was then President, in the meridian of fame and place, his strength seemingly at its maximum, a square and solid fabric of manhood, crowned with the laurel of achievement, to me in that hour as impressive and memorable as any compatriot of my generation. Who could then have guessed, so clear and sunny the skies over him, that around his head so soon should gather the "vanward clouds of evil days," and on him at the last spend their malice and unloose their chained thunders?

General Grant's judgment of the military capacities of men was almost unerring, but in other respects it was so faulty as at times to almost resemble fatuity. Himself of the most transparent and single-hearted integrity in all things, little or great, he had the fortune to be often surrounded by rascals who traded on his name, made it the cover of theft and all manner of iniquity, and whom he could never see through. Even after some of them were convicted and sent to jail, and others found out and publicly shunned and dishonored, it seemed as if he could not yet realize that they were other than the honest, good-hearted fellows they pretended to be. It is, indeed, to this extraordinary simplicity and credulity, this inability to recognize a scoundrel, even with all the flags and ensigns of scoundrelism hoisted at high mast, that all the calamities of his last years were due. But for this grievous fault so

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grievously answered by him, it is probable that the general might have lived many years, surrounded with all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, the most illustrious and beloved citizen of the nation, and in American belief the greatest soldier of his age.

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RUFUS CHOATE.

1885.

JUDGE NEILSON'S volume of "Memories of Rufus Choate," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is a welcome addition to the works which celebrate the life and achievements of its illustrious subject. A peculiar interest attaches to Choate, and his renown expands with the advancing years instead of fading out of memory like that of many American public men who seemed great to the generation in which they lived, but who fell into forgetfulness and semi-oblivion as soon as they had passed from the stage of active affairs. Mr. Choate's contributions to our literature are indestructible, and will be read with those of Franklin, Webster, Emerson, and Hawthorne as long as our language endures. He was one of the sublime figures in American oratory; perhaps, take him all in all, the greatest which the country has produced, if his renowned contemporary and friendly rival, Webster, be excepted.

Mr. Choate came of old Puritan stock (his ancestors for five generations having been magistrates, teachers, farmers, sea-going folk, and soldiers, one of them serving under Lafayette in the Revolution), and he was born at Ipswich, October 1st, 1799. His first educational training was at the Academy of Hampton, and he entered Dartmouth College at the age of sixteen, carrying thither an amazing stock of miscellaneous lore for a stripling of his years.

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He read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" at the age of six, and to the end of his days knew much of that wondrous allegory by heart, repeating portions of it to his friends in old age as he had done to his schoolboy companions in his childhood. The speech of Mr. Standfast in the river he esteemed the crown of oratory, surpassing anything in the Philippics, the Ciceronian discourses, or the orations of Burke, of all of which he was a life-long and assiduous student, the spirit of their majestic words breathing through his own inspired utterances. The range and variety of his attainments drew the most earnest and hopeful attention to him while in college, and after his graduation he was appointed tutor, in which capacity he remained a year, and then entered the law school at Cambridge. Thereafter he studied in the office of William Wirt, Attorney-General of the United States. He began practice at Danvers, Mass., married there Miss Helen Olcott, "an alliance which gave grace and dignity to his social life," was speedily elected to the Legislature and afterward transferred to the State Senate, and "was thus brought into relations with the leading men of the Commonwealth, some of whom became his life long friends." In 1828 he removed to Salem, from which district he was elected to Congress, and, having served one term, was re-elected, but at the close of the first session resigned and took up his residence in Boston, which became thenceforward his home, and was the arena of his most memorable forensic efforts. From the first he was pitted against Webster, of whom it is said he always stood in awe, though he certainly won as many cases as he lost with the great expounder as his antagonist. Their professional collisions are a memorable part of the forensic history of the nation and the century, and as Choate counselled aspirants for the laurel of oratory to give their days

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and nights to the study of Cicero, the admonition might worthily be extended to embrace his own immortal works and those of his mighty adversary.

Among the law students in the office of Mr. Choate were the late Senator Matt H. Carpenter, Judge Fancher, and the Rev. Richard S. Storrs of this city, each of whom contributes interesting remembrances of him to Judge Neilson's volume. "He was more than a father to me," writes Senator Carpenter, "and I loved him next to idolatry. I never heard him speak an impatient or angry word in my life. Especially to young men did he show his tender consideration. Webster's presence overawed a young man; Choate impressed a young man with his greatness, but he did so by lifting him up for the time being to his own level. His genius seemed to be an inspiration to all who entered his presence, and those who had the honor of his acquaintance regarded him with an admiration akin to hero worship." Senator Carpenter relates that on one occasion, while occupied with him in examining authorities, a squalid, forlorn old beggar entered the room from which all day lawyers, doctors, authors, and other callers had been turned away. Seeing the figure of this shivering suppliant, he said: "'My boy, charity is a privileged subject, always in order. Let us hear what the old man has to say.' After listening for awhile he determined to give him three dollars, and made faithful search through his pockets without finding the amount. He then borrowed the money of me and gave it to the old man, and the next morning when he came into the office with three or four overcoats on he had three dollars in his hand, which he threw down on the table, saying: 'There

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is nothing quite so mean as borrowing a small sum of money and forgetting to pay it.'" Senator Carpenter deemed Choate as a lawyer as much superior to Webster as Webster was to lawyers generally, and in that spell of enchantment which he wove round him wherever he appeared considered him unapproached and unapproachable.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs first saw Mr. Choate in 1838, and thereafter became for a short time a student in his office. Of his first meeting with him he says: "Tones of his voice which I then heard still ring in my ear; and the unique and mysterious enchantment of his presence, his curling locks, dark as the raven's wing; his weird, sad, unworldly eyes, a certain remote and solitary air which seemed to invest him, stirred my imagination and fastened to him my wondering thought. I was reminded of the personal effect then produced on me when standing many years after in the Florentine chapel before the darkening marble of the famous statue of Duke Lorenzo, whose face

> "'Is lost in shade. Yet, like the basilisk,
> It fascinates and is intolerable.'

Mr. Choate's appearance at that time in his life was potent as a spell over young imaginations. It charmed the eye and haunted the memory. One longed yet almost feared to know him. He appeared to my fancy a sort of Oriental emir, hardly at home in our strange land, who would have spoken with more abundant natural freedom in one of the great Semitic dialects, and among whose treasuries there must be no end of jewels, spiceries, and inestimable mails."

Mr. Choate's life, from the termination of his college

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days till his death in 1859, embraced a period of nearly forty years, no one of which passed over him without bringing a substantial enrichment of the treasuries of our language. His slightest recorded efforts in the arena of his practice are memorable; his greatest ones are among the most shining trophies of our literature, and most resplendent jewels in the crown of our national oratory. His funeral oration on Webster may rank among the greatest efforts of its kind in any age or tongue, and it is destined to a like immortality with the majestic name which it commemorates. Not only in these wider and more formal ways did Mr. Choate bring his rich tribute to the literature and the spoken word of his generation, but he shed forth perpetually in private society, among his friends or his companions of the hour, or those who, by any chance, were admitted to his presence, an unfading irradiation of wit and quaint wisdom still widely remembered among men and everywhere lovingly treasured. His pleasantries were as unique as his graver discourse or his wizard personality, contrasting strangely with the habitual melancholy expression of his countenance. "Your Honor," he said to Chief Justice Shaw of the Massachusetts Bench, "I approach you with the emotion of the East Indian who approaches his idol. I know that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great." He did not read nor speak Italian, and at the opera desired his daughter to interpret to him the libretto, that he might not "dilate with the wrong emotion." "When I had been two days on the Rhine," he said, "I knew the whole river perfectly; couldn't have known it better if I had been drowned in it." Of an exasperating blue bottle of an antagonist he said one day, as he returned to his office and began to take off one after another his many overcoats, "I

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certainly think that —— is the most unpleasant man who has ever existed in the world. I trust that it may never be my bad fortune to see him again. And yet," he added, having at last got to the final overcoat, "I know not but I might be persuaded to look at him once out of a window in a procession."

A friend told him that his profuse use of tea would injure his constitution. "Constitution!" he replied; "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I have been living under the by-laws." Of a blustering opponent he said that he was "a bull-dog with confused ideas;" and of some aspirant to political office, that he was "self sufficient, all sufficient, and insufficient." In a case involving the line of boundary between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in which Mr. Choate's clients were interested, he said in reference to the landmarks which the other side had specified: "A boundary line between two sovereign States described by a couple of stones near a pond, and a button-wood sapling in a village! The commissioners might as well have defined it as starting from a blue-jay, thence to a swarm of bees in hiving time, and thence to five hundred foxes with firebrands tied to their tails." He objected to a return made by an unliterate constable who had served a writ of replevin, in which the word "having" was reiterated beyond the limits of grace or necessity. The judge ruled that, although clumsy and inelegant, the return was legally sufficient. "It may be so, your Honor," said Choate, "but it must be confessed that he has greatly overworked the participle." "Mr. ——," he said of the defendant in a divorce case, "is a great sinner. Mrs. —— is a sinner, too—no, she is *not* a sinner. She is *our client*, but she is a very disagreeable saint." He appeared once for a sea captain charged with starving and otherwise outraging his crew. He pic-

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tured his client as poring diligently over the law day and night, in order that he might clearly discern the obligations he was under to his men, the wastes of the South Atlantic stretching around him and his vigil watched by the Antarctic stars. He described the musings of the conscientious skipper at length. "Such," he said, "were his meditations as the invisible currents of the ocean bore him past the grave of Napoleon." His recorded work is ample to justify and protect his fame against "the crumbling touches of time and misty vaporousness of oblivion;" but could some sorcery restore that which is unrecorded, the stream of quaint wisdom running sweet and undefiled, as torrents of Vaucluse or Arveiron, under sparkles of brightest wit, the rainbow arches of highest imagination not wanting here and there, its flow and volume unabated from youth to age, till silence fell on the lips around which at his nativity the wild bees of Ipswich might have swarmed, it would build for him another monument. As it is, this part of the great man survives but in fragments—but fragments which are imperishable as the completed fabric of his works, to the majesty and splendor of which they lend an added decoration. In the union of almost the highest genius with a cultivation which outreached the schools; which was indeed the fruit of a passionate assiduity of study never remitted from his boyhood till his closing years; he stands alone among his countrymen, and was nowhere surpassed in the generation in which he lived.

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JAMES WATSON WEBB.

1885.

GENERAL WEBB has followed Thurlow Weed in his last journey up the Hudson, on the banks of which both were born, and now sleeps peacefully at Claverack, where eighty-three years ago he first saw the light. With him the last of the great editors of New York of the olden time has departed, and he so long survived his work that the latter had become traditional and was hardly remembered by the present generation. General Webb's journalistic career began in 1827, and practically closed in 1861, when the old *Courier-Enquirer* was merged in the *World*, its name appearing in subordinate letters on the title-page for a few years, when it was finally dropped, and the great old blanket sheet once so potential and so informed with the militant energy and spirit of its conductor ceased to exist in name, as it had previously ceased to exist in fact. He was the first employer in New York of James Gordon Bennett, and first and last a good deal of electricity was generated by the collision in the journalistic ecliptic of these Jupiterian and Saturnian orbs. Their battles raged intermittently for a generation, and the epithets which they sometimes hurled at each other were vastly superior in energy and directness to those which are now wont to accompany editorial disputes. General Webb was of most generous and chivalrous nature, but of impetuous and fiery spirit, finding battles on every hand, both in the columns of his paper and out of them. Those were duelling days, and he was a believer in the code, and a shot

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to be dreaded, if he had not always made use of his skill in avoiding serious injury to his antagonist. His most notable collision was with Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, in which he was seriously wounded in the knee, the effects of which he felt at intervals during the remainder of his life.

In 1849 President Tyler sent him on a mission to Austria, which appointment was not confirmed by the Senate, it being at that time deemed desirable by many Senators to suspend diplomatic relations with that country. In 1861 he was appointed by Lincoln Minister to Brazil, which post he resigned in 1870, residing thereafter at his home in Thirty-fourth Street, New York, preserving in his old age his faculties unimpaired, and occasionally presenting through the press his views on public affairs. I spent the greater part of a year in Brazil during the residence there of General Webb, and enjoyed his hospitality almost daily. His legation was at Petropolis, a mountain town a few hours' journey from Rio, to which the Diplomatic Corps resorted during the winter season, which is the South American summer, to escape the intense and exhausting heat of the capital. At Petropolis there was an imperial palace occupied by the Compt d'Eu, son-in-law of the Emperor, and another smaller pleasure house in which the Duc de Saxe, another son-in-law, resided, forming a sort of suburban *vice* imperial court, if there had been anybody there to attend it. But except the Diplomatic Corps and the Baron Mana, great Brazilian banker of that time, since bankrupt, and, I think, dead, and a handful of other eligible residents, there was no one, and the place slumbered away its days and years as if it had been the valley of the Castle of Indolence or an outlying principality of the land of dreams, hung with gar-

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lands of flowers that swung in the winds this way and that, in many a wild festoon, and musical with the chime of waters falling through "the cloven ravines in cataract after cataract to the sea."

There was nothing for messieurs, the ambassadors, to do except to give dinners to each other, and this they did with hospitable constancy, the same guests appearing everywhere. In the persons of their representatives, Russia, France, England, and the United States blandly contemplated each other across the walnuts and the wine; the Papal internuncio beaming mild benediction on these peaceful international feasts. General Webb was held in the highest esteem by the Emperor and the Government, as well as by all classes of the Brazilian people with whom he came in contact, and he discharged the duties of his mission, which were, at times, delicate and difficult, owing to the existence of old and complicated claims of the United States against the Brazilian Government, with eminent skill and success.

General Webb maintained a friendly correspondence with the Emperor Napoleon III. from the time when he, as prince, visited the United States, more than forty years ago, till the downfall of the empire. One of these letters, which he received during my visit, and which he read to me, was written after the execution of Maximilian, and was devoted to an explanation of the motives which shaped his policy in placing that ill-starred prince upon the Mexican throne. I cannot now remember in detail the contents of the letter, which was long, excusatory, and evidently intended to put the best face possible upon one of the worst of his many serious blunders of statecraft; but it will doubtless appear, with many others from the same source, from the days of Bologne to that of Sedan, in the memoir

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and correspondence of the general, which is not yet announced as in preparation, but which will, of course, soon be published, as he left among his descendants competent hands for that work, and a store of material as ample as that left by his contemporary, Thurlow Weed, now with him, after sixty years of friendship and labor on the same political lines, "fallen on sleep," the old river flowing past their graves as it flowed past their cradles in the days when the nation was in its dawn.

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THURLOW WEED.

I FIRST saw Mr. Weed beside the coffin of Clay, in the Capitol at Albany, in the early August days of 1852. He was then in the mid-season of his career, of dominant authority in the Whig politics of the State, and was as highly esteemed a citizen in his party and out of it as any that Albany had held since the days of Peg leg Stuyvesant. I was a boy then, and held no speech with him till years afterward, in New York, but I often saw him striding through the streets as with seven league boots, giving everybody a cheery good morrow and sometimes (rather frequently) reading letters as he went along.

Clay's obsequies were grand and imposing; perhaps the city had never put itself in solemner weeds of mourning. The boat which brought what was left of the great man, the husk and shred of him, prone and mute now, once so erect and voiceful, did not reach its wharf till after dark, and thousands of torches accompanied the long black coffin, carried by the citizens, one group of bearers relieving another every little way (myself proud to remember that I helped), as it went on its way to the Capitol. In broad State Street the flambeaus fell in triple rows on either side and moved in wave lines, like the fire serpents that weave their guard around Agni in the Hindoo mythology. Arrived in the Capitol, the silver plate covering the face was removed, and those present—a goodly number—walked past and looked upon it. It seemed almost the only tearless countenance there, its look, too, as if it

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would have mourned through its vail of death had that been possible. I remember it well. It was old, sunken, ashen, with white eyebrows and a visible wisp of silvery hair; forehead high not broad, upper lip very long, and the mouth altogether wearing a piteous smile, as if the smile, too, were dead; only its ghost flickering there, like a wisp of fairies' fire on ruin. "That skull had a tongue in it and could talk once." I can shut my eyes and bring the gaunt old face before my memory again like a picture.

Of those present, I remember Washington Hunt, Governor, Judge Amasa J. Parker, Ira Harris, Francis Granger (I think), Alva Hunt, State Treasurer, all that Albany then held of worshipful, with some eager youth like myself, all dead long since, save the latter, and mayhap many of them. With some the emotion excited by the occasion was overpowering, and Washington Hunt after kneeling beside the coffin for a little space with his arms flung across it had to be led away.

Albany was a drowsy town in those days; I know not if it is since changed. Its primal Dutch aspect hovered yet around its peaked gables, telling of Utrecht or Nuremberg and of the times of Maurice of Nassau. But it held some lively people and some who were growing up to nimble destinies. Down by the Albany Museum, focal point of the city's non-activities, between the *Evening Journal* and the *Argus* one might have seen almost any afternoon Hugh Hastings standing hard by the counting-room of his little daily paper, the *Knickerbocker*, about the size of a girl's handkerchief (is it printed yet, I wonder?), the same mirthful, good-humored Hugh whom New Yorkers remembered so well in after years. He would be chatting with his friends and patrons, correcting their political aberra-

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tions, rehearsing late bits of news, and breaking jokes of best intention but of no great staying power; and he was almost as well known in those demesnes as Capitol Hill itself or the roundhouse at Greenbush. Around the corner near by, Mr. George Jones, now of the *Times*, had begun his business life in a book-store, which he had only just left to take part in founding the great journal of which he is now—nearly forty years later—the head. Somewhere on the hill was a youth of seventeen, known to his family and companions, afterwards to a wider circle, as Manton Marble, his family honored residents there, father locally famed as an instructor. George Boughton lived there, making, I surmise, his initial steps in the art of which he has become so famed a master. Making mud pies with him in intervals of truancy was an urchin named Homer Martin, owning that as his place of nativity, and when not engaged upon the humble pastry mentioned was in all likelihood chalking rudimentary landscapes on all hen-house doors in his neighborhood; preludings of the rare and delicate work in that direction which he was afterward to accomplish. If one had called on the worthy Catholic bishop of the diocese at that time he would have been received by the mild and reverend prelate, afterward to become the first cardinal of the Northern American Continent. Not far from the Capitol, in the library of which Mr. Alfred B. Street, the poet, was polishing his now forgotten sylvan lines, Palmer, the sculptor, was chiselling his statue of the "White Captive." Up to the time of his death, occurring in these immediate years, the somewhat heavy and unwieldy figure of Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, was often seen upon the streets, and the sound of his recurring battles with Mr. Weed, stretching

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over many years and fought from court to court with implacable persistency, had filled the air there for half a generation. Bret Harte might have been met in pantalettes, or perchance yet mewling in his nurse's arms, taking in with mother's milk or maturer porridge the delicate nurture which was afterward to send forth an imaginative bloom of such fragrance and amenity.

I cannot precisely remember when my acquaintance with Mr. Weed began, but the following letter imports that it was some time before the John Brown raid, as, though the record of the year is omitted from its date, it undoubtedly refers to that event.

ALBANY, August 31.

MY DEAR SIR: I found the . . . [a little present] (first instalment) here, and we have admired them very much.

Mr. Seward is at Auburn, and I shall probably not see him before I go to Washington. But as soon as I do see him I will endeavor to arrange something in connection with your intended visit to Europe.

Please accept our thanks for your beautiful present.

The news of last night has excited our people greatly. Clergymen are addressing the crowds in State Street. "No Sundays in Revolutions."

Truly yours,

T. WEED.

Accompanying Mr. Lincoln to Washington in 1861, I found Mr. Weed there active among the Cabinet-makers, and got from him in those busy days such information of affairs under the surface of things as it seemed proper for him to give me for public use. He was much with those nearest Lincoln, and had his share in the weighty deliber-

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ations of that time. Lincoln's nomination was undoubtedly the severest political blow he had ever received, but he knew how to take overthrow with decorum and win out of defeat a measure of triumph. To the engineers of that convention, after its action was complete, he said: "I am an old hand at this work. You are new ones; and now that it is all over, I want you to tell me how you did it." During the years of the war he alternated between Washington and New York, at the latter place having his headquarters at the Astor House, in the room, in fact, just to the right of the Vesey Street stairway, now an open reception-room, which was in those years, doubtless, the centre of as much political authority and activity as any spot in the State. After my work was done, some time along about midnight, I used often to go over and call on Mr. Weed, and I have got from him during these visits the subject of many an editorial article and many a bit of political news in advance of its publication. If I found him alone he was pretty sure to be reading Dickens, whose works he almost knew by heart. He had often in that time need of the sustenance which they gave him, for the days were anxious, many of them bringing their tale of calamity—the cloud of peril not yet lifted from the land. He never lost hope as some did in the dark hours, but preserved a steady faith that the Union would live, and as he once said while we were riding almost under the shadow of the Capitol, having with us the late Bishop Matthew Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the gates of Hell should not prevail against it.

Shortly after the firing on Fort Sumter—only a day or two, in fact—young Colonel Ellsworth, who had gone to Washington with the President's party, and who had in those days obtained considerable celebrity as the organizer

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and commander of the Ellsworth Zouaves, a volunteer company of singularly perfect discipline and drill, appeared in New York for the purpose of raising a regiment of New York firemen to proceed immediately to the front. We were friends, and he came to me at once for consultation as to the best way of going to work. I took him to Mr. Weed's parlor at the Astor House, where he was received with the readiest sympathy, and the matter was talked over. Mr. Weed sent us to General Butterfield, then quartered in the hotel, and active in military matters, who likewise set about furthering the scheme to the best of his ability. We then went to see Mr. Matthew B. Brennan, afterward city controller, and Mr. John Clancy, editor of a weekly paper published at that time called the *Leader*, long since forgotten, and from both these gentlemen received prompt and useful counsel and assistance. They had both been volunteer firemen and leaders in the service, and their influence with the old corps acting with the spirit of patriotism, now everywhere alive at the North, brought the regiment into line like magic. It seemed but a few days after the arrival here of Colonel Ellsworth that I went to witness his departure at the head of a thousand armed and uniformed men, and as handsome a body in appearance as any that New York sent forth in those agitated and tumultuous days. Mr. Weed was rejoiced at the celerity with which this work was accomplished, and gave it his best assistance at every stage. I shall, perhaps, have no better place than this to add that I never saw Ellsworth afterward. It was only a few weeks later that, hearing an early extra cried with unusual emphasis beneath my window, I got up and went down for it, and found it brought the news that the gallant young colonel was shot the day before in the hotel at Alexandria, from the roof of which

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he had just stripped down the rebel flag, and that his slayer, who was the proprietor of the hotel, had been in the same instant shot dead by his side.

The year of the second Bull Run, Antietam, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, and the rest I spent in Washington, and Mr. Weed was much there. After Antietam, at which General Hooker was wounded in the foot, he was sent for treatment to the insane asylum across the Potomac from Washington, over which his friend Dr. Nichols presided. Learning that he was there, Mr. Weed, Colonel Alexander Cummings, publisher of the *World*, and myself drove over to pay him a visit and get side-lights from him on the great battle concerning which we only knew at that time that it was a victory, and were cognizant of a general belief that it might have been made a much more sweeping one. We found the general throned in a giant chair in the midst of a great light apartment, his foot swathed in bandages, resting upon an ottoman before him. He was not at all reluctant to fight his battle over again, and proceeded at once to place Hooker in all the most prominent situations and make him the pivot on which everything turned. "I hate egotism consumedly," one of Thackeray's characters, possibly Major Goliah O'Gahagan, is made to say, "but I have never seen my equal as a soldier." That was very much the substance of Hooker's discourse. If he had been in command, he said, not a rebel would have gotten off, and he made the wildest predictions as to what would befall unless he were summoned to the chief command of the army. He kept up this strange flow of talk during our entire visit, which must have lasted two hours at least. It was not long before the unhappy warrior had his trial, linking his name forever with the calamity at Chancellorsville; and I have often wondered whether, if he could have

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been interrogated after that battle, the tone of his conversation would have been in any way modified.

During the second year of the war the Government despatched to Europe General Scott, Archbishop Hughes, and Mr. Weed, their duty being to antagonize in any way found practicable the evil influence which the rebel Commissioners Mason, Slidell, *et al.*, were exerting upon European sentiment in the matter of American affairs. This work, the story of which is now spread wide upon the pages which contain the history of that time, was well accomplished, and its consequences were of utmost moment. On his return Mr. Weed told me that what he was most proud of in his connection with the mission was that he had played whist with General Scott all the way across the Atlantic, and the old hero had not burst a blood-vessel with rage, as he always threatened to do at that pastime, and that he had then gotten him to sign the admirable paper in which John Bigelow laid the case for the commissioners before the European peoples. It was necessary that the document should bear the general's signature, for his name was better known abroad and likely to carry more weight than that of almost any American of his time. It was equally necessary that he should not write it, and as he did not think humbly of his literary powers, deemed, indeed, his pen not less potential than his sword—an opinion which had the value of rarity (was, in fact, unique)—Mr. Weed's achievement justified his exultation. At whist, viewed from his partner's standpoint, the general was the most exacerbating practitioner of his period, and all the later years of his life, with the exception noted by Mr. Weed, was his own auxiliary, none being found daring enough to assume that desperate position. He could not rationally objurgate his dummy, and got along quite peace-

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ably with it for a long term of years. On the whole, keeping the old general within anything like parliamentary bounds at whist was a greater triumph than getting him to sign a paper which somebody else had written.

While the remains of Horace Greeley lay in state at the City Hall, during the two days preceding his funeral, Mr. Weed came again and again to look on the dead face of his old friend and enemy. In their earlier years they had worked together along the same lines of political effort, but for a long time before Mr. Greeley's death they had been divided by antagonisms which forbade any communication between them. All was over now, the enmities hushed, and the embittered collisions of half a lifetime remembered as little by the living as the dead. During Mr. Greeley's Presidential candidacy it was proposed to erect a statue to him, and some steps in that direction were taken. His death communicated a new impulse to the plan, and among the earliest to offer contributions for this purpose were the printers, far and near—members of Mr. Greeley's old-time calling—who proposed each to set up a certain measure of type and give the proceeds of the work to the statue fund. I wrote to Mr. Weed asking him if he was still able to set up a "stick full" of type, and suggesting that in case he found it possible, the actual types set by him should be fixed in the basis of the statue, where I felt sure they would be contemplated with interest, not by printers alone for all time to come. In reply I received the following letter, which I accompany with the paragraph in the *World* to which it alludes.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1873.

DEAR MR. ——: Many thanks for the great kindness both of your letter and the article in the *World*.

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My head is quite shaky and unreliable, but I mean to test its strength. Type-setting is a severely mental occupation. I hope, however, to make a successful experiment in my old-time profession.

If you were lodged nearer to us, I should entertain stronger hopes of seeing you, and I will hope for that pleasure as it is.

Truly yours,

THURLOW WEED.

"It will be a most interesting circumstance if Mr. Weed carries out his purpose of setting 1000 ems of type in aid of the printers' statue to Mr. Greeley. They were long close allies and long-determined antagonists, but their antagonism was blemished by no unworthy words or acts. It was void of vindictiveness or malignity, and leaves no bitter memories. However they were separated by the strifes and passions of politics, it was impossible that two such men should not honor and love each other. It is an olive leaf which Mr. Weed seeks to lay upon the grave of his great fellow-worker and old-time friend. And no kindlier hand than his ever laid that peaceful token on any place of rest. The type which Mr. Weed sets should never again be distributed, but in the order in which they leave his hand be in some way allied with the statue which they help to rear."— *World, March 1st*, 1873.

I find among my papers the following letters relating to the same matter, which engaged so much attention at the time in many quarters that it seems strange it should have waited till this late day for realization. After sixteen years of delay the printers have again taken the plan in hand, and it now seems likely that in no long time the image of the great journalist will rise in bronze hard by the place

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where the main work of his life was wrought, confronting Franklin and the streaming generations which move to and fro along that busy tideway forever.

70 WALL ST., November 15, 1872.

DEAR MR. BARLOW: I have taken a very ardent interest in the plan of erecting a statue of Mr. Greeley to face that of Franklin in Printing House Square, and it has occurred to me that your name and that of Mr. Duncan are especially desirable among the list of subscribers. In this act of commemoration some, at least, of the more distinguished and conspicuous Democrats should have a share. I have suggested this to Mr. Dana (who takes the most energetic interest in the work), and I enclose you (privately) his note in reply. To his inquiry as to the committee I have returned the suggestion that the names of Charles Sumner and Mr. Belmont should, if possible, be added to those which he has indicated. The judgment of both these gentlemen in matters of art is irreproachable, and if so eminent a Democrat and so good a Republican will unite in this good work, it will, I think, gratify all good men.

I am sincerely yours.

P.S.—Mr. Sumner's co-operation, I imagine, needs only to be solicited. If you take the interest in the matter which I hope you will, perhaps you can ascertain whether Mr. Belmont would object to becoming a member of the committee.

NEW YORK, February 14, 1872.

MY DEAR ——: Your two notes were received yesterday. It would be a good thing to get Sam Barlow and Butler Duncan's names to the list. There are plenty of Democrats on it already. . . .

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I wrote to George W. Childs last week, but it would be a good thing for you to write to him also. The list is now about $15,000—one half the necessary sum. The sooner it can be completed the better. I am anxious to get the committee formed and circulars sent out to artists.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. DANA.

P.S.—What do you say to these names for the committee?

WILLIAM PAGE,
H. W. BEECHER,
B. TAYLOR,
M. O. ROBERTS.

Mr. Weed's life covered a little more than fourscore years, all except the last as busy and strenuous as any lived in his generation. In his book, published after his death, he recounts with much detail the history of the great events in which he had moved and on which he sometimes exerted a determining influence, and the record is one which, with, perhaps, some abatements and reservations, assures him an honored and enduring remembrance among his countrymen.

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REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

THE THRONES AND PALACES OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON.

Dec., 1875.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman, Methodist preacher-in-ordinary to the President, recently journeyed around the world with a commission from the State Department in his pocket authorizing him to inspect and report on the official procedures of our Oriental consuls and *chargés d'affaires.* Concerning a portion of this journey he has written a book bearing the above title, which the Harpers have published, embellishing it with many engravings which are sufficiently authentic representations of some of the most interesting scenes and objects on the globe. The official part of the doctor's journey we are, of course, bound to regard as of airiest possible texture, both in respect to the necessity and the performance thereof. For are we not on the other side in politics? But his book is a good one, and the Groaning American Eagle, saddled with his reverend expenses around the circle of the world, has got at least something to show for the outlay.

The doctor's narrative begins at Bombay and ends at Iskenderoon, on the eastern border of the Mediterranean, and his journey between these points took in the Isle of Ormuz, once the site of one of the most opulent cities of the East, now a desolate crag, memorable only from the

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second line of the second book of "Paradise Lost," which streams from its summit forever like a pennon of fire; the rather dirty capital of Muscat, where its debilitated Imaum was seen, the centre of an oppressive system of chibouques and tame lions, with an adjacent harem populous enough to justify the attentions of an Imaum in perfect health; the Garden of Eden, at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates; Bagdad, Babylon, Nineveh, and other places memorable in sacred and profane history. His journey thus traversed nearly the same ground as did that of Alexander of Macedon, whose troops disembarked at Iskenderoon, and whose last battle was fought on the banks of the Hydaspes, a confluent of the Indus, past the many mouths of which the doctor sailed on his way from Bombay to Kurrachee. The Macedonian, it is true, took in Ecbatana and Persepolis and Pasargadæ, which the doctor left out; and there were of course incidents attending the Alexandrian progress, shot as he was out of the arbalest of destiny, through that meteoric parabola of conquest which yet trails fire, making dim the later orbits of Cæsar and Napoleon, which one would not expect in the peaceful peregesis of a parson. This line of journeying, it need hardly be said, brings one across some of the most interesting spaces of this world's surface, and the doctor would be other than the bright, intelligent, clear-eyed gentleman which he obviously is if he had failed to make an interesting book thereon.

The Garden of Eden, as he candidly tells us, has had many sites ascribed to it. Origen, Ambrosius, and Moses bar Cephas among the ancients, and Reland and Rosenmuller among the moderns, have each had a different

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geographical theory on the subject, and it may be added that almost every missionary has his own private preferences on the point. Some have placed it at the North and some at the South Pole; some in Symmes's Hole, and a courageous Scottish theologian once put in a claim for his highland parish. Theodore of Abyssinia believed that its site was in his dominions, and it is thought that his matrimonial proposal to Queen Victoria contemplated a joint search for it, and a restoration in their persons of the early felicity of Adam and Eve. Two sites, however, are particularly believed in—one near the head-waters of the Euphrates, where the rivers divide, flowing into the Euxine, the Caspian, and the Bahrein Gulf, and the other, which is favored by the doctor, and in support of which the declarations of authority are, perhaps, most confident, at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, where Seleucus Nicator built a watering-place for his pining Macedonian Queen, then baptized Aspamæ, now known as Kurnah—a small, sleepy town. The engraving which is the frontispiece shows a calm river scene, girdled with palms and water-reeds, with many graceful wading birds in the foreground, and in the background the ascending terraces of the little hamlet, dominated by a tower with a balcony, from which the muezzin doubtless calls the sleepy Turks to prayer. Odd enough it seems to the Christian apprehension that here in Eden, as in sacred Jerusalem and over the tomb of Abraham, in the land of Uz, or that of Jonah, hard by the ruins of the Assyrian city which he was sent to warn, or that of Ezekiel, bondman of Evil Merodach, the dome of the mosque should bend, and the crescent stand regnant instead of the cross. The doctor, as he well might have been, was a good deal moved by the scene which the site of the ancient garden presented to him. The surround-

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ing thickets rustled with the wings of doves and birds of Paradise, and soft airs smote the light plumage of the palms, making it whisper as it whispered in the entranced and listening ear of the new-born mother of mankind. Under these circumstances it is not in the least surprising that the doctor should have improved the occasion by reading aloud the second chapter of Genesis. This is what he did. Then he and his companion sang a psalm, a musical performance which Christians will think better suited to the place than the droning cadence of the muezzin. Nor is it surprising that the doctor should have stood at the very point of the land where the sacred waters meet and mingle, and stretched a hand of invocation over either flood. To his undoubting faith the Euphrates was Pison, and the Tigris, Gihon, and the Shaat el Arab, Hiddekel, and over him waved the trees whose roots threaded the very soil in which that fateful growth was set which bore to mankind in its dread fruit the knowledge of good and evil. He could have done no other than to have stretched priestly and praying hands over those sacred and ever-memorable floods. His picture of the scene is charming and impressive, although here, as in other places where his surroundings are oppressively biblical, he is apt to fall in to a preaching tone more appropriate in a pulpit than in a book.

If it were not for misgovernment and ruthless tax-collecting bashaws, these old river vales would continue to sustain swarming millions, as they used to do in the Assyrian and Babylonian days. As it is, they are stretches of desolation save that there is here and there a squalid Turkish town or Arab village, or the encampment of a wandering

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tribe. There are swarms of water-birds along the placid river-ways—geese, ducks, swans, snipes, and the like ; and from the shore the "lion's roar comes muffled," and the sharp bark of the jackal and the champing of the wild boar among the reeds are heard in pauses of the puffing engines of the boat. On the way to Bagdad one of the latter animals was slaughtered—an immense creature with formidable tusks, which the doctor brought home as *spolia opima*, for the beast fought like the devil. Three lions were killed likewise. The floods had driven them for refuge to some small islands, whence they could not escape ; so the captain of the steamboat potted away at them with his long-range rifle and laid them low. The lion has abounded in these regions since the days of Nimrod. His image is familiar on Assyrian and Babylonian sculpture, and he roars intermittently through all the old literature of the world—the books of Israel, and the tables of Sargon, and the cylinders of Tiglath-Pileser, and the like—and his desert howl re-echoes from the shattered bricks of Babel. It is rather a comfort to know that these old chroniclers and scribes drew from nature and the facts, instead of making up a mythology of griffins and dragons, as incredible as their cosmogony, as some of their successors have done.

Bagdad is not what it was. Bagdad connected with commerce by a line of steamboats, or any other agency except a file of camels, seems absurd. But a steamboat goes there, and there is a horse railroad, and sewing-machines for sale, and petroleum ! Faugh ! Is this the city of Haroun and Scheherezade ; of the glory of the Abbassidæ ? It is all very well for Tennyson to intoxicate us with the honeyed wine of his poesy, telling us that on

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" Many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris he was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens, green and old ;"

out we are sobered when Dr. Newman tells us the facts about it.

Seen from a distance, its mosques are still imposing. Around its gates the merchants cluster as of old, with magicians and story-tellers and beggars. In its streets are representatives of all the peoples of thronging Asia—Turks, and Persians, and Jews, and Guebres, wandering Bedouins of the desert, Afghans, and Uzbecks—dressed in all varieties of Eastern garb. Its intramural gardens are still green and beautiful, and still twinkle with the musical fall of fountains ; but it is not at all the old city of Al Raschid and the "Arabian Nights." It is, indeed, more interesting from its surroundings than on its own account. Close by is the site of Seleucia, built by that aspiring lieutenant of Alexander, Seleucus Nicator, founder of the dynasty of the Selucidæ, of great name once ; but of his capital nothing is left now save shards and remnants of Babylonian bricks. Where the river flows by his seat of old dominion, one may hear the bittern booming in the weeds ; but the racket which Trajan and Severus made when they besieged it long since fell in silence with the dust of the last battlement which could invite the onset of a besieger. Across the river is the site of Ctesiphon, the Parthian capital, with one vast porch and one mighty wall still standing. The rest is a waste. Julian the Apostate came against it, shivering his mace upon it in vain ; long after roared round it the hosts of the Caliphate, and then it went down,

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and Omar carried off the girdle and crown of Chosroes, both set thick with starry gems that shone on Indian kings —a load for a mule ;—also the silken carpet, ninety feet square, woven with pictures of all flowers and all singing-birds—wonder of all the East, and the richest tapestry of the earth. In sooth, the alluvium of this river, from the base of the Armenian Mountains to the sea, is the burial-place of cities and nations. Its soil is heavy with the dead. Fifty miles away lies Babylon—a waste ;—huge mounds, rising from the level river land, telling where her mighty structures stood ; the Tower of Babel, the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar, in the grounds whereof that monarch grazed like a Babylonian Osiris or crowned Minotaur, and whose malady has been modernly diagnosed as lycanthropy (if anybody yet hangs breathless on so ancient and curious a case) ; the hanging gardens built to assuage the longings of a queen who in that level river land pined for the mountains of her native Medea ; the palace of Belshazzar, against the wall whereof on a night of high revel, prelude of woe and imminent foregoing sound of disaster, the memory of which was to endure in the earth, a hand came forth and wrote "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"—baleful inscription ! As one stands on the mound which is all that is left of the house of Belshazzar's pride, he may deem that beneath his feet, swathed in earth, may yet abide the very walls which girdled the prophet what time he stood with uplifted prophetic hand before the king and soothsayers, interpreting the words of doom, that they were weighed in the balances and found wanting. They show hard by a stone lion of obese proportions but amiable, snub-nosed aspect, which is said to mark the place where stood the den into which the prophet was cast. It is difficult to resist such evidence. Beneath the animal lies the unharmed

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and placid figure of a man, and the lion contemplates the unembarrassed countenance of him with a tolerant yawning smile which seems to promise protection, and is significant of a much more amiable impulse than that of hunger. The real lions could not have treated the real Daniel more handsomely.

Visible from the summit of the mound where the hanging gardens stood, or that where Nebuchadnezzar grazed or Belshazzar revelled, must be the spot on which the golden image was set up on Dura's plain, and the place where the willows grew on which the children of Israel hanged their harps what time they sat them down by the waters and wept as they thought of Zion. But there are no mounds to mark these places, so the tourist is cast adrift on clouds of conjecture, nor is any sign left of the house in which Alexander died (having conquered the nations and drank to the bottom the Heraklean chalice), which Trajan visited, standing with head bowed and doffed helmet in the room where the inspired and drunken Macedonian drew his final breath and loosed his hand from the dominion of the world. Nor is much left of the famous wall which was sixty miles in circumference and three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty-seven thick, containing twice as much masonry as the Chinese wall. It has gone down in ruin, and of it there are left but confused and scattered fragments ; bricks with arrow-shaped inscriptions upon them attesting the glory of some forgotten king; barren tumuli, sand-swept and burned with the branding sun ; and shreds and shards and remnants of pots and platters from which men and women drank and ate before Moses slew the Egyptian or shivered the tables of the

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law. The doctor and his companions spent a sufficient time upon this memorable site, saw what was to be seen, instituted the correct moral reflections, and then went to Nineveh, seat of the elder empire, and whose ruins have yielded to modern exploration and scholarship more exact information concerning remote antiquity than could be got out of a whole Alexandrian Library of historians like Berosus and Ctesias, and problematical Sanchoniathon, and Herodotus, and Diodorus, and all the rest. Through the discoveries of Layard and George Smith, and the lingual researches of Grotefend, Karsten Neibuhr, Rawlinson, and Mr. George Smith aforesaid, not leaving out Burnouf and Rask and Lassan, we can see the Ninevites as they lived, and make ourselves as familiar with that old civilization as we are with that of colonial Massachusetts. Esar-haddon is as plain to us as Governor Winthrop, and the high priest of Semiramis as authentic as Cotton Mather. There are her histories, all legibly written on gypsum and clay—the reigns of Tiglath-Pileser, and Shalmaneser, and Sennacherib, and Sardanapalus; there are her traditions—of the Deluge, of Nimrod with his hunting spears and slaughtered lions, and what not; and there in fullest abundance is its smaller literature, its minor records, love letters mayhap, pasquinades, notes of hand, deeds, bonds of mortmain, executed in crabbed legal phrase, with tedious reiterations, dated from the eponym of Gabbaru or Danadu—for these people went not by Olympiads or Julian calendars or Hegiras or other upstart epochs. They dated from the time when the Most High parted the waters and the dry land asunder—from the oldest, as they did fondly dream, of the days. We can read all about them now as easily as we can read in the inscriptions of disentombed Pompeii the story of its buried people. Our

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worthy doctor goes over the ground very handsomely, and we are glad to have such a vivacious and intelligent cicerone. He abode at Mosul, a small town built upon what was once a suburb of the Assyrian capital, and here he found an invaluable friend and counsellor in Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, an intelligent Asian Christian who married an English wife, learned the Western tongues, and is now a resident of Twickenham-on-Thames, a gentleman of much learning, particularly in Assyrian antiquities and contemporary Eastern religions, and whose name is pleasantly associated with that of Layard in his first excavations. Dr. Newman saw all the uncovered stone bulls which Layard and Botta left, went through all the tunnels which they excavated at Koyunjik, subterranean arcades of the palaces of Sennacherib, whose sons smote him to death beside the altar, where the old warrior must have fallen as Cæsar fell in the Capitol, remembering his victories of Tyre, and Sidon, and Sarepta, and Joppa, and Ashdod, and Beth Dagon—how he cast a bank against the gates of Hezekiah, King of Jerusalem, and wrung from the terrors of that beleaguered monarch the brazen treasures of the Temple, one hundred talents of gold and five hundred talents of silver—all this must have "rushed with his blood," tough old fighter as he was—a violent end beseemed him; though, even after so many thousand years are gone and all are dust, slayers and slain, the memory of them but a cloud-wreath against the red dawn of earliest time, one wishes that it had come to him from other hands than those of his sons. Here abide, too, memorials of Sardanapalus and Semiramis and her other magnificent sovereigns, which the excavations of a thousand years by a hundred races can hardly exhaust. It is, indeed, an enormous library, of which we have thus far read a few scat-

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tered leaves, but which is destined in the fulness of time to yield to us the whole burden of its message. We have nothing but commendation to bestow upon Dr. Newman's description of this mighty old ruin and its surroundings and remains, except that he preaches a little too much at the points where the prophets and other Bible people come in, and rather overworks Jonah. By the way, the tomb of that lugubrious seer is on the summit of the mound of Koyunjik, where through the courts of the king, now buried beneath him, his warning voice once sounded, causing the hearts of all who heard him to quake and their knees to smite together. A mosque rises over him —more enduring shelter than the gourd whose withering away he so mournfully and rebelliously deplored.

Dr. Newman quotes from Layard's work a comprehensive and of course thoroughly clear and able recital of the early beginnings, progress, and present condition of our knowledge of the Assyrian vocabularies and literature. It was in 1802 that Grotefend first submitted a translation of some Pehlevi inscriptions found upon the ruins of Persepolis, and now, after something more than threescore and ten years of intrepid and laborious research on the part of hundreds of European scholars, it comes to pass that the arrow-headed signs yield up their meaning almost as intelligently as the trilingual inscriptions of the Rosetta or Moabite stones. Travellers had long been bewildered with these inscriptions. On the flanks of the marble lions which still stand at the wasted gate of Xerxes, on the terrace of Persepolis, are cut the names of Morier and Chardin and Malcolm and other early travellers (Tavernier and Marco Polo must have seen them), but to these adventurers into an unknown wonder-land the cuneiform signs bore no more meaning than if they had been the petrified

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tracks of extinct species of birds. At Pasargadæ was a pyramidal structure of moderate size, with a small marble chamber upon its summit, which was evidently intended as a tomb, and many travellers from the West stood in its shadow and marked its desolation before it was known that it was the tomb of Cyrus, and that its fretted hieroglyphs bore this solemn message of pride and supplication: "O man, I am Cyrus, the king—the Achæmenian—founder of the Persian Empire and Sovereign of Asia; therefore, grudge me not this sepulchre!" Against the rocky face of mountains which tower over the Vale of Kermanshah, high up—well-nigh inaccessible—was a vast inscription which nobody could get at or decipher till Rawlinson—trying it at first, and fruitlessly, with a telescope, and thereafter reaching it at the risk of his neck—applied to it the methods of interpretation originated by Grotefend, and it yielded up the story of the reign of Darius Hystaspes. Since then Layard and Botta and Mr. George Smith have brought to Europe whole shiploads of this Chaldean, Assyrian, and Medo-Persian literature, with its illustrating bulls and lions and gods, so that the well-read Briton is apt to be better acquainted with the history of Sennacherib than with that of Henry the Fifth; with the dynasties of the Achæmenians and the Arsacidæ than with those of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

But we must hasten our intelligent and companionable parson seaward and take our leave of him. From Bagdad to the Mediterranean, conducted by experienced guides and protected from robbers by trustworthy but covetous and rather mendacious guards, he journeyed on horseback, his wife borne in a Tukhteveran, a sort of palanquin car-

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ried upon bars supported by a tandem of mules; and they encountered various interesting but not particularly perilous incidents, all of which he describes with agreeable vivacity and with a ready, picturesque pen. On his way he paid a passing visit to the devil-worshippers, a small and curious sect which dwell in the mountains of Kurdistan, and which Layard was the first to visit. Orfah, the Edessa of the Greeks and the Ur of the Chaldees, where Job abode; where Abraham's mosque still stands, its sacred pool full of fat carp, and where the venerable father of Israel is buried, was also on his route; and he tells us pleasantly of the American missionaries who are settled there, and who welcomed himself and his courageous and heroic wife (the first American lady who has made the arduous journey from Mesopotamia to the sea) with eager and cordial hospitality. From thence to the hill mounts on which the blue Mediterranean broke upon their sight, and whereat they must have cried "Thalatta!" as the soldiers of Xenophon did when, after their long perils of mountain and wilderness, they caught the sapphire gleam of the Euxine, there is nothing which calls for especial celebration, and we take our leave of the journeying clergyman with sentiments of kindness and good regard.

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C. K. GARRISON.

May 10, 1885.

COMMODORE GARRISON just turned the corner of three quarters of a century, crowding into the first half of it as much and as hard work of various sorts as any man of his time. He came to New York twenty-five years ago, several times a millionaire, his life's battle fought and won, and from that time to his death took the world very placidly, engaging in large enterprises of one sort or another, but apparently as much for the purpose of making a suitable business career for his son as to satisfy any further personal desire of money making. The death of his son, William R. Garrison, by a railway accident at Parker's Creek, near Long Branch, four years ago, shattered all his plans and ambitions, and he told a friend some time after that calamitous occurrence that if destiny had sought for the heaviest weapon with which to deal him a blow, it could have found none heavier. He was never the same man after it. Up to this time his life had been one of almost unbroken prosperity, and his business judgment and sagacity had seemed almost unerring. But now disasters began to thicken and darken round him, and though his great fortune was not dispersed, it was much diminished and impaired by the many enterprises upon which he had embarked. If anybody had told him ten years (or five) before his death that his paper would go to protest and his estate pass into the hands of a receiver he would have deemed that evil prophet worthy only of his contempt. His son William during his life would have considered such a

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prognostication equally visionary. So indeed would every capitalist and financier from one end of the country to the other. The Garrison fortune was looked on as one which had not an unsound brick in its entire fabric. It had grown up in solid oak-tree fashion during fifty years, and was not buttressed on speculation or lucky accident. He made his first money of any importance in building steamboats and transporting merchandise on the Mississippi River; then struck the tide of California emigration which poured across the isthmus in 1849, taking tribute from it as a banker in Panama; then became mayor, steamship owner and manager, banker, insurance syndic, and the like in the newly-created city of San Francisco, everything he touched turning to gold, and, after pulling up stakes on the Pacific coast, he became one of the largest owners in the United States of the gas and street railway stocks of principal cities on the Atlantic side of the Continent, about the securest form of investment property then known. But notwithstanding the solidity and magnitude of his fortune, the various railway enterprises in which he embarked in his later years threw his affairs into such a state of entanglement that if he had not had assistance in their extrication the estate would have been tunnelled and honeycombed by lawyers till it would not have been worth more than the flannel jacket and blue jean trousers with which young Cornelius Kingsland Garrison began business as a cabin-boy on a North River sloop sixty-four years ago.

Mr. Garrison took up his residence in New York in 1860, established his offices in the block of old fashioned red brick houses still fronting Bowling Green, alongside of the one which Commodore Vanderbilt occupied for so many years, building there, indeed, the basis of his unexampled fortune, joined the City and Manhattan clubs

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(former long since disbanded ; was in its time an association of substantial business men, having its abiding place on Union Square, a door or two south of Daniel Drew's old mansion), and began to make himself known socially. He was of most striking appearance, having calm eyes, a mouth at once smiling and firm, and a nose like an eagle's beak. One involuntarily turned around to look at him as he passed. He was reserved, mild, and unostentatious in his manners, and was much liked by those who came socially in contact with him. In business matters he was stern and exacting, kept his word, expected others to do likewise, and did not generally come out second in any of the bargains which he entered into. He always had unlimited ready money, and was always ready to use it courageously and promptly whenever he saw good reason. I remember a case in war time in which some private speculators wanted a million dollars on the instant, to complete a purchase of arms from the French Government, which were to be transferred here, and in which there was a handsome commercial advantage. The negotiation was in such a state that the money had to be secretly and swiftly got or the transaction could not be completed. One of the Commodore's friends went to him and laid the case before him. He got the money without delay. The purchase and sale were duly effected, so much to the Commodore's satisfaction that he handed over his friend a check for twenty-five thousand dollars. During the presidency of the late William Orton, he came on some occasion of emergency to the rescue of the Western Union with a prompt loan—said to have been somewhere in the millions—anxiety in respect to which is thought to have hastened his first stroke of paralysis, which took place about eight years ago.

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Although during the whole of his business career till his last years he maintained the prestige of uninterrupted success, some of his enterprises, like those of other people, turned out badly. One of these was a Brazilian line of coasting steamers to ply between Rio Janeiro and the Amazon, touching at the intermediate ports, and which had received a handsome government subsidy. Garrison had the ships built on the Clyde, and as soon as they began to run the stock of the new company began to boom, and in a very short time it was all transferred to the local capitalists of Rio, and the money for it—some eight hundred thousand dollars—found its way into Garrison's capacious safe, in the office at Bowling Green. Very shortly after the cylinder heads of these new steamers began to blow out one after another until they were all disabled, and the stock suddenly fell to zero. Long litigation followed this dire mishap, stretching through years, compromised finally with loss and disaster all round. It is not clear whether the fault lay with the ships or the naval officers and engineers, with whom, in conformity with the conditions of the subsidy, they were manned, or with both. The scheme turned out a calamitous one for all parties, and made both the Garrisons, father and son, the most unpopular persons in Brazil who had ever reached their enterprises into that country, or come into business contact with its people.

While Mr. Garrison was a banker in Panama yellow-fever broke out among the passengers there assembled waiting for the delayed Pacific steamer. They were naturally in a state of panic, and were willing to pay anything they possessed to get away. Garrison chartered such ships

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as were in port, and sent the imprisoned emigrants forward to their destination, netting something like eighty thousand dollars by his clever exploit. Among this lot of fever-beleaguered argonauts were many who subsequently became celebrated as Forty-niners. Survivors of them are still occasionally met with. The brothers Wormser, now great bankers under Drexel's, in Broad Street, were among them, young adventurers from the Rhenish Palatinate, and others since grown into equal wealth and distinction. With them, likewise, were cut throats and desperadoes galore, Billy Mulligan among them, some of them afterward, "for the encouragement of the others," hanged from the lamp-posts of the new city which they were on their way to found.

The first purser on the Commodore's first Mississippi steamboat was William G. Ralston, afterward manager of the Bank of California, and up to the day of the collapse of the bank and his own suicide, one of the most popular and enterprising men of the Pacific coast. When it was found that his management had brought the bank into peril a meeting of its directors was hastily summoned, and while they were engaged in their investigations Mr. Ralston left his bureau, proceeded to a bathing resort on the shores of the harbor near the city, dressed himself in a bathing suit, swam out one or two hundred yards, and swallowed a dose of poison, with which it would seem he had previously provided himself, as if he lived in apprehension of such a decision and such a doom. Before the directors whom he left in conclave had finished their sitting his dead body was adrift on the waters of the harbor. He was one of the partners in the banking-house of

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Garrison & Co. in San Francisco in the early days of that city, and a man who deserved a kindlier fate. Mr. Garrison gave his salary, as Mayor of San Francisco, half to the Catholic and half to the Protestant schools, his only conspicuous public benefaction so far as I know. His private ones were numerous, but he did not talk about them, nor encourage others to do so.

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PAUL MORPHY.

1884.

PAUL MORPHY wanders about the streets of New Orleans nattily dressed, carrying a little cane, with which he occasionally taps his little boots as he trips along in dim half memory of other and jauntier days. His mind has been going for years, and it is now gone, its wreck hastened somewhat, it is said, by the adverse result of a lawsuit in which some of his property was involved.

Morphy dawned on the broader horizon of chess at the old Descombe rooms in Broadway, not far from Eighth Street, about 1856. He had previously shone in a narrower zodiac, having beaten everybody in his native city, and overthrown Judge Meek, of Mobile—the Philidor of the South, huge and handsome justiciary, about seven feet in vertical extent—like David vanquishing Goliath. He was locally known as a phenomenon, but had no extended fame till after the tournament began, when his renown flew on wings of wind to the borders of the world. The chess circles of Vienna, Amsterdam, and St. Petersburg were stirred; the Café de la Regence was in a ferment. Old laurels trembled and old champions of the game "sat still with awful eye." It was manifest that a new planet had swum into the constellations of chess, fledged with a brighter beam than any that had ever shone therein. Morphy was, indeed, the supreme genius of the game,

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who had no predecessor and is not likely ever to have a successor.

I remember well the excitement which attended the tournament as Morphy began to reveal his wonderful powers. All New York thronged the rooms. The contest brought Greeley away from his editorials and Dr. Chapin from his sermons; Forrest from his tragedies, and Charles L. Elliott and William Page from their canvases. It drew in Charles O'Conor and John Van Buren, mild, learned, and venerable Dr. Hawks, Valentine Mott, George Ripley, Henry J. Raymond, Charles A. Dana, Fitz Greene Halleck, Bryant, and almost everybody who was of note at that time. Morphy was the littlest of men—weighed only ninety pounds—and had the hand and foot of a child. His face was small and boyish, eyes deep, dark, and brilliant, complexion rather pale, brow of good proportions, and his manner was that of the South—affectionate, mild, gentle, and refined.

His principal antagonist was Paulsen, an Americanized German or Dane of ox-like proportions and overwhelming head, who towered over his little antagonist as Magog would have towered over Ariel. He studied over his moves for hours, while Morphy responded to them almost instantly, and invariably conquered not only this antagonist, but all the others who dared encounter him. When he had overthrown all the champions, one after another, he attacked them in phalanx, playing blindfold against their united strength, and routed them, horse, foot, and dragoons.

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Morphy came out of that quaint, picturesque Creole quarter of New Orleans, of good, well-to-do family, and, except Beauregard, is the most famous man it has ever produced, though Gottschalk was born and reared there, and Cable, the novelist, is understood to have family affiliations with the community which he so daintily and faithfully describes. This quarter looks like a fragment of provincial France set down there beside the Mississippi, almost within hearing of the chime of the gulf billows and the screaming sea birds which hover over the reeds of the Delta, as changeless through all political and social change, through the shock and ruin of the Civil War, as Arles or St. Ouen through the vicissitudes of French administration, the drums and tramplings of revolution, the triumph of Magenta and the overthrow of Sedan. There are the same little cabarets and auberges that were there when Napoleon sold out the province, serving, I doubt not, the same *petits verres* of Maraschino, the same excellent Chambertin, the same dishes of red snapper and pompano, the same fragrant and aromatic coffee. There are French names on the shop doors; you meet women in pretty white Normandy caps and pinafores and men in blue blouses; you hear the French language spoken and chattered and screamed; the newspapers are published in that tongue; madame of the refectory has shining black hair and eyes and a gold ornament at her neck, and a spruce, busy aspect, after the manner of her sisters on the other side of the water, and everything tells you of foreign ways, and promotes the illusion that you are in a foreign country.

Across Canal Street all is changed, or was, for I write of the days just preceding the war, when the old rotten and

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debauched prosperity in which the city had wallowed so long, represented by open faro-banks making no kind of concealment of their business, gorgeous drinking shops, crowded with customers, with shooting and bowie-knife affrays as the occasional accompaniment of their carousals, and universal prodigality of expenditure, was about to take its departure and leave the doomed city to the Egyptian plagues which were gathering over it. In the great bar-room of the St. Charles, which was the heart of the American section of the metropolis, all the types of slavocracy were on perpetual exhibition, and all the curious drinks of the toper's almanac were on perpetual tap. There were planters and gamblers, generals, judges, army officers and overseers, together with the ordinary riffraff of a busy river port, and the general tableau there presented was as tipsy and debauched a one as any traveller might see from end to end of the world. The planters had come down from the river counties, gotten the money for their crops, and, like fine old and young Southern gentlemen, were scattering it broadcast among the faro-banks, roulette tables, bars, and other enticing resorts of the town, unmindful of any prophetic handwriting upon the wall forecasting the days of ruin which were upon them. To walk across Canal Street from the cool and quiet walled-in conservatism of the French quarter into the delirium and profligacy and turbulence of the American side was like walking from one world into another, like stepping out of the quaint, mediæval tranquillity of some Norman or Provençal suburb into the whirl and hubbub of a frontier mart, a riparian Nigni Novgorod, with its hundred-tongued chatter and hundred-handed traffic and general atmosphere of hurry and precipitation. I explored both those regions with much diligence, having as my companion the late

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E. A. Sothern, who was playing there at the time, and with whom my remembrances of New Orleans are closely associated. The Grandissimes and Dr. Sevier and Scipio were already there, although they had not yet found their historian, and so was Legree and Uncle Tom and the rest, who had found theirs.

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WILLIAM E. BURTON.

May, 1884.

When Wallack played at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, early in the fifties (it was closed in 1856), there was in the company, beside himself, Burton, George Jordan, John Brougham, Charles Walcot, William Rufus Blake, T. B. Johnson, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hoey, Mary Gannon, and others of less celebrity—a company which was, perhaps, never equalled on the American stage. Of these the only survivors, so far as I am aware, are Mr. Wallack and Mrs. Hoey, who, still youthful in spirit and appearance, presides over her husband's noble mansion at Long Branch with the same grace which captivated the theatre-goers of New York twenty years ago, among whom her name is a bright tradition and the charm of her art a perpetual remembrance.

Burton held the keys of mirth and rode through his life on flooding waves of laughter which he unlocked from all hearts. His grimace set the house in a roar, and I have seen him when he seemed bewildered by the effect which he produced on his audience, as if it threatened to stop the play and bring everything to a deadlock. Off the stage his manner was of semi-humorous gravity, full of kindness and good-nature, and he was a famous teller of amusing stories, many of which were connected with his own experiences, professional and other. He was fond of books and art, and had collections of both in his house

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in Hudson Street, just above St. John's Park, which were quite famous in that day. He founded in 1837 the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia, of which Edgar A. Poe was for some time editor, and his remembrances of that brilliant and disordered genius were numerous and not all pleasant. He seems to have done all he could to assist the wayward and unmanageable minstrel, whose amazing endowments he appreciated, but, like all other efforts in that direction, by whomsoever made, they were unavailing, and he went through his strange career obedient to forces within him, angelic and demonic, which drove him thither and thither at their will, and were beyond human control or direction. Mr. Burton edited an encyclopædia of wit and humor, published by the Appletons, which included most of the funny stories adrift at that time and a great many that were not funny, but it is now obsolete and is, on the whole, rather a poor performance, owing rather to the poverty and scantiness of the material at his command than to any editorial deficiency.

I had a pleasant acquaintance with Burton for a number of years before his death, and have many amusing and agreeable reminiscences of him. The last time I saw him was in Washington, at the old National Hotel, perhaps the most dismal caravansary in the world, on the dismalest of rainy December days, the streets, without sluice-ways, of yellow mud, through which the few storm-beaten vehicles out in such wild weather toiled wearily, as through a veritable slough of despond. He was playing an engagement at the theatre there, and said that a familiar face on such a day and in such a place was a godsend, and was to be welcomed with a worthy libation. "Come up to my

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room," he said, "and I will open a bottle of Madeira older than you are and half as old as I am, and we will make an afternoon of it." The room was a naked, gloomy barrack, like the rest of the dormitories of that gloomy hostelry, but a ray of cheer streamed out from a wood fire which crackled in its narrow brick chimney, and after uncorking the Madeira we immediately established ourselves on either side of the hospitable blaze and fell upon the contents of the bottle with generous good-will. Burton was full of anecdotes of the men and women of his profession, some of whom had become historical; of his own ups and downs, triumphs and mishaps; spoke lugubriously of the building of his theatre opposite Bond Street, in Broadway, as the most disastrous blunder of his life, and said that, after so many examples of the result to successful actors of that sort of enterprise, he stood amazed at himself for having been drawn into such an adventure. I was about to visit London, charged with some commissions to Charles Dickens, and this reminded him of his first meeting with the great novelist, when he was a young actor at one of the London theatres and Dickens a struggling newspaper reporter, in the days just preceding his sudden rise into celebrity. Some of his friends, he said, used to come to his dressing-room after the play, and they would go thence to some tavern to discuss rarebits, devilled kidneys, porter, the legitimate drama, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and other dishes, drinks, and topics interesting to young gentlemen of literary and dramatic inclinations; and one night his friends brought with them a handsome, bright-eyed young fellow whom they called Charley, and said that he was a reporter of some newspaper and had something in him. "He had not much outside of him at that time," Burton said. The weather was cold, but he

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had no overcoat, only a red woollen muffler about his neck, substituting that ampler garment, but he seemed as vivacious and happy as if his wardrobe had borne a more appropriate relation to the weather outside, and he was evidently in high favor with his comrades, as he speedily became with Burton himself, whom he thereafter visited frequently, and at their junketings was sometimes without the money to pay his share of the reckoning. One night he appeared arrayed like Solomon, his pockets running over with sovereigns, and insisted on bearing the whole score himself, which he did, baptizing the occasion with the costliest wines which the tavern they frequented could furnish. He was asked as to the source of this sudden prosperity, and replied that he had just written some papers for the *Morning Chronicle*, and they had made a hit. They were the "Sketches by Boz," to him the gateway of fortune and renown. A few months lifted him from the position of a penniless newspaper scribe to that of one of the most famous and richly paid writers of England, and started him upon the career with the splendor of which all the world is now so familiar.

Lola Montez, who was then twirling her ancient and attenuated legs in her final Terpsichorean campaign, happened to be at the hotel, and Burton, who knew her very well, proposed that we should pay her a visit. We found her stretched out on a sofa beside the fire smoking cigarettes, the remnants of which were thickly scattered over the hearth. She received us with eager cordiality, and said that she was bored out of her life by the weather, and that another such day in such a horrible place would drive her to suicide. She looked somewhat worn and haggard, her

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face was sunken, a look of care gloomed through its hectic vivacity, and it was plain that the sorcery which could captivate kings had departed from her, whatever witch spells she might still be mistress of. Her talk was mainly of business, the disastrous effect of the weather on "the houses," and the like professional prattle, not worth recording. Nothing is left of her in my remembrance except two very large abnormally bright black eyes, an untidy head and an untidy slipper, a blue stream of smoke gliding upward from her lips, an ageing face, with touches of rouge upon it, and fingers yellow with the distillation from her perpetual cigarette. I saw her on the stage that night "making a Manx penny of herself," my first and last glimpse of the fading enchantress fallen on evil days and pirouetting to her doom.

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BARNUM

AND ONE OF HIS ABDICATIONS.

BARNUM'S abdication and sale of his big show is really a tremendous event, lightly as some folks may think of it. He has brought more abstruse and far-ranging beasts into his land to furnish forth howling holidays to his countrymen than Trajan or Vespasian brought back to Rome; and it is very seriously probable that his pageant, as it stretched its endless and splendid length along the streets of the cities of the land, made a more outwardly dazzling sight than those turbulent processions of Sylla, and Scipio, and Curius Dentatus, and the rest of that turbulent, hard-fighting lot that used to wind through the bellowing forum and up the Sacred Way to the gates of Jupiter Capitolinus. Barnum was not used, it is true, to stand in the big chariot with his face stained a bright vermilion, as was the wont of the Roman conquerors, but he might sometimes be seen perched airily beside the base drum, serene amid the clamor of the bugle-horns and the stertorous throbbing of the trombones; and sometimes the trick elephant under caparisoned howdah wore him like a feather. The great showman was always gallantly and yet modestly willing to show himself to a public which found nothing in all his glittering procession so interesting to them or so intrinsically curious as himself. The show was a great one without the visible presence of the magician who conjured it into existence, but with that crowning

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token it was transcendent. For was he not a sorcerer greater than Merlin, or Prospero, or those nameless Egyptians whose rods, between the hand and the earth, fell into serpents, which were tranquilly swallowed by the ophiophagous of Aaron? Four times he waved his wand, this latter-day wizard—north, south, east, and west—and from all woods, and deserts, and water-ways embraced in these cardinal ranges the feathered, and furred, and finned, and flippered denizens of sea, and river, and wild came trooping to him in fated or fortuitous concourse, as of old they came to Noah, instinct with terrified premonition of the flood. At his gesture the remotest jungle gave up in bonds of safe captivity its fiercest striped tiger, and at his nod the hippopotamus came out of the ooze of his torrid reed-grown river, stretched his legs, one after another, and walked into public life with a yawn. In fact, this wondrous showman could call some things out of dim regions—fabulous lands where no man had been, abode of chimeras and dragons; for a mermaid came to him once with her hair-comb, pectoral developments, dorsal fin and tail, all authentic. He would have got a roc if his spells had all been potent, and other big poultry of the sort, which flops about in the story books and cackles through the allegories of the fabulists; and he would have called out of deepest caves of old Night, unsunned crypts of Nox and Erebus, the huge, sprawling saurians and flying pterodactyls, but that nature fixed a limit beyond which his magic was inoperative, leaving some belts of wonderland and black spaces of the older antiquity out of his dominion. But what field he had—and it was sufficiently ample—he worked well. When he had exhausted all that could be done in air, and earth, and wave, in the inhabited regions of bird, and beast, and fish, he boldly went after dwarfs,

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and journeyed into the land of the giants, ensnaring Gog and lurking in cunning ambush for unsuspecting Magog, herding the Anakim and driving them before him into a mild captivity, where they wore fantastic and ostentatious raiment, and gradually declined in spirits, exhibiting each eight feet six inches of gloom to a breathless public. There never came on the market an important historical hatchet or other implement belonging to Washington or other patriot that Barnum did not reach for it; nor century-rooted nurse or nonagenarian body-servant of any of the great personages of our revolutionary history, that he did not endow with stipendiary places in his show, where they sat in old-fashioned chairs, smoked clay pipes, and made toothless observations till forgetful Time, with tardy scythe, cut them down, withered old human weeds as they were. He went forth where the aborigine bends his ear to the earth to hear far off the wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore, and casting his net, as a fowler, drew in at one fell swoop sachem, and squaw, and pappoose in number as the sparrows, and these he ravished from their leaky wigwams, lodges, and tipis, carrying them away captive to make sport for Midianites afar, at twenty-five cents a Midianite. It is, indeed, difficult to think of anything odd, or curious, or remote, or difficult to get which he has not drawn into the circle of his incantations. For something like half a century his name has been known all over the world, and in that period he has enforced the lesson that that clamorous and ostentatious summoning of public attention and loud solicitation of public patronage, that harmless exaggeration of the importance and worth of one's works and wares which is generally set down as humbug, may sometimes constitute the work of unusually jolly and well-meaning sort of persons

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who contribute to the gayety of nations, diffuse harmless mirth among the innumerable sucklings of mankind, and spread abroad among country parsons and other people too moral for the circus but tolerant of the menagerie correcter views of dromedaries and polar bears, and through these of nature and man in general, than they would otherwise be likely to obtain. With Mr. Barnum's eclipse fades from the firmament of showman the most dazzling orb ever set therein, and to read about the auction of his big show at Bridgeport the other day is as sad as to read about the partition of Poland. Now, in truth, "let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the ranged empire fall." 'Tis, indeed, a melancholy recital. The triumphal chariot, bigger than Cleopatra's galley, to which the pretentious war-carts of Assurbanipul and Sennacherib, of Hector and Agamemnon, of Vercingetorix and Boadicea were but toys, went for a song; so did the rest of the wheeled vehicles, and the tents, and poles, and tackling. Some of the animals thus unhappily dispersed brought prices which, to the uninstructed intellect, seem adequate, as, for instance, the baby hippopotamus, which the great showman himself bid in at $25,000, while a rhinoceros, a good deal bigger than that costly amphibious infant, and capable of doubling it up in a personal conflict, with little or no ease, brought only $3500. Why the gnu should have gone off like hot cakes at $1250, while the crack kangaroo of the collection was a drug at $55, the lay mind fruitlessly strives to conjecture. So liberally went the gnu and so shabbily the equally meritorious kangaroo. What anybody can want of a yak is one of those things which nature hides in her thickest pericarp of mystery, or why wanting him anybody should pay $550 for him. That is what the yak brought. The lions, giraffes, and ostriches

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were stubbornly competed for, although the prices they brought were rather low; and the trick elephant Betsey, whose latest exploit was to tackle a locomotive, went at the trivial sum of $500—hardly enough to buy her a new set of teeth after the collision. So fades into history the great show, and so steps down and out the great showman, most illustrious of his kind, who had no predecessor and can have no successor, but who, surrounded with a system of trained animals, dwarfs, mermaids, hippodromes, and clowns, shall float indissoluble in the older and older memory of men, imperishable as Cassiopeia, with her whirling starry attendants, from her celestial seat mayhap shepherding the slow, unwilling bear, setting in showman's array the sidereal eagle and the snake, and training the hunting dogs of Bootes to fetch and carry. Like hers, if such are they, will be the supermundane pursuits to which our great Barnum will be translated, but we hope it will be a good while first, and that he will yet survive to abdicate many times, always reappearing with unfading splendor at the head of a constantly lengthening train of birds, beasts, and chariots, the one truly sublime figure in the show business which has moved in tides of time since the circus ring of the encamped Cæsars climbed arch on arch the wonder-smitten airs of Rome.

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HERR OFFENBACH,

AND CERTAIN ALLEGATIONS AS TO HIS EYE.

WHETHER or not Herr Offenbach be endowed by a malignant fate with the evil eye, the restless and curious Parisians are discoursing of the subject with the greatest pertinacity. To such Americans as have seen him, the bland glitter of his eye-glasses seems to convey no beam of perilous malignancy; but it grows more and more apparent that in the capital where he is best known a waxing and determined sect ascribe to him this ill potency of vision, and would flee from his most kindly and benign glances as from those of the "fabled obelisk" spoken of in Mr. Dickens's famous railway idyl of Mugby junction. Among persons of a severely scientific cast of mind, we are aware that the reality of the evil eye is denied; but among the larger and yet not wholly credulous class who have a sort of belief in it, the theory prevails that a person may have this noxious attribute without knowing it, and radiate all sorts of malign and fatal influences while animated with the inward sentiments of an archangel. Judging from that portion of Herr Offenbach's countenance which his somewhat large acreage of eye glass permits the spectator to behold, it seems plain that such are the sentiments which animate him; and therefore if any Parisian personages or institutions have seemed to wither beneath his glance, to "slip into ashes," like "that long-buried body of the king, found lying with his urns and ornaments," it must be apparent even to the wayfaring man

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that the heart of him "consented not thereto," and that he did not desire nor forebode for them such tragical solution. The possession of a subtle and uncontrollable power to do ill with the constant purpose and aspiration to do well must seriously be one of the most dismal endowments which fate ever imposed on an individual; and if Herr Offenbach be one of the unfortunates thus endowed, he is indeed to be commiserated. Perhaps he would deem that it savored of levity to advise him, if such be his case, to always impinge on society in a blindfolded condition, or at least to interpose between his retina and his focus of vision the stout opacity of such double-barrelled goggles as those through which, in the days which are now as dreams, Count Gurowski was wont to glare pale green disdain on mankind. But it must be apparent to his finer sense of moral obligation that something of the sort ought to be done, else it may be that before his bland gaze the operatic dynasty under whose auspices he comes will shrivel away as a scroll, become a name, a nothingness, like perished houses of Atreus or lost lines of Achæmenes or Arsaces, and the huge hippodrome itself—yea, all which it inherits, dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave neither shadow nor wrack, but only Herr Offenbach looming lean and long, the spectral centre of wide reaching ruin, which his withering but amiable and well-intentioned eye had wrought. The distinguished composer must see that this would be an ill requital of hospitality, and if he be really conscious of anything seriously the matter with his eyesight, we think we may confidently rely on his sense of chivalry to do the fair thing by his *impresarios* and the public, and look at them, if at all, through several thicknesses of smoked glass or other neutralizing medium. Some mask of the sort pos-

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sible to the opticians' art might intercept the evil influence, and still leave the distinguished composer enough eyesight to read the score and wield his baton without bumping the head of the bass drum or jabbing the spectacles off the second violin.

On these points, however, we do not assume to speak with any authority. If there be any virtue in either of the suggested modes or masks, or in any others, it would be well to have the matter scientifically determined, for the reason of a growing belief that the evil eye is much more prevalent than has been hitherto conjectured, and that it may at any time become necessary to take serious and systematic measures to oppose its influence. It is observed of numbers of men who make broad their phylacteries and sit in the high seats of the synagogue that, although they are outwardly moral and pious, their works have a general result of iniquity, and all that they touch crumbles away into speedy ruin. To such the evil eye may in time be ascribed, and from such the wary citizen may learn to flee like the superstitious Arabian, with his glittering charms and amulets, from the dreaded eye of sultan, or dervish, or slave, or, like the lively but anxious Parisians, from the pursuing glance of Offenbach. There are some persons, for instance, who fix their eyes on a great railway corporation, and though it looks solid enough, with buttresses, and embankments, and arched bridges, and trains that thunder to and fro, it begins all at once to wither away, and in a little time nothing is left of it save the dust and ashes of bankruptcy. Now and then a parson fixes his eye on a church, as not long ago the Rev. Mr. Fulton planted his dissolving vision on a rather solid-looking Baptist tabernacle of a neighboring city, and very soon there was neither tabernacle nor congregation. They had vanished

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before his pious gaze, which in striving to illumine could only consume. Instances of like kind multiply, and if an occult cause like that ascribed to the glance of Herr Offenbach lies at the root of them, surely it is well that the fact should be known and all the aid which spectacles or other optic devices can render be speedily and aboundingly applied.

Since his arrival among us, to each of these persons—railway administrators, parsons, Cabinet ministers, and the like—the evil eye may come to be ascribed, and the safest means of anticipating and neutralizing the malignancy of such baleful outlookings rise into fast consequence. It would not be amiss, therefore, to try such experiments upon Herr Offenbach as our subsequent information concerning the dark potency of his sight may seem to render suitable.

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THE DEVIL.

1875.

ALTHOUGH the decision of the civil courts of Great Britain, affirming the right of a parishioner to receive the sacrament, who nevertheless denies the personality of the Devil, has been some time rendered, constituting until its possible reversal a part of the established law of the land, the case seems by no means to have exhausted its capability of making a disturbance. Within and without the Church, according to appearances, the Devil has a strong party and following. This lay attempt to eliminate him from the scheme of things, to refine away the horns, hoofs, and tail, consecrated by old terror, and rooted, one may say, in the deepest soil of old theology, awakens quite extended symptoms of revolt. Such a conspicuous body in the sidereal system of theology could not, of course, be exploded without a wide derangement of orbital influences, and without filling the sky with the nebulæ and scattered meteoric stones of the explosion. The casting out of devils in the old days was generally attended with great agitation of the person out of whom they were cast, and this abrupt effort on the part of a layman to cast him out of the Church of England is attended with a serious shock even to that most ancient and heavily buttressed organization. Thus far the only visible important result which has followed the decision of the court, affirming the right of Mr. Jenkins to disbelieve in the Devil and still commune with the orthodox, is the resignation of his incumbency by the parson, whose refusal to him of the conse-

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crated elements was the cause of the legal process and its ensuing doctrinal row. The Rev. Mr. Harel Cook bows to the mandate of the court, but he still refuses to be made a party to such a heterodox proceeding as the turning of Satan adrift after his long period of unquestioned theological recognition, and in the face of continuing signs in Church and State of his direct and unfaltering personal activity. He will not give Mr. Jenkins the cup, and as the law says that Mr. Jenkins may not be deprived of the cup, Mr. Cook resigns; his retirement, meek, law-abiding, and voluntary as that of the impetuous personality which he sought to defend, was doubtless violent, involuntary, and attended with angry lashings of the tail. But, of course, the matter will not end here. Jenkins is for the moment triumphant; Cook for the moment seemingly rebuked and worsted; but, having in view the tough consistency of British orthodoxy and the stoutness and obstinacy of village belief, it is quite likely that Jenkins may be looked more and more coldly upon by his fellow-worshippers till he is forced to retreat and take refuge in Socinianism, Positivism, Rationalism, or Atheism (cults that, unlike in many particulars, are alike in this, that they make no row about one's belief in the Devil), and that Cook may speedily assemble around him a resolute body of believers in his view of the arch enemy, who will restore him to his ministerial functions and keep his new altar purged of worshippers addicted to such ambitious modifications of long-accepted belief. Nor is it entirely impossible that the Court of Arches may utter its voice in this momentous contingency, defining once for all the status, according to the tenets of the Church, of the "highest erected spirit that fell" and the precise obligations of recognition devolving upon the faithful. The decision of this high eccle-

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siastical tribunal would not exactly vacate the decision of the secular courts, but it would practically supersede it, and would undoubtedly be held to be the safe guide thenceforward of clergy and communicants. If it declared that the Devil was a material personage, going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down therein as in the days of Job, it would be the unquestionable duty of the orthodox to take this rather alarming view of him and redouble their efforts to escape his wiles. But if, on the other hand, it refined away the concrete and visible theory of him, making of him a sort of Zoroastrian essence of evil, operating in incessant opposition to the principle of good throughout the remote wandering spheres as through the near journeying atoms, interfusing and indwelling in all things, none the less would obedience to its decision become the virtuous obligation of priest and parishioner throughout the entire fold of the establishment. It is inconvenient to have a variety of devils in a single church : some positive and irrefragable, and some vagrant, sapless, and ideal ; and it would, of course, lead to endless confusion to allow every tithe-payer to settle his devil for himself without deference to established authority as to the proportions, attributes, and modes of procedure of that tremendous and hitherto, at least in the late parish of Mr. Harel Cook, unchallenged theological figure. The Church affirms that it requires of its faithful, in essentials, unity ; in non-essentials it permits liberty, while in all things it counsels charity. Now, whatever else may be thought of the Devil, it certainly cannot be affirmed that he is a non-essential, for, of course, Mr. Jenkins's bold, unsustained negation of him will not hold water, and it would therefore seem to follow that there should be in the Church not only an unbroken unity of belief in this particular, but a

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habitual tone of charity pervading all discussions, colloquies, and prolusions concerning him. If these, in our opinion, mild and equitable views of the case had ruled, Mr. Jenkins would not have tried to elide the Devil from his domestic rubric, nor would Mr. Cook have tried to excommunicate Mr. Jenkins from the church. But, on the other hand, we should have missed a series of invaluable discussions, researches, affirmations, and adjudications concerning the status of the Devil and his exact place in modern faith, to which these differences gave rise, and which, to use one of Mrs. Lirriper's figures of speech, have been fruitful of the most picturesque volumes of doctrinal and dogmatic smoke. It was well while it lasted. We watched the controversy with interest, but as its continuance would accomplish what the subject of it is thought to have ever at heart—that is, an injury to the Church, we suggest that the entire Satanic theorem, with all its radiations and ramifications, be made over to the Court of Arches for solution, and that the decision of that venerable and illustrious sanhedrim be accepted as final. To give even the Devil his due is but right according to the maxim which hath in it no less of justice than of generosity, and it is clearly his due that he should no longer occupy in our religious systems the place of a mere tenant at will, likely to be turned out at any time without notice, as with similarly scant preparation he was once hurled down through the abyss, with hideous ruin and combustion dire. Let his place and quality be fixed by competent authority, and then let the Jenkinses and Cooks abstain from their unseemly wrangling concerning him.

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ADMIRAL ROUS

AND HIS THEORIES OF COCKING.

July, 1875.

PERHAPS we are milksops and Bergh a blunder, and the world gone retrograde on declining ways. Perhaps the old Roman usage of getting amusement out of slaughter was the wise one, and the hearts of men were thus stiffened and braced to that long fight which all things living must maintain until the life goes out and peace comes at last, the fittest having survived to fight again and breed their kind, and so on forever. Perhaps the Spanish bull pit, pale ghost and last remaining shadow on earth of the old Latian and Carthaginian arenas that heaved insolent arches and buttresses against the skies of Italy and Africa, and ran blood, human and other, for a thousand years, may be a good thing after all, making the Spanish men more manful and women more womanly. Perhaps cock-fighting and pugilism, and the tournament of terriers and rats, and the drawing of reluctant badgers out of holes too tight for them are not the disgraceful procedures which the latter-day world thinks they are; for here comes into court—that is, into the newspapers—the London *Times*, in fact, first of newspapers—Admiral Rous, a naval personage of much lustre, President of the Jockey Club of London, and a turf magnate who has scarcely his peer in Great Britain, with not so much a passionate affirmation of the morality and grace of cock fighting, though he seems to mean that, as a historical disquisition on famous birds and

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contests, which winds up with a far-sounding melancholy wail over the decadence of the sport and the evil, censorious days on which the fowl has fallen. The admiral must be heard. He is a gun of magnitude on the sea-looking social walls of Britain, and when he goes off he goes off like one of the broadsides of his own flagship, making friends and enemies alike tremble, inaudible to no neighboring mortal. He has fairly opened the question, and he leaves no doubt on the mind of his reader as to his own private attitude toward game-cocks and his inmost sentiments on all matters connected with them, from the appropriate length of the gaff to the suitable breadth of the pit, and the policy of administering brandy balls in crises of the contest. Judging from his letter we might almost infer that he would like to have a cock introduced into the heraldry of the empire crowing aloof over the heads of lion and unicorn, and have the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury fight a national main once a year after the prorogation or the Epiphany. For he is no half-hearted advocate of the sport, who, like Charles Lamb's whist prig of intolerable memory, aversion of Mrs. Battle and of all wholesome souls, "doesn't mind attending a main now and then," who likes a fine chicken as well as another, but who sets this, that, or the other casuistical or moral boundary to his approval. Not he. He gives his heart to it without reservation. He shrinks not from his responsibility, and sets his hand to the confession of his faith, bold as Luther. Here he stands with a rooster in his pocket. God help him! He can, no other. Cocks are cocks with him—proud birds, with the hearts of warriors under their feathered mail, not mere waxen lumps of poultry to stick truffles into and set forth on hospitable trenchers, with a friend opposite and a flask of Nuits, and a bowl of salad

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on either hand. They are lessons and exemplars to men of the sword, teaching pluck to the valiant and fortitude to the enduring—good lessons for soldiers, Admiral Rous thinks, and not amiss for some other folks whose work in life is not so sanguinary, but who have great need of stout hearts, and stubborn resolutions, and contempt of peril. And the tough, plain-spoken old sailor thinks he discerns a disgusting inconsistency in the principles of persons who, without guilty emotion, daily consume spring chickens and spring lambs, pigs of squeaking infantile succulence and tender calves, and who make a face at a good, honest old-fashioned cock-fight. The cocks like to fight, he says, and it is no cruelty to allow them to carry out their instincts, whereas the young chickens, pigs, and the like do not like to be killed for the table, so that their destruction is a piece of greedy, cold-blooded cruelty. If cock fighting is to be abolished or even censured on account of its cruelty, why not stop coursing, suppress battues, and refrain from trolling for pike or dibbling for chub? These pursuits are all cruel. Nay, cruelty is of some of them the vital essence. The poor trembling hare does not like to be run down by the hounds, even though its vain and perishing race give pleasure to numbers of the most noble and aristocratic personages; and the pheasants, beaten from the woods of "dull old partridge breeders of a thousand years," don't like to be shot down in clouds, leaving a spray of feathers and a smell of gunpowder in the air; and the worm doesn't like to be impaled on a hook, nor the fish to have the barb thereof driven into its sensitive though predaceous and more unmerciful jaw. As these are the merciless and yet the uncensured, nay, even the applauded ways of Britons, the admiral thinks that to fly out so bumptiously at a well-ordered contest between the "Chesh-

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ire piles" and the "Lancashire black-breasted reds" is highly absurd on the part of the public; and he is obviously at one in opinion with the late Count Gurowski, that "the public is an ass." If cocking is an offence, the admiral confesses that he is an old offender. In 1827, while he was in command of the Rainbow, he brought "ten English-bred cocks from Sydney to Malacca, and fought ten battles with a Chinese merchant who had defeated all the Malays." He "laid out" that Oriental, strewing the Malaccan whirlwinds with the dishonored tail feathers of his vanquished birds, and presumably (though he says nothing about it) emptying his exchequer and causing to explode in broadsides of Confucian blasphemy; and he has been at it off and on ever since, tackling Oriental or Occidental, Jew or Gentile, Hittite or Amalekite, with a truly robust disregard of cocks and consequences. It offends him to the soul to see robustious periwig-pated moralists tearing his pastime to tatters, to very rags, and holding up himself and his roosters to the animadversions of mankind. This is an entirely natural view for him to take of a sport which he has pursued so long, and, perhaps, he may persuade some of his countrymen, as he has apparently persuaded himself, that amusements with blood and suffering in them promote the manly virtues and make those who share them hardier and more courageous. But we are rather inclined to the opinion that the admiral was "born out of time." If these mild and merciful ways toward which the world has tended during the late generations, be the ways of milksops, the world is, at least, set in them, and is coming to see through the eyes of Bergh and his compassionate kind the anguish of even the sparrow with pain. "Sad is the fate of bard" or admiral "born out of time," and with an outworn gospel on his lips. In

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such case, we fear, stands the tough old British seaman and turfman who makes his piteous plaint through the *Times'* columns, lamenting the days when Themistocles set his Ætolian fowl in battle array on the Dalmatian plain in the sight of his phalanxes, and those in which Mark Antony and Octavius pitted their birds and cheered them to their sanguinary work. He would have made a match with any of them, Greek or Roman, had he lived in either heroic period, and would have set a main against the posthumous cock which paid the debt of Socrates to Esculapius. But his own age is obstinate against his theory, drowsing in sluggish ways of peace and mercy, from which the clarion of his proudest rooster or his own plangent trumpet note, shrilling high out of the *Times* under rolling thunder, is little likely to rouse it.

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WIKOFF.

1885.

CHEVALIER WIKOFF, who died last week at Brighton, England, aged seventy one, had, perhaps, as adventurous a life as any man of his generation. He leaves nothing except a few trivial books of personal reminiscence, and the memory of an amiability which nothing could cloud, and an equability of temper, proof against all the vicissitudes of a varying and precarious fortune. He was always doing kind things for people and saying kind things about them, and was a favorite in all the societies to which he was admitted. He had an exhaustive stock of remembrances of interesting people of all ranks, from emperors and empresses down ; an endless stream of anecdotes, which he rehearsed with much spirit and vivacity, and a peculiarly winning and delightful social manner, which made him friends wherever he went ; and he went everywhere. In his earlier period he might dine one day at Holland House, meeting Prince Louis Napoleon, Disraeli, D'Orsay, N. P. Willis, and others of the Lady Blessington retinue, and the next with a noisy circle of literary or theatrical Bohemians in a tavern at Charing Cross or Covent Garden. Later, in the days of the empire, he might appear on the same evening at the Elysée, at the drawing-room of the Princess Mathilde or of Metternich, and wind up with a roaring supper among flaneurs and cocodettes at the Café Anglais or Bignon's. He was not in the least exclusive, and accepted all invitations which promised him amusement, giving, of course, the preference to those which amused him most. He was not learned, though he had skimmed the sur-

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face of learning, could quote Horace and Catullus on occasion with more or less aptness, knew modern languages well, and had a pleasant, gossiping literary style, the current of which was not deep enough to float any very weighty message, but it was equal to the conveyance of the picturesque and various autobiographical details of which his works mainly consist. Among his letters to me I find some of a date as remote as 1855, reporting on some friendly commissions he had executed for me in London, saying that he was going to Paris to meet Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, who had come to visit their son, "young Jim," who was being educated there; that he was going thence to Germany and after a few months would return to New York to complete the book on which he was then engaged, which was, I think, "The Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist," "My Courtship and Its Consequences" having been published a few years before. I saw him last about two years ago, during his visit to this country. He looked old, but jaunty; his short side whiskers were touched up with a mellow umber tint, which testified its artificial origin with the utmost frankness, and he was carefully dressed in the latest style. His voice and smile were as cheerful and bright as ever, but time was visibly telling on him, and the news which reached me a few weeks ago that he had been stricken with paralysis brought with it less of surprise than of regret. All is over now with the gay, amiable, aimless, epicurean chevalier, whom many kind thoughts follow and who will be more missed in the societies which knew him than many a greater and better man.

Wikoff began life with a fortune. His father, a wealthy and distinguished physician of Philadelphia, left him at his

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death two hundred thousand dollars, which was accounted a good deal of money fifty years ago. He was sent to Princeton, thereafter to Yale, from which he was expelled for riding out with a young lady when he should have been attending recitations. He then tried Harvard, which wouldn't let him in, and finally graduated at Union, having more manners than mathematics, and knowing more of waistcoats and amatory sonnets than of Euripides or Menander. In the course of his life he was editor, author, merchant, diplomatist, and impressario, and he saw and knew among many others such distinguished personages as De Tocqueville, Talleyrand, Soult, Lebau, the Duke of Wellington, William IV., Mary Woolstonecraft, Shelley, the Countess Guiccioli, Joseph Bonaparte, Mlle. Mars, Dejazet, Rubini, Lablanche, Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, Pope Gregory XVI., and the exiled Charles X. of France. With the Emperor he maintained a friendship which, beginning with Holland House, was cemented during the imprisonment of the former at Ham, and remained unbroken till his death. During his later years the Chevalier lived comfortably in chambers in Bolton Row, London, dining out a good deal with Charles Read, Sala, Sam Ward, and others of literary, artistic, or social distinction, and occupied to the last with the making of new or the refashioning of his old books.

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SAM WARD.

May 25, 1885.

SAM WARD's long life has ended in a far land, from which he was not, however, wholly alien, inasmuch as some of his kinsfolk have been long resident there, and he knew something of its literature, and language, and people, and much of its wines and viands, and knew the country well from previous visits. He died at Pegli, a small Italian town, on the 20th instant, surrounded by his relations and by all circumstances which could lend peace to his going forth. His life was lived; he was seventy-seven years old, and all the years of his manhood had been crowned with experience and adventure. He had always toyed with life, as if he were too polite and considerate to meet it sternly, and notwithstanding the range and variety of his talents, he has left little to show for them. His place in the remembrance of his friends—and they were many and of all lands—is, however, a charmed one. He impressed himself pleasantly on more dinner tables than any of his countrymen who can be named, touched society at many points—always with geniality and brightness—and often gave sign of abilities which he never found any serious work to bring out. He was a wide and various reader of the lighter forms of literature, knew Horace, and Metastasio, and Béranger, and was well versed in the arts which tend to the adornment of life. He knew something about laces and lacquers; about Henry II. ware and Gobelin tapestries; about repoussé shields and cloisonné enamels; about cameos and etchings, intaglii, old armor, old books, old

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pipes, old Amatis and Stradivariuses; but more particularly he knew all about the mystery of wines and the arts of the cuisine. In this form of wisdom he could not have been surpassed by Lucullus or Cambacérès, and his aphorisms ought to be embodied in pandects like those of Brillat Savarin and Dubois. With his death a beam of sunshine has departed from the world. We shall not look upon his like again.

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ISAAC W. ENGLAND.

May 3, 1885.

MR. ISAAC W. ENGLAND, late publisher of the *Sun*, who died last week at his residence in New Jersey, aged fifty-four, had, with a brief interregnum, been active in the work of journalism in its various departments in New York for almost thirty-five years. I remember him as reporter and city editor in the *Tribune* office so far back as 1852. He was then one of the junior lieutenants of Mr. Dana, with whom his life-work was to be so constantly and closely associated, and a part of the great prosperity of the *Sun*, under its present management, must be ascribed to the ability of his conduct of its business affairs, of which he was the head for seventeen years. He was appointed receiver of the great but embarrassed property left by the late Frank Leslie, which he successfully extricated from its entanglements and handed over unencumbered and in good working order to its inheritor. He leaves a family and a fortune, a son capable of assuming the work which he laid down, and the memory of a faithful, useful, and honorable man.

In these early *Tribune* days there was no *Times* office opposite. The Old Dutch Church, in which Dr. Spring ministered, stood upon the triangle, bounded by Beekman and Nassau streets and Park Row, surrounded by its fringes of venerable graves, all dug up not long afterward to make place for huge arched caverns, in which printing-presses innumerable have since ceaselessly run, sending out

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from those haunted spaces a more copious flood of printed matter than has in the like period issued from a like area on the Continent. Besides the *Times*, which has occupied its present place for about thirty years, the *World* had its habitation there from its foundation, in 1860, to 1880, and the number of other publications, daily, weekly, monthly, and other, continually sent abroad out of that busy hive, no statistician has yet attempted to compute. The ghosts of Dr. Spring's buried old parishioners may yet squeak and gibber in the clanging caverns out of which they were so ruthlessly extruded. Who knows? I saw the bones of many of them while they were being dug up by rude resurrectionists, and wondered with Hamlet if they cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with. How the knaves jowled them to the ground! It is a generation now since the doves last wheeled around the steeple of that venerable vanished tabernacle. Only old New Yorkers can remember it. But it was a famous landmark of the early time. Its bell answered St. Paul's, across the park, for many a year, and mixed its mellow vibrations with the remoter chimes of Trinity, being in those days, indeed, almost as renowned a temple as either of them. Connected with the *Tribune* at that time, while Mr. England was toiling at his reportorial desk besides Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana, were George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, William Henry Fry, Hilliard, the historian, James S. Pike, Count Adam de Gurowski, Mr. Thayer, subsequently author of "The Life of Beethoven," and among its contributors beside those named were some of the most distinguished literary men in the country. Mr. England was one of the few survivors of the old *Tribune* group, and to those who remain his death conveys an emotion of earnest and sincere sorrow.

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SPURGEON.

1885.

A FEW days ago I read of the death of Dr. Corey, a well-known figure on the street and an ardent lover and driver of fast trotters. He had been actor, preacher (Baptist), stock operator, and latterly promoter of enterprises, among which were the successful Lincoln Bank and Safe Deposit Company, uptown, of which Hon. Thomas L. James is president. And this morning I read that Mr. James Tool, of Leicester, England, has just died, leaving a large fortune to the Rev. C. L. Spurgeon, of London. I am reminded by this concurrence of events that the latter gentleman wrote me a note while I was in that city in 1859, requesting me to call upon him, and when I did so he told me that he had received proposals to go to the United States to lecture. An American gentleman then in London was the author of these proposals, and assured him that he might rely on such and such financial results as the outcome of the visit. Mr. Spurgeon was then engaged in building his tabernacle, and thought that if such a great sum of money—sorely needed in that pious work—awaited him on this side of the water it might present itself to him in the light of a duty to go after it. Mr. Gambart, famous fine art dealer and publisher of that time, had told him that I was acquainted with American affairs, and he had therefore requested me to call upon him in order that we might confer together upon the subject of the proposal. He fished out of a card-basket on the table the card of the American gentleman who had been laboring with him, and

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it was that of the Rev. Sidney A. Corey. I told Mr. Spurgeon that in my judgment if he visited the United States his lectures would undoubtedly fill to overflowing every auditorium in which they were delivered, and at prices as high as were ever charged here for admission to any form of public entertainment; that the maximum capacity of our public halls was about so much, and our highest prices of admission to operatic and other costly entertainments so much. Ciphering upon these bases, with a rational subtraction for expenditures, did not bring out a result so brilliant as that conceived by the imagination of Dr. Corey, which would have built the tabernacle and roofed and domed it with gold solider than that which shines over the Kremlin, but it was still a substantial one. The American doctor meant well by his English brother, but was carried away by his enthusiasm, as he often was in his operations in the street, in which he was at the last unsuccessful, and died, as I have heard, a disappointed man.

Spurgeon was short, rather slovenly in appearance, of prodigious girth, explaining the resonance and amplitude of his voice, with a narrow but fairly high forehead, a broad lower face, and an expression of boyish good-hearted joviality. His manner of speech was simple and hearty, but out of the pulpit he might at that time have been mistaken for a rather overgrown, commonplace young man. In it he towered like Whitfield—the wonder sign of amazed Britain. I have never heard such a voice in oratory. It was Lablache's set to Calvinistic theology. Everybody came to hear him — Gladstone, Disraeli, Brougham, Bright, Sir James Graham, George Cornwall Lewis, Carlyle, Thackeray, George Eliot, all that England held of worthiest; and it was, I think, the general verdict

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that no such sounding message had "uprolled its lofty diapason" from the British pulpit in many generations. It was a loss to Americans, not to be made up to them, that in these early days, when he was at his best, spite of the blandishments of Dr. Corey and the solicitations of thousands of admirers here, he found it impossible to pay us a visit.

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NICHOLAS TRÜBNER.

1884.

NICHOLAS TRÜBNER, bibliographer and publisher of Oriental works, has just died in London. He was the author of the "Bibliographical Guide to American Literature," published twenty-five years ago, and in the preparation of the materials for which he made a visit to this country in the years 1856, 1857. It was the first adequate guide to American works which had been offered to foreign readers and publishers, and still holds its place as, perhaps, the most compendious and exhaustive in that field unless that of Henry Stevens, American bibliographer of Trafalgar Square, London, divides honors with it. Mr. Trübner's publishing house in Paternoster Row was one of the curious places of London, and the visitor there might rustle the gabardine of a scholar equal to the translation of the "Shu King," or the "Tri-Pitaka," or the cuneiform inscriptions of Behistun, or the Babylonian tablets. I saw much of Mr. Trübner during my stay in London, had occasional correspondence with him for a period of years, and remember him as the most business-like of scholars and the most scholarly of business men. He was publisher for most of the learned societies of Europe, for many governments, had agents in Pekin, Calcutta, Teheran, the Cape of Good Hope, and almost everywhere else. The list of Oriental works published by him is probably greater than that of all other English publishers put together. His loss will be widely felt by bibliographers and scholars.

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GORDON.

1885.

THE old Nile, threading Egypt and Ethiopia from the steep of utmost Axume, watering now mayhap, as in the days of Rasselas, the thresholds of eighty nations, heeds little the clamor along its sullen waters, the slaying of Gordon and Earle, the massacre of the Khartoum garrison, nor the wailing therefor in far-off lands unknown to its sceptred line of Pharaohs and not laid down on its Ptolemaic charts. It has flowed so long under the echoes of battle and the noise of trampling armies, and heard so often the thundering downrush in ruin of temple, and tomb, and idol, and obelisk, and borne downward with its flood the ashes of so many dynasties and gods, that it is now become a tide of oblivion, flowing heedlessly past all the deeds which can be wrought along its shores. Isis is gone and the Memnonium, and giant Ozymandias lies headless and sceptreless along the sand. Nor is Osiris seen

> "In Memphian grove or green,
> Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud.

All the glories which it mirrored when the world was young are vanished like phantasma—like the burnt-out lamps of sacrifice which beamed around its altars or the torches of the death boats flung downward into its waves. What to it is another hero slain, another city fallen, a new sacrifice along its shores?

Gordon steps upon the dais of history in stainless robes, and will be remembered while England remembers her

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heroes. He seemed a man of mystical endowments, as if he bore in his hand a rod of enchantment and held commerce with unseen powers. Estimated according to the precepts of military science, the plan of his last enterprise seemed visionary and tempted the calamity in which it issued. But his procedure in China, which delivered the empire from a rebellion as vast as that from which our Civil War delivered us, would have likewise seemed visionary to professors of pipe clay and compilers of military manuals. Whatever may be the final judgment as to the wisdom of his Soudanese plans, now generally esteemed to have been those of a dreamer, idle as an onset with ram's horns against a walled city, posterity will allow no leaf to be taken from his laurels. The man was greater than his work—ranging and knightly as that was, near and far, in the Crimea, under the walls of Pekin, among the savages of Basutoland, amid the tents of the mad and savage King of Abyssinia, and the fierce and fanatical tribes of Equatorial Africa—and in him, as, perchance, in none other of his generation, the spirit of chivalry seemed to revive again, and in all the winding ways of him he walked crowned with its flame. The bugle horn of Roland might have been hung at his girdle, its echoes which woke the pass of Roncesvalles not yet all mute within it, and he might have worn unchallenged the shield of Tancred. England may well mourn that she cannot give his dust a grave in her great abbey, but its place of burial is known of no man, and it will be blown about the Soudanese deserts forever, one cloud along the vault with that of his slayers and the old generations of them, shadowing new processions of peace and battle till the ending of the days. But she will keep his memory with that of her worthiest, and it will be kept in lands beyond her boundaries.

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COUNT PAUL VASILI.

May 31, 1855.

COLERIDGE said of Frenchmen that they were like grains of gunpowder, separately smutty and contemptible, but mass them and they were terrible. Uttered in that period when the thunder of the Napoleonic guns might almost be heard across the channel, the poignancy of the description met with little rebuke, however inapt or out of drawing it may now appear to be. But as applied to a considerable class of Frenchmen, of whom Count Paul Vasili is at present the most flagrant example, the first part of the characterization seems to fit very well indeed. He is a chronicler of incidents of high life in various European capitals, London being the latest field of his observations. His chronicles are printed in the *Nouvelle Revue* in Paris, and they contain evil stories about almost every prominent figure in London society. Even Gladstone, whose exalted worth in private as well as in public life has been an article of British faith since Macaulay, writing of him fifty years ago, spoke of him "as a young man of unblemished character, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories," who now hate him so cordially, does not escape the envenomed arrows of this pestilent social crusader. He says that the grand old man is fond of billets-doux, and is very sly when Mrs. Gladstone is not around. This is the most ambitious flight which any scandalmonger of modern times has ventured on, eclipsing the most imaginative exploits of the late Count Horace Viel Castel, historian of the scandals of the Court of the Second Empire,

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who seems to have had his ear at every Parisian keyhole and to have listened to considerable purpose. The French Government excludes from its territory the book of the dead Count Horace, which was published in Belgium, expanding into many volumes, but it sees no objection to the publication of the lucubrations of the living Count Paul, as the first related to domestic and the last to foreign scandals, a distinction of much importance in the eyes of those who have the licensing of books in the French capital. Which of these titled social flesh flies has the more noisome sting it would be difficult to say, but each is worthy of the other, both meeting with sufficient fidelity the preliminary portion of Coleridge's description. Count Paul might as well have invaded the Brompton oratory and ascribed light conduct to Cardinal Newman, or impugned the chastity of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as to have challenged the decorum of Mr. Gladstone's private life. He is the most blameless as well as one of the greatest ministers whose name has ever adorned the beadroll of Great Britain or any other land, and naughty stories about him seem as ridiculous as if they were rehearsed of St. John of Nepomuc or the Hermit of Mount Athos. The Count by no means exhausts his resources in telling stories about the Prime Minister. He has some sinister revelation to make about almost everybody of any prominence. Of the Prince of Wales he says that he possesses precisely that degree of immorality which is becoming in a prince, and is as accomplished a connoisseur of female charms as his predecessor, George IV. Of the stout, somnolent old Duke of Cambridge he says it is no uncommon thing for him after dinner to make a cushion of the ivory shoulders of the lady who happens to sit next to him, so imperative is his need of a season of slumber after that repast. Of

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the Duke of Edinburgh he says that he was born with a fiddle in one hand and an oar in the other, and that while he is without his brother's disposition to gallantry he can drink on occasions like an old tar, getting away with as many bottles as the best of them. Like his thrifty and frugal mother, the Duke has been commonly known to be a "little near," developing that disposition in his early youth, when he got the best of his school companions in his little trades, and lent them money at rates of interest which absorbed the principal twice over in about three weeks. Count Paul treats this harmless little weakness seriously, describing him as a miser who will not give the customary shilling to the attendant when he visits a picture gallery. When his majestic mother-in-law, the Empress of Russia, came to visit her daughter, he charged her for her board, including a round price for her farewell luncheon. Of old Duke Ernst, of Saxe Coburg Gotha, brother of Prince Albert and uncle of almost everybody, he says that he is a potentate of miserable heart, narrow soul, and diseased mind, and that the quickest road to his favor is to buy horses of him, when he will cheat you and thereafter regard you with a degree of approbation measured by the amount of your purchases. He makes merchandise of his decorations, using as his agent in the sale of them an ex-coffee house waiter, and introduces his *cheres amis* into society as his illegitimate daughters, by way of giving them a dignified and unequivocal status. He has stories to tell about everybody: Lord Coleridge, Sir Charles Dilke, Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, cigar-smoking daughter of prim Herbert Spencer—spurner of conventionalities in extraordinary to British society at large, who was lately married to Lord Fitzwilliam, eldest son of the Earl of Ripon, one of the richest young nobles in England—

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and, in fact, of almost everybody else in the British capital who is worth talking about. He has performed a similar service for some of the other European capitals, and is likely to bestow his attention on still others as soon as the indignation of the society which he has so mercilessly and unscrupulously described shall have made London an uncomfortable residence for him.

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TALMAGE AND TOBACCO.

May 24, 1885.

DR. TALMAGE'S sermon on "Tobacco" has excited as much attention as any of his discourses, the subject being one which comes home to the interest of almost all grown men and a good many half-grown boys everywhere. In fact, some courageous statistician has marshalled figures to show that about eleven twelfths of the human family use this weed in some form, and consequently a consideration of its influence on the moral and physical well-being of mankind at large is of as much interest as any social question that can be discussed. That Dr. Talmage's dehortations will diminish the general aggregate of cigars smoked, or otherwise affect remotely or proximately the volume and varying conditions of the tobacco trade, is not to be looked for; but it will very likely induce a good many wavering devotees to give up the habit, for a while at any rate, and may possibly induce some young men who have not yet addicted themselves to the use of cigarettes to refrain from doing so. In so far, his discourse will bear a definite fruit of good; but there does not seem the least prospect that the dominion of this mysterious intoxicant over the human race will ever be shaken. Since "man, the imperial shape, first multiplied his generations under the pavilion of the sun's throne," he has found among all the gifts of nature to him no such subtle friend and enemy conjoined, and from Arctic to Antartic around the circle of the world, it will walk with the footsteps of

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him while Earth holds anywhere within her bosom the delicate venom wherewith to feed the rootlets of the mighty plant which distils it. All counterblasts against it will fall harmless, like that of King James, whom a few good pipes of Virginia or even a rousing quid of pigtail, poison though they were, might have made a better man and a wiser king ; and its innumerable reluctant slaves will continue to hug and hate its lighter seeming chain than gossamer, yielding as mist, yet unbreakable as adamant. The preacher says it is a bad thing, yet many of his cloth put the fragrance and blue vapor of five or six Concha regalias into a sermon. The doctor says, " It's killing you," but takes a Flor fuma all the same, and breathes out smoke and denouncement of the same in the same breath. Tobacco holds its own against the common belief that it is injurious, and there is really nothing to do with it except to smoke it and tell the boys not to. When they get older they will, of course, smoke and tell the younger ones not to, and so it will be to the end of the chapter.

It is pathetic to remember the helpless writhings of Charles Lamb in the toils of the habit, enfolding him like a coil of Medusaen serpents or like the tentaculæ of a Newfoundland octopus. In his " Confessions of a Drunkard," he describes the exchange of one thraldom for another—that of the goblet for the pipe—and how at first the latter seemed benign in the comparison, but at last became a scourge of scorpions, leaving him no rest night nor day. Spirits, diaboli, black anthropophagi, hobgoblins, lemures, continually haunted him ; Abaddon vexed and Mahu perplexed him ; to him Raleigh, who brought the terrible weed over the seas, was as one who had opened a new

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Pandora box, fountain of inexhaustible woe to mankind, or as the dark angel who had uncorked the last Apocalyptic vial, loosing the pent-up and unending floods of wrath to engulf and overwhelm the world. He would have sympathized with Dr. Talmage's denunciation of it, and lent him tropes and rhetorical missiles to hurl at it. But beyond getting out of the slavery himself, which he was obliged to do or die, it was not observed at the time that he produced any considerable effect on the English tobacco trade. It went right on as usual, the custom-house rolling in its regular revenues from that source just as the tobacco fields of Cuba and Porto Rico, Virginia and Connecticut, will continue to turn out their annual product in spite of all the sermons, essays, and doctors' interdicts in the world.

Webster hated tobacco, and if his guests at Marshfield wanted to smoke they had to go out to the horse-shed. In this he was almost alone among the public men of his time. Clay chewed; Jackson smoked a corn cob pipe, giving audience while in the White House to all manner of people with that inexpensive calumet (said to be the best pipe going) in his mouth. The Washington of that day, as of some subsequent periods, was paved with spittoons, one President anchoring a gigantic utensil of this description, its crater a yard across, in the middle of his reception room, by way of diverting in that direction the noble expectorational rage of his visitors, some of whom, in the ardor of colloquy, spat on the floor, out of the window, or, perchance, fortuitously in the casual neighboring hat. Such was the habit of the American patriot of that period, surviving yet in some of his successors. It is a

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safe bet that when Joe Blackburn called on the President the other day, in the heat of his emotions he executed salivary parabolas worthy of the best days of the Republic, hitting everywhere, with a noble disregard of etiquette, cuspidors, or precedent.

Tennyson, according to Carlyle, "floats in and out in a great element of tobacco smoke a wide, breezy, comfortable figure of a man not easy to waken, but great when he is once aroused." Carlyle's own pipe went with him to the end. "Doctor," he said in his later days, when at some health resort he had called in the local Esculapius, "I'll do anything ye say, but ye maun na tak away my pipe." When he was usher at Annam he suffered, as he always did, from dyspepsia. He went forty miles to consult a doctor of great local fame, who told him to stop smoking. He stopped several months, but it produced no effect upon his malady, so he took up his abandoned pipe again. "I found," he said, "that I might as well have poured my woes into the long, hairy, hollow ear of the first jackass I met as to have ridden forty miles to consult that doctor." Bismarck always smoked like Vesuvius until the infirmities of advancing years compelled him to exercise a certain discretion, but even now that he has passed his seventieth birthday he is rarely seen outside of official hours and spaces without a huge porcelain pipe with its stem, a yard long, hanging against his waistcoat. It is plain enough that tobacco has been associated with some of the highest practical, speculative, and imaginative work which has been done in the world since it was discovered, and if it could be brought face to face with its enemies in some court qualified to sit in judgment on its case, it would doubtless have a good deal to say for itself.

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NYE.

IN PARIS.

1874.

So illustrious has the nation become, and so earnestly does the world contemplate the outgoings and incomings of our conscript fathers, that the American worthy who fares abroad finds himself an historical personage. His works do not follow him, as in the litany, but they go before him, as the fire went before Cassandra, and gild his way. Newspapers groan with his biography. Legislative bodies invite him to a seat within their chambers. He gets tickets to unexpected balls. The driver of the Voiture calls him Excellency; the concierge grovels before him. It is likely that in many cases the errant patriot came away from home without knowing how great a man he was. A prophet has little honor in his own country, and here congressmen and senators, not to mention governors, brigadier-generals, and other citizens of titular eminence, are so very abundant that the appearance of them excites little emotion. They come and go without producing any noticeable effects upon society, and without other celebration than the record of their names on a hotel register. It is not so in Paris. There a patriot of transatlantic breed is regarded as an object of curiosity and wonder. When he strolls forth on the Boulevard interested eyes follow him, contemplating his impressive carriage, his dignified abdominal plenitude, and the tasteful attenuation of his coat-tails. At the Café the garçon reverentially spills coffee down the patriot back in his eagerness to serve. At the opera lorgnettes are bent upon him. In the salon

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statesmen who do not understand his language hang upon his accents. He is likened to Washington. He tastes the sweets of fame. He does not speak French, and is not compelled to justify his claims to renown. He finds them already discounted, and the proceeds placed to his credit. And so he draws upon them with noble liberality as one who, having come into unexpected fortune, spends lavishly, blaspheming the expense.

Nye seems to be the last American statesman whose fame has taken the French capital by storm. He dawns upon Lutetia as morning upon the Apennines—a rosy vision, towering and splendid. Scraps of his biography—sibylline leaves, light fragments from the golden book in which the silver apples of his achievement are pictured, have been wafted thither. They have heard of his wit, of the chaste delicacy of his equivoques, of his skill as a raconteur. But especially they have heard that he franked his linen home to Nevada to be washed; that he once franked a hoe; that he tried to frank a meeting-house; and that, according to the legend, he actually *did* frank a van load of furniture, including a dog churn and a piano. The French adore thrift. Though mostly on pleasure bent, they have frugal minds. To make a franc do its entire duty is the constant aim in life of every Frenchman, and when, as in the case of Nye, great wit, great personal majesty, and enormous talents are united with such economical ingenuity, their highest meed of approbation is accorded. It is probable that they liked Franklin as much on account of his frugal maxims as on account of his worsted stockings or of his philosophical discoveries.

The French Republic testified its admiration of the transatlantic Republic by electing Tom Paine, an American, one of its deputies. When it ascertains, that in addition to his economy in postal matters, he sold his sena-

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torial seat for fifty thousand dollars, it may be that it will offer a similar honor to Nye. He knows how to turn the visionary and unsubstantial phantasms of fame into cash, how to transmute office into ingots, far better than any of its present legislators. And before the session closed he would infallibly bring in a bill to double the salaries of the Chamber, like the one for which he recently voted in the legislative assembly of his own country.

We do not well like to lose Nye, for he was, without doubt, the best joker now left in public life. Fastidious persons might object to his jokes—that some of them were of a sort better fitted to be whispered into an empty barrel, where nobody was listening, than for any wider promulgation. Still the credit of wit undoubtedly belongs to him. The emotions which his wit, like his oratory, aroused were not, indeed, of the highest. It is a principle of rhetoric that height and depth inspire sentiments of sublimity, which mere extent does not. Nye's imagination is not lofty nor his thought deep, but he is sometimes long and always broad. With all these drawbacks we should lose him with regret. If France testifies her admiration of him by electing him to her Assembly, as she did Paine, we beseech her to cherish him with all gentleness and affection. He is a tender flower. Transplanted so late in life, he will want a good deal of watering and bracing up. If they could occupy his mind with the illusion of a franking system, and permit him to continually send through the mail, gigs and rocking-chairs to the remoter provinces of the Republic, it would strengthen him materially. If our sister Republic will but give him half a chance he will do her credit in many ways, but especially he will expand her repertory of Rabelasian pleasantries, beyond her wildest surmise.

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SUBSIDY "POM."

1874.

EACH circumstance in the life of the immortals, however trivial, is important to the biographer and interesting to posterity. What knowledge remains of Homer save that he was blind? It is said that seven cities which, while he lived, refused him bread, claimed after his death the honor of his nativity. But no such fact can be verified. The old minstrel is a shadow. Nothing authentically abides of him except his song. Not much is really known of Shakespeare, who died only the other day. Of all his writings there is no pen mark left save one, and that doubtful; and of the few stories told of him, such as his stealing deer and holding horses at the door of the Globe Theatre, and shining like a meteor in the wit contests of the Mermaid, a good share are doubtless fanciful and only true by accident. What would we not give for an authentic report of an interview with him? Even if his talk were but of pippins and canary, it would be forever cherished, so eager is humanity to catch up and hold in ever-during memory the lightest syllables of those whom it delights to honor.

Now, our immortal "Subsidy 'Pom,'" known in affectionate and familiar prairie-dog dialect as the bald headed child of destiny, and to the more euphuistic east as the Christian statesman, is one of the persons about whom posterity will be particular. It will want to know all about him. Not merely that he was bald, like Cæsar, or fat, like Falstaff, or with everything comfortable about him, like

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Dogberry. It will want to know more than these things—"the *why* of him," as Carlyle says; possibly even so urgent its curiosity, "the how, the which, and the wherefore, the whereof and the whatever." It will want to know if he bribed the opposition infant in his cradle, as Hercules in his unfledged cubhood strangled the serpents, or if he poured wax into his ears in his manhood, like Ulysses, to render himself deaf to the siren songs of ambition and gain. It will want to know if he turned the Jack with unreasonable frequency at seven up, and whether, when he prayed in the synagogue, he prayed as the Pharisees do, with uprolling eyes and windy suspiration, that he might be heard and seen of men.

We are fortunately able to put on record a few biographical particulars of "Pom," which we have no doubt will enliven and entertain the latest generations. We of course expect the files of this journal to be perused through all ages to come, and among the flies and June bugs embalmed in our imperishable amber, the enormous beetle Pomeroy will unquestionably come in for a full measure of attention.

The particulars we have to record of him came from Florida. They were acquired by the correspondent of a newspaper. Declining interviews with a large number of urgent alligators, which were pressed upon him at a dead run for several miles, he found himself at last on the banks of the Indian River, in the presence of an extinct warrior seated in an invalid chair taking a drink of brandy. These remains were disabled with rheumatism, and belonged to Colonel Titus, who was a famous warrior in the old Kansas days. Buckets full of bullets had been emptied into him from the Sharps rifles sent out by Beecher and Lovejoy, and he withstood, unconvinced and unconverted, a long bombardment of back copies of the *Liberator*, anti-slavery

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treatises, tracts, and Bibles. When he was a prisoner, and lying sick and helpless, John Brown, his soul then marching on in company with his body, spat in his face by way of exclamation point in the progress of their argument. By the early abolitionists he was regarded as being composed partly of horse and largely of alligator, and as uniting in his person the attributes of Moloch and Antichrist. Him the reporter proceeded to interview, the old warrior braced with recent brandy nothing loath. It happened that the news of Pomeroy's triumph over York in the Kansas Senate had just reached the everglades, and the rheumatic exile talked of Pomeroy. He knew him. They had started in life together, so to speak. Out there in Kansas Titus's war whoop rose shrill whenever there was any fighting to be done, and Pomeroy's pious bleat was heard whenever there was any money to be made and no danger.

"He never heard the whistle of a bullet," says the fire-eating Colonel. "He skirmished around the rear for what he could make." His pickings up in this way were not inconsiderable. When Jim Lane, with five hundred men and two six-pounders, opened fire on the Colonel's shanty, sending sixteen bullets through it, the Colonel, as he states, "went out to see what had broken loose, and they 'gobbled' him." They "went through" his shanty and "rooted up" his treasure, amounting to twenty-eight hundred dollars in gold. This Pomeroy got. He has got it yet. With this (possibly) as a fiscal basis he started a "wild-cat" bank at Atchison, which exploded as soon as it had got all its notes out. A howl rose from depositors and bill-holders far and near, and all thirsted for the gore of Pomeroy, who, eluding perils, smiled in transient exile the smile of inward contentment, and consciousness that

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he held none of his own wild-cat money. About this time, in a sudden convulsion of liberality, he forwarded to the museum in Boston a valuable gift to be placed on exhibition there. It was a hooped skirt, which had formerly circumscribed the consort of Colonel Titus. The museum placard which set forth the history of the lattice in question imparted likewise that the Colonel was a border ruffian. Hearing of the publicity imparted to a section of the wardrobe of his family, and the opprobrious designation applied to himself, and learning that Pomeroy was the agent of these outrages, the Colonel's hair rose. He buckled on his derringers, put a bowie-knife behind each ear, and with side pockets full of hand grenades and bomb-shells, went forth to pay a morning visit to his enemy. He found him in a court room in Kansas City. His first onset was of a pecuniary nature. He had one hundred dollars of "Pom's" wild-cat money, and he wanted it redeemed. But "Pom" smiled a bland and childlike smile, and pointed the moral that he was not legally responsible. Then the Colonel's eye blazed

> "Like that autumn star,
> The baleful sign of fevers,"

and he projected his majestic bulk upon that false financier, who fell before him

> "As falls on Mount Avernus
> A thunder-smitten oak."

But he showed no fight. He was at length, after the withdrawal of the Colonel, carried out in a pillow case by the jury, who were half inclined to sit on the contents in order to determine whether they really comprised the bald-headed child of destiny entire, or whether they were merely, as Captain Cuttle would say, "his remainders." But he

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came to pretty soon, and in requital of the wounds he had received in the cause of careful financiering and bleeding Kansas, was elected to the Senate. This is really the way "Pom" got his start. He was punched into promotion by the once stalwart but now rheumatic fist of Titus. But let e'en the devil have his due. He actually bled for his country before he "bled" it to any serious or very damaging extent. Some of his Senatorial and Congressional fellows have not even that questionable merit. There can be no doubt that the angel which carries up to heaven's chancery the record of the misdeeds of "Pom" will put in at the same time a saving word for that scar over his left eyebrow, and, perhaps, shed tubfuls of tears on the scar and the record, blotting both out. However this may be, these incidents in his career are worthy of note and celebration, and Colonel Titus's whoop, far sounding from the Floridian everglades by the summer borders of the Indian River, is a yell in the interest of accurate history on which we cordially congratulate that rheumatic warrior.

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WELLINGTON.

1885.

In a visit to the picture gallery at Apsley House, whither Mr. Delane once conducted me, I saw for a few minutes the second Duke of Wellington, who has just died in England at an advanced age; but I remember his pictures better than their possessor, and of him, except a rather plain, off hand manner, in which a tinge of humor seemed to disclose itself, recall nothing worthy of record. He looked enough like his eagle-fronted parent to authenticate his descent, but was rather like a copy in water-colors, the solidity and vigor of the original wanting. Of him, none in looking at him could doubt, the fiery Mahrattas of Assaye would have made short work, and he never would have stormed the fortresses of Seringapatam, nor drawn the lines at Torres Vedras, nor held the bolt of victory in his hand ready in the crowning moment to be launched at Waterloo. Since his death it is said of him that he was always so overshadowed by the renown of his father that he did not get his just due. He passed for one of the most commonplace dukes in the peerage, which is saying a good deal, but he was in reality an amiable and intelligent gentleman, full of good stories and with a bright, ready wit about him which would have made him a welcome diner-out without the aid of his strawberry leaves and title. He held his stern and mighty predecessor in the greatest veneration, though he said of him: "He always treated us" (himself and his younger brother) "like duffers," a word of uncertain etymology, but which

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may be interpreted as implying clumsiness, inaptitude, and general deficiency. His life, like his father's, was marked by a series of amatory incidents; but, unlike his father's, it was not marked by anything else in particular, and his seventy and odd years went by as uselessly as the lives of most dukes do, and somewhat less conspicuously. His title was as much too heavy for him as the armor of Clovis would have been for one of the Roi Faineants of his line. But he did not drag it in the mire, as that of another and earlier fighting British duke has been by some of his descendants, and if he was not so great as its founder, he was at any rate more amusing and a pleasanter person to look at and listen to across a dinner table.

But the Iron Duke, notwithstanding his habitual sternness and gravity, could be amusing on occasion. Once a writer addressed him, asking the privilege of dedicating a book to him. To this the old field marshal, always prompt in his letter-writing, replied declining that honor, and saying that he had always felt himself impelled to do so when Prime Minister, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, etc., and in other positions "much exposed to authors."

"Get as much into twenty-five minutes as you can," he said to his chaplain in India one Sunday morning before service; "I won't stay longer." The publication of his letters and despatches in the late years of his life awakened unexampled interest, and two letters from him were advertised for sale by a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He sent Colonel —— to buy them, which was done, sixty pounds being demanded and paid. The Duke read them, and thrust them one after the other be-

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tween the bars of the grate. "I was a d——d fool when I wrote those letters," he said to his emissary, "and you were a d——d fool when you bought them." During the Peninsular Campaign his commissary general told him that they had eaten all the oxen in the country, and he did not know where to turn for beef. "Well, then," the Duke replied, "we must begin on the sheep, and when they are gone I suppose we must go."

In the Peninsula an officer came to him to argue the case of a friend who had been disciplined. "Your friend may go to ——," said the peppery commander. "Shall I go to the quartermaster-general to get the route?" the officer asked, whereat they both fell laughing together, and the incident terminated more happily than it promised to do at the outset. After Vittoria a Spanish officer, to whom that duty had been delegated, brought him King Joseph Bonaparte's sword—a gorgeous affair, hilt of sculptured steel set with diamonds—and presented it to him just as he was sitting down to dinner. "Put it by safe somewhere," he said to his man, giving just a look at the weapon, and then fell to upon the soup. To Sir John Malcolm, in Paris, just after Waterloo, he said of that battle: "There was no manœuvring. They pounded and we pounded, and we pounded the hardest, and that carried the day." He was once in the company of the Abbé de Pradt, whom the Emperor Napoleon visited at Warsaw during his flight from Russia, and who first records the imperial apothegm that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The Abbé read from one of his own books, the Duke with the rest listening—"One man alone has saved Europe." Here he made a pause, and all eyes were turned to the Duke. "I am the man," he continued, with a fine gesture. Emotions of the Duke and the rest of the assembly not

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recorded. Mr. Delane informed me that he had on one occasion—I think not long before the Duke's death—sat at dinner with seven survivors of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke being one ; and of Longwood, Napoleon's residence at St. Helena, he said that it was turned into a cow stable immediately after the Emperor's death, the stalls and mangers being set up in the very room where he died—in fact, in all the rooms, which were not many ; the place being of the most modest pretentions and dimensions. It was given over to these uses for some years, but was finally rented as a farm-house, its lease including the right to exact a moderate sum from visitors—a custom maintained to this day. The Duke prided himself on knowing all the titles of the immense collection of pictures in Apsley House, and once while Frith, the artist, was visiting him, he asked the title of a rather gloomy portrait inconspicuously placed, which seemed to confuse the Duke for a moment. He left his guest, who went on looking at the surrounding pictures, and presently heard the deep voice of his host sounding over his shoulder, " Bloody Mary."

Early in the century, when he had only reached the grade of lieutenant-colonel in the army, he fell very much in love with an American lady, formerly Miss Caton, of Baltimore, then the wife of Mr. Robert Patterson, who was making the tour of Europe, and whom the enamored soldier followed from city to city, giving rise to a variety of comments which it is not worth while at this late day to revive. When she returned to America he wrote to her by every sailing packet, giving her a general account of society movements in London. She revisited England as a widow ; the Duke having, mean-

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time, married, could not offer her his hand, but he presented to her his elder brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, who soon after became her husband. She lived till 1853, a year longer than the Duke, with whom her friendship was unbroken to the last. One of her sisters married Colonel Hervey, who served on Wellington's staff at Waterloo. After his death she became the Marchioness of Caermarthen, and subsequently Duchess of Leeds. A third sister of the same family married into the then obstinate circle of English nobility, making a matrimonial score so far unmatched in the annals of American families.

It is not now known whether, in flying about the Continental cities in the wake of this transatlantic siren, Col. Wellesley neglected any of his military duties, but he would not allow love to interfere with business in the case of his subordinates. Here is a curious letter bearing on this point, not, I think, included in any of the volumes of his printed correspondence, and which sets the grim old chieftain in the light of an experienced and penetrating observer in affairs of the heart:

QUINTA DE ST. JOAC, June 27, 1811.

I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 3d inst., and it is impossible not to feel for the unhappiness of the young lady which you have so well described, but it is not so easy as you imagine to apply the remedy. It appears to me that I should be guilty of a breach of discretion if I were to send for the fortunate object of this young lady's affections and apprise him of the pressing necessity for his early return to England; the application for permission to go ought to come from himself, and, at all events, the offer ought not to be made by me, and par-

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ticularly not founded on the secret of this interesting young lady. But this fortunate major now commands his battalion, and I am very apprehensive that he could not with propriety quit it at present, even though the life of this female should depend upon it, and, therefore, I think he will not ask for leave. We read occasionally of desperate cases of this description, but I cannot say that I have ever yet known of a young lady dying of love. They contrive in some manner to live and look tolerably well, notwithstanding their despair or the continued absence of their lover; and some even have been known to recover so far as to be inclined to take another lover if the absence of the first had lasted too long. I don't suppose that your *protégée* can ever recover so far, but I do hope she will survive the continued necessary absence of the major, and enjoy with him hereafter many happy days.

I have, etc.,

WELLINGTON.

Neither dukes nor lord chancellors always breed descendants up to the standard of their inheritances and responsibilities. One of Lord Eldon's weak posterity—his grandson, who claimed likewise a relationship with the house of Wellington, rather a fair, handsome young fellow, with curling blond beard and full-blown British aspect—came to this country twenty-four or five years ago, and after all kinds of obscure vicissitudes went off to the wars in the capacity of servant to a cavalry officer, glad to get even that, in his case, unworthy employment. He had run through two fortunes before he was twenty-five years old, and was finally shipped off to this country to make his own career, which he did in the manner described. I saw him first on the deck of the tender which brought passengers

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to the Southampton steamer, and with him were two women, one of middle age and in tears, the other young, with a sorrowful, nun-like face, both very pale and dressed in deep mourning. As they bade him farewell the elderly lady placed a purse in his hand, which he put in his pocket, and then mounted the ship's stairway and disappeared amid the crowd of passengers, while the little boat cast off her lines and steamed away to the harbor. I was leaning over the ship's side when this little drama took place, and can yet see the pathetic, tearful face of the elder woman, who, as I afterward learned, was his mother, taking what was doubtless her final farewell of her son. The purse contained three hundred pounds, but before we reached New York it had all except a few shillings gone into the pockets of some clever lansquenet players and some pretty French actresses who were coming to America on a dramatic tour, and who, with the thrift of their nation and class, occupied the second cabin and were ready to pluck an honest feather out of any land pigeon or sea-gull who was venturesome enough to flutter within their reach. He was gotten through the custom-house somehow and set in decent lodgings and variously looked after for a period of months, till his departure for the war above recited, but nothing whatever was to be made of him. After his departure I wrote to his family, who lived at Corfe Castle, somewhere on the southern English coast, giving them information of what had befallen him since he reached America, but I got no response, and of him I never heard afterward. He very likely perished in the war, and was huddled under earth somewhere among the unnamed, mixing some grains of the Chancellor's dust and the Duke's too, mayhap, with the soil of strangers, a fate in his helpless case not to be seriously deplored.

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CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

EGYPT AT THE CENTENNIAL.

May, 1876.

EGYPT is the oldest of nations; we are almost the youngest, and she, withered but sprightly and social damsel, shows a graceful alacrity in coming to the Centennial feast to which we have bidden her. She is among the first of our visitors; that is, she is among the earliest to send hither her baggage, token that she is on the way, and bent on paying us a good visit. She is very welcome. Dame Columbia is not yet quite through with her house-cleaning, and the van containing her early visitor's luggage has surprised her, mop in hand, with pattens on, and her back hair in much disorder. But all will be well presently, and it will be pleasant when the feast is set to see the fair, youthful hostess and her venerable guest seated side by side, interchanging ancient and modern phrases of amity and good-will. This is what Pharaoh would never have dreamed of—that Egypt should outlast her pyramids, be young when they were outworn, and sit down rejuvenescent, a guest amid the far Atlantides, bending her head to other stars than those that answered the fire of Canopus; breathing in other seasons than those that ripened her corn and set the odorous urn of bloom upon her lotos; kindled with other purposes than those which pursued the Israelites; worshipping other gods than Osiris; versed in other lore than that of her priests of Isis and Memnon—in fact, robed spiritually and bodily in the shining raiment of a civilization

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as remote from his ken as were the starry paths of Bootes and the Bear. But it has come true as if he had dreamed it in the day of his encircling plagues; and it is really very interesting to meditate the Egypt of the printing-press, and the railroad, and the telegraph; of the Government debt, and the orthodox annual deficit; of breech-loading rifles and Gatling guns; of spelling-books and polytechnic academies; of political aspirations and animations which contemplate female suffrage, separation of Church and State, and the extrusion of God from the Constitution; and to remember the while, that it is the Egypt of the Labyrinth and the Pyramid; of Rameses and Psammetichus; of Cambyses and Napoleon; of Moses; of Cleopatra and Pharaoh's daughter; of the thirty dynasties!

It is very pleasant to see her come forth in these late ages so light footed and bright of mien; she who walked beside her Nile in the morning of the world, its red dawn marking her brow with fadeless and changeless benediction. Other nations have come and gone in endless succession—Chaldean, and Syrian, and Peninsular, leaving on earth each but a spot of ashes, as the Tartar tent leaves its mark of extinguished fire in the waste; but she renews her youth perpetually as if the mother urn of her river were the fountain which Ponce de Leon sought in the Floridian glades, and which other dreamers have sought in other lands and ages. She has gone through the vicissitudes of sixty centuries, and to her our hundred years of duration will not probably seem a very venerable antiquity. She has seen so long how time is kind with the principle of change; how, save her own tombs and colonnades, all the works of man waver in ever-shifting forms as clouds, or fall in unregarded dust, nothing abiding; that she may not deem even the pompous and imposing structure of our prosper-

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ity eternal, but may see in our Constitution and forms of polity, as well as in our proudest material erections, but a passing dream and vision—the outward husk and investiture and the inward faith or *credo* of a period, both husk and creed to pass away as a watch in the night; as the Pharaonic ritual, and the hundred gates of Thebes, the cults of Belus, Ashtaroth, and Ammon, and their desert shrines and pillared mountain temples have passed away. But she will be much too polite to say this; and she will placidly listen to the orations which will pour round her like her flooding Nile, setting forth that everything American, being perfect, is going to remain precisely as it is forever—Constitution, flag, eagle, common-school system, oratory, buncombe and all. This is a respectable and patriotic faith, but if, in her secret heart, she does not quite adopt it, who can blame her? She has seen so much that was good slowly lapse into that which was evil, so much that was evil ripen to doom; so much pass away!

However, our guest, who brings wholesome lessons with her, if we will but ponder them, may carry back equally wholesome ones which she has learned from us. Like the other Eastern lands, she has not always been hospitable to the teachings of civilizations other than her own. She has not always been free from theological narrowness, and until recently has exhibited an obstinate and irrational attachment to a very old-fashioned and inefficient article of plough. She may learn from us frank and generous toleration of all sorts of religions or non-religions. She may learn how fruitful and beneficent is labor, and how excessively important it is that it should be supplemented by the right sort of tools, all of which she will have an opportunity of examining, and the uses of which will be carefully pointed out to her; and, remembering with bitterness how

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of old, when the nations went visiting each other, they went in arms and left behind them a track of ruin, she may learn in our peaceful gathering together of the peoples of the world that the brotherhood of man is fruitful of all beauty and benefaction, and that it is her duty to contribute her full share of benignity thereto, Mahomet, or Moollah, or Sheik Ul Islam, or whomsoever to the contrary, notwithstanding. When she goes back she may ponder these lessons beside her Nile, and they will be blessed unto her.

ASIA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

1876.

The East is to send to the Centennial of its palms and caravans and whatsoever may illustrate to us the dream and splendor of that ancient and sacred land. Its kneeling camels and its Bedouin tents, with their gear and occupants, we shall be quite sure to have, and it may be that the liberality, pecuniary and religious, of the Khedive, under whose princely auspices the Orient retinue comes, will enable our Christian people to see some sort of a representation of a Mohammedan mosque with its muezzin calling to prayer, and its worshippers with their brows upon its pavement and their bare brown feet, worn with desert marches, set up in rows like the anatomical lasts in a French bootmaker's window. These people will come to us out of the lands of the Bible, and it is not possible to conceive of any feature of the Exhibition, world-inclusive as it bids fair to be, which will possess a deeper interest for the American people. In some venerable and white-bearded Arabian, robed and girdled and set round with all patriarchal ensigns, of equipage and lineal following, we may see a type of Abraham as he walked before God in

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the morning of the world, changed but little in outward seeming by the centuries which have elapsed since the Father of Israel ascended Mount Moriah on his bitter errand. The sheikh will be a Mohammedan, it is true, while Abraham bent the knee only to the mystical I Am, who spake to him not through the cloud, but as one who speaks with His servant, face to face. But religions come and go in the East.

> "'Twas Jove's, 'tis Mahomet's—
> And other creeds will rise with other years;"

but the Eastern men remain the same to-day, yesterday, to-morrow. They wear the same raiment and live in the same habitations, and have the same household laws and ways as those which are described in the Bible. Perhaps the very sand which "the feet of Moses, burned and bare," crushed beneath their tread, may have been trodden by some of the pilgrims who will wend Philadelphiaward next year to kiss the Kabaa stone of the Quaker Mecca, and bathe in the waters of redemption which roll turbidly through the channel of the Delaware. Anchorites from the shade of "Engedi's palms," and desert hermits with raiment of camel's-hair like John the Baptist, may come. Burly Turkomans, likewise, from the banks of Oxus and Jaxartes, from Khokand and Khiva, and wild-eyed zealots from the Chorasmian wastes, where they believe in the sacred pretensions of the Bab and would like to slay unbelievers in their plausible and intelligible faith. We should welcome a Wahabee or two. He is an uncomfortable person for the Christian to meet in his own Nedjean Mountains, for he would be likely to chop the Christian's head off, as Mr. Palgrave, who visited him at home, cleverly informs us; but abroad on visits he is very likely a civil

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fanatic who contents himself with having his private opinion of you. He is the Puritan of the Mohammedan lands; doesn't smoke tobacco; thinks it accursed, and considers that outside of his own land and nation the generations of mankind are "logs for hell-fire." He would fit in rather delicately in the Eastern mosaic which we are imagining as a Centennial ornament. Some of the wild djerrid-flinging warriors of the great Shammar tribe which inhabits far and wide the regions which, in desolate contrast with their ancient fertility, spread round wasted Babylon. They could teach our American youth some fanciful lessons in horsemanship, if nothing else. There is no reason why there should not be some intelligible representation of the life of the harem, which is not very well understood by the ladies of the West, and possesses many elements of order, grace, decorum, and gentleness, which even the obstreperous, strong-minded American female will find it difficult to contemplate without a tolerant emotion. Of course the East will send its stuffs of all kinds, rugs and tapestries and inlaid armor, delicate jewelry work and the like, but they are not a largely producing people, and the most interesting part of their show will be themselves. The men and women of the desert and the city—from the gardens of Bagdad and Damascus, and the wastes of Libya and Arabia. This coming together of far and strange peoples is always fraught with good, promoting commerce on the one hand and mutual toleration on the other, thus helping on a little toward that golden time when the brotherhood of all men shall be recognized by all men throughout the boundaries of the world.

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THE CENTENNIAL GIFT OF FRANCE.

1876.

It is said that the fragments of the Rhodian Colossus, bought by a Jew of Edessa after the mighty image had been shaken down by an earthquake, loaded with brass nine hundred camels. Gibbon doubts the story, lopping off a square acre of camels and brass enough to diffuse dinner-pots among the hosts of Xerxes. But Gibbon was a chronic doubter, and we see no reason why his learned incredulity should spoil a good story. The Rhodian image was certainly towering enough to cast its far-beaming brassy blaze over all the world of antiquity, and it makes a very respectable figure in tradition, floating vast in the imagination of mankind through all these dim centuries, and perpetuating the fame of the city whose harbor it guarded and whose seaward gate it bestrode. Its relics might have laden nine hundred camels as well as nine, and a liberal sense of what is due to antiquity impels us to incline to the former number, even at the cost of a little inattention to the authority of such a tremendous scholar and historian as Gibbon. It was certainly the most high and straddling thing of its kind on record, and its fame has hitherto been unique, transcending that of the Phidian Jupiter, that mountain of marble and ivory and gold; of Ozymandias, huge and prone; of sullen and voiceless Memnon amid the waste. But it is quite seriously proposed to get up a modern image, not of Apollo, as that of Rhodes was, but of Liberty, a sign better befitting the age in which we dwell, and give it an island throne in the midst of the waters of our harbor. The proposal comes from France. She designs to present us with this sublime brazen image. We are to rear its pedestal; and so the two republics will

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join hands in signalizing, by the erection of this majestic and enduring sign, the hundredth anniversary of the national life of the first-born of them. The idea is grand and imposing. Such a work, towering all day against the sky, dark and huge, and flaming seaward all night from an illuminated star set upon its forehead, like the Mediterranean fires of Canopus, might represent to our metropolitan hosts generation after generation, while the rivets of the goddess held her together and her bronze remained unwasted by the canker of rust and decay, what the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire represented to the hosts of Israel—a sign of guidance and guardianship, a beckoning and protecting shape throned against the heavens, visited all night by troops of stars, and by day taking with equal front the thunder and the sunshine. The goddess which Crawford wrought, and which perches like a dove on the summit of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, diminished by distance and etherealized by the upper light in which she swims dream-like and vague, would seem a pigmy beside her swarthy sister. So even would that gigantic figure typical of Bavaria, by Schwanthaler, in Munich, in front of one of the many Doric colonnades built by prodigal and magnificent old Ludwig. Just now that is the largest in the world. But the conceptions of our French brethren who design us this honor quite transcend the conceptions of Schwanthaler and the ambition of his sovereign. It is proposed that statue and pedestal shall reach an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Not only is this proposal quite a serious one, but there seems little doubt that it will be carried out and the centennial year be greeted by this majestic image set in the midst of the harbor. M. Laboulaye, to whom belongs the honor of originating the design, is very much

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in earnest, and his compatriots join hands with him with enthusiastic eagerness, reminding us anew of the France which helped give us that independence that gave to Liberty herself her throne in this western half of the world. America, of course, will not be backward in co-operating in a work of such generous and noble design. Possibly when the Centennial celebration has gone by, with all its world-reaching effort, this bronze figure will remain the most enduring and memorable form to which it gave rise, or achievement in any way associated with it. Earthquakes are not so numerous here as they were along the Asian border of the Mediterranean in the days of the elder Colossus, and there is not much likelihood that our goddess would, like the Rhodian god, be toppled over by such a convulsion; so that, with frequent oiling and a liberal annual appropriation to keep the inside screws tight, we might hope that perchance the colossal, time defying brazen allegory might look upon our millennial year of freedom, and through all that time with steady hand hold firm the bonds which unite us with the chivalrous and noble nation which set her majestic shape amid our restless tides.

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PARAGRAPHS.

BISMARCK.

1884–5.

It is forty years since Bismarck began to act upon the political concerns of Germany. He was a member of the General Diet of Berlin in 1845, and at once distinguished himself as an extreme advocate of the unlimited rights and authorities of the throne. He was a colossus, six feet four, his big, manly voice not then, as now, turning toward childish treble, and he overawed allies and antagonists alike, in the Diet and out of it. Once in a Berlinese rathskeller, when Bavarian beer was flowing in oceans, some one adventured upon a rather sharp criticism of the sovereign. "Out of here," said Bismarck, getting on his feet and looming through the cloud of tobacco smoke like one of the colossi of the Niebelungen. "If you are not out of here when I have finished this beer I shall break the glass on your head." The terrified liberal of course girded his loins and fled. In all places Bismarck distinguished himself by his devotion to the cause of the reigning family, and it was not in the nature of things that such zeal should be overlooked by those who had inspired it and in whose cause it was active. He was early taken into the confidence of the King, and in 1851 was sent to represent Prussia in the old Imperial Diet of Frankfort, where the ambassadors of all the States of Germany and delegates from some of the free cities then assembled. They were a dull lot, as Bismarck has recounted, Austria be-

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ing dominant, the rest servile and subservient. Bismarck descended among them like a golden eagle among a flock of Pomerania geese, lit his cigar in the sessions of the Diet (a privilege theretofore monopolized by the representative of Austria), flooded the Diet Chamber with tobacco smoke and ideas, and introduced therein an element of energy and agitation which it had never experienced before, and which his fellow ministers contemplated with amazement and consternation. Some of his letters to his wife, written during this period, are admirable contributions to the humorous literature of his land and period, the former not over-fruitful of such. He saw quite through this dismal and ridiculous group of clothes-horses, saw how empty were their pretentious airs of mystery and importance, and he held them up one after another for the inspection of his wife, like so many comic marionnettes. His own was the only clear and ranging vision in that dim-eyed conclave; he saw that the iron mace of Prussia must smite Austria on her armored front and lay in the dust once for all her pretensions to primacy in the concerns of the German people. That place of right was Prussia's, and to secure it for her has been the steadfast aim of his life: in the Berlin Assembly, the Frankfort Diet, the Embassy at St. Petersburg, where he captivated the Czar, Gortchakoff, and the populace, joining the hunts in Courland, driving drioskys with three horses abreast and jingling bells along the Nevskoi Prospekt, and keeping tame bears in his anteroom; in Paris, where he twisted the weak, flaccid Emperor around his finger, fascinated the Empress and the ladies of her court, as well as the biting and critical Prosper Mérimée, who was dazzled and wonderstruck by the transit of such a tremendous luminary across his orbital plane; in the foreign office and chancellerie at Berlin,

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where he wove his nets of policy resulting in Sadowa and Sedan, and in placing the imperial circlet upon the ancient royal crown of Prussia—everywhere and in all the various functions devolved on him he has been animated by a single purpose—to weld the dissevered and sometimes dissonant States of the Fatherland into a compact and powerful unity under the control of the Princes of the house of Hohenzollern, and he has accomplished the work which he thus appointed unto himself more successfully than Richelieu or Wolsey; wrought a deeper influence upon the political concerns of Europe than any man within its boundaries since Napoleon, and probably a more enduring one than his. The German people had good reason for the enthusiasm with which they celebrated his birthday, and for the generosity with which they crowned it with gifts.

Bismarck is the greatest figure which has appeared in the statesmanship of Europe since Richelieu, and he carries with him all the outward signs of majesty and power in a greater degree than any personage of his time. He is taller than the late Czar Nicholas, has a head the size of Webster's, and a breadth and massiveness of body equal to those of the late General Scott. When he enters the Reichstag it is like the entrance of Jupiter among the hierarchy of Olympus. His eyebrows are thick, white, and overhanging; his mustache, likewise snow white, and, as a recent correspondent describes him, "his face is covered with folds and wrinkles, broad rings surround his eyes, and even his forehead is drawn into minute corrugations, like the skin upon a withered apple. His head is naked of hair and shines like a dome of polished ivory. His eyes have a cold and somewhat cruel expression, and when he

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begins to speak the color of his face changes from pale to red, and gradually assumes a light bronze shade which gives his powerful skull the appearance of burnished metal." His voice is soft, almost weak, and when he has spoken for a while it grows somewhat hoarse. He speaks rapidly or with deliberation, according to his mood, but never in a loud voice; is courteous, though sometimes ironical in manner, and gives token of his rising wrath, which is frequently excited by his opponents, rather by the swelling of the huge veins in his neck and by clutching at the collar of his uniform than by any furious rhetorical outburst. He makes the memoranda for his speeches on loose sheets of quarto paper with pencils more than a foot long, and the words which he jots down with them and utters in so soft a tone have the weight of cannon balls. The old Chancellor draws now to the end of his career; his imperial master is slumbering away the remnant of his hours, and when he passes away, which may be at any time, the work of his mighty minister, the greatest who has ever served the house of Hohenzollern or wrought in the political concerns of the Fatherland, may be regarded as practically accomplished.

NAPOLEON.

Although Westminster Abbey shut its gates against the dead Prince Imperial who fell in her African wars, the soil of Britain seems destined for a space at least to give his ashes rest as well as those of his Imperial father, who there in his earlier and later days found asylum and at last death, deluges of sweet sleep descending on him there out of the abounding regions of sleep, drowning the memory of many an error and stilling the pang of many a misdeed.

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Father and son are to lie side by side in a grand mausoleum at Farnborough which the Empress is building, and where at the last she will take her place beside them—fond, foolish, and sorely stricken Imperial female, cause of deeper woe to France than any whose name is borne on her calendars, inasmuch as out of her policy—which was that of her priests, and which her lord was too supine and apathetic to resist—blossomed Sedan and the dismemberment of the empire. If the Napoleonic rule be ever restored in France they will go back—father, mother, and son, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave—perhaps to take their places, with the founder of their line, under the dome of the Invalides. Till then the descendants of the great line must rest in exile under an alien earth and sky, but meantime their surviving Artemisia takes care that they shall be hearsed like Mausolus, whether it be for a little or a greater space of time.

MEISSONIER.

Meissonier is housed like Sardanapalus, and was once deemed to be the richest of painters. He is the Danaë on whom all the amorous Olympian virtuosi have rained gold. He says that a prince of art ought to be lodged like any other prince, and has attested his sense of his legitimacy by surrounding himself with the most gorgeous environments—tapestries, bronzes, gold and silver work, pictures, vases, tiger skins, toys in amber, ferns, "laborious Orient ivory, sphere in sphere," and whatever else of artifice and splendor and wonder the sorcery of his riches and taste could charm around him. He is an old man now, seventy-three, thin-blooded, eagle-beaked and white-bearded, surly, secluded, and unbeloved. "It appears to

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me," he said to Dumas, whom he met on the Boulevard the other day, "that I am generally detested." "You are," said Dumas. "And why, may I ask?" "Well, you are always preoccupied; see nobody; rarely respond to salutations, and when you do, instead of giving your hand, you thrust out two fingers, as you just now did to me."

His artistic power reached its limit twenty years ago. In the interval it has shown neither abatement nor increase, and he has cultivated rapacity. His charges are like those of Fontenoy, of Quatre Bras, of Waterloo, of Castor and Pollux at the battle of Lake Regillus, and surpass in energy and abandon that on which, at furious gallop, he has sent his costly cuirassiers.

The late A. T. Stewart paid sixty thousand dollars for "Friedland: 1870," the largest and costliest Meissonier ever brought to this country; and though the largest of the Meissoniers, it is only of moderate dimensions. It is regarded by the artist as his *chef d'œuvre.* It is recorded of Rembrandt that he made his patrons cover his pictures with gold pieces. How many times "Friedland" would have to be thus covered any curious cipherer discovering its area may determine. It was painted for Sir Richard Wallace, heir of Lord Hertford, who died in Paris a dozen years ago, leaving one of the most famous art collections in Europe, and unlimited wealth besides. But even fabulously rich Sir Richard did not like the drawing of the Arabic figures in which the commercial value of the work was expressed, and so abandoned it to the clutch of his transatlantic dry-goods rival.

There is a growing conviction that the work of Meissonier, admirable as it is, has in a monetary sense been overvalued. In his own domain he is unrivalled, but his

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domain is a limited one. He moves in the zodiac of the graceful, the refined, the daintily realistic, the sentimental, and weaves petite dramas of the boudoir, the guard-room, the chateau terrace, the atelier, with unsurpassed felicity. But he never touches the chord of a lofty sentiment. There is something toy-like and liliputian even in the onset of his charging cuirassiers, and melodrama in the expression he has set on the faces of his men-at-arms which ride toward death. His genius is pale beside that of Fortuny, and Zamacois, in all the qualities which transcend technique, soars above him like an eagle. Not all the brilliant circle of his works taken together have power to move the heart like Jean François Millet's "Angelus," and like a few other works of recent art which might be named. This is only saying that M. Meissonier is not somebody else which he, perhaps, doesn't want to be. So far as success is determined by contemporary applause and reward he has attained the highest, but time is yet to be heard from, and that may modify present judgments and fix a new scale of prices for his work.

HANS MAKART.

Hans Makart, the great Austrian painter, was buried the other day in Vienna with such pomp as is generally reserved for kings and conquerors, attesting the pride and affection with which all classes of the people of that refined and luxurious Danubian capital regarded their greatest painter, unless the Hungarian Munkacsy be claimed by the Austrians as belonging to them. Makart's work measured by its superfices covered a field so vast as to be almost incredible, affording a sufficient explanation of his sudden break-down in the middle of his career and his sequestra-

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tion in an asylum for the insane. He covered more canvas than Vernet and Doré put together, and his works would crowd a larger gallery than those of a score of his most expansive contemporaries. Americans will remember him by his vast Venetian composition exhibited at the world's fair in Philadelphia, an acre of pomp and gorgeousness shadowing the vanished splendor and faded festival of that sea-engirdled city " of whose feasts monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased ;" but not many of his works are included in American collections. He adds another to the contemporary list of great artists shattered in strength or called untimely from their work. Zamacois and Fortuny died in the morning of their achievement, Rousseau went mad, Jean François Millet, always oppressed with poverty, often reduced to sordid extremity while producing the greatest works of art of the nineteenth century, hardly lived out half his days. Doré died at fifty, in the meridian of his career. There has never been a time in which the rewards of the successful artist were so munificent, perhaps none in which the incentives to overwork were so imperious, and this may afford some explanation of the prematurely shattered strength and untimely death of so many of the great painters of the generation, who, with well-husbanded forces, might have reached the years of Angelo or Titian.

DUMAS.

Of Alexander Dumas, the elder, Edmond About tells this story : It was in 1858 at Marseilles. He was on his way to Italy—fruit thereof in due time " Un Question Romaine"—when he was seized upon at the station by " un colosse su-

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perbe et bienviellant," who whirled him off to his hotel, cooked him an incomparable bouillibasse, took him to the theatre, carried him off afterward to a tremendous supper, brought him back half dead at three or four o'clock in the morning, lit his candle, gave him good-night, and then sat himself down to write three feuilletons for that day's post. When About awoke in the morning Dumas was shaving himself and singing, and on the table were three thick envelopes addressed to three journals and an additional document of magnitude but of undetermined import. The fading figure of the old novelist looms majestically through the luminous ether of M. About's description, and it is easy to see that his type began and ended with him ; that whatever may be written or said, Dumas was Dumas, as Mirabeau was Mirabeau, a unique figure upon the stage of this world, to be always remembered with admiration and amazement. One night, at the Della Scala in Milan, he found himself seated next to a portly, well-dressed, amusing gentleman, with whom he had agreeable discourse in pauses of the music, and when they separated the stranger said : " Perhaps it may interest you to know with whom you have been conversing. I am Alexander Dumas." " So am I," said the legitimate Alexander, and they parted, doubtless with many musings. Dumas was not particularly sensitive to the African strain in his blood, though it occasionally brought on him jibes which made him wince. Garibaldi liked him, and it was said in *Figaro* that Alexander loved a horse, Balaam an ass, Augustus a parrot, Virgil a butterfly, Nero a starling, Commodus a monkey, Heliogabalus a sparrow, and Garibaldi a negro. Since his death no greater name has fallen from the rolls of authorship in France than that which has just taken place of his friend, to whom he gave such a

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rousing and distracting welcome in Marseilles twenty-seven years ago.

MADAME AM.

Madame Adam is flying over Europe imagining that she is pursued by the enmity of Bismarck, as Madame de Staël with better reason deemed herself to be pursued by the resentment of Napoleon. Bismarck probably doesn't care much about her, though it is very likely he hates her whenever he happens to think about her; first, because she is a Frenchwoman, and then because she is a writer and a wit, and has launched her arrows at Prussia and its Chancellor, all of which have rebounded from the iron mail in which the land and the minister are triply encased. She has been to Vienna, causing commotion and ferment in the social and literary circles of that quiet Danubian capital, and has latterly been to Hungary, where her attention was drawn to the exploits of a picturesque local brigand, a sort of Mazzaroni, or king of the mountains, who robbed the rich and gave to the poor, escaping sbirri and constabulary as if his life and person were charmed. Madame Adam wanted a portrait of this dashing robber, of which he was in some way informed, and in endeavoring to gratify a desire so complimentary to him he managed to get himself arrested, and will doubtless suffer the penalty of his adventures. He was taken in a photographic studio just as the artist had trained the camera upon him and told him to assume a pleasing expression of countenance. Madame Adam will lament the extremity into which her admiration of the young Barabbas has beguiled him, and will, perhaps, try to get him off and reform him, which she stands little chance of doing,

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as the Hungarian Criminal Code is Draconian ; but, at any rate, she can put him in a romance and embalm the predaceous and glittering dragon-fly in her transparent and durable prose—an honor almost worth dying for, if he be a brigand of sensibility and worthy of the interest he excited.

PRINCES IN EXILE.

Here is a story of Italian princes in exile. The persons of the drama are father, mother, daughter, lover, a man-at arms (bravo or hired assassin), sbirri, justiciaries, populace, etc. In her twelfth year the daughter marries the lover ; five years thereafter the mother falls ill and yearns to return to her native soil, but will not go unless accompanied by her daughter. The father opens negotiations with the husband. "Let my daughter go back with her mother and I will give you twenty million scudi." Husband refuses ; wife worth twice the money, and not to be parted with on any terms. Mother presently dies, her death being laid by the husband at the door of his son-in-law. To him he says : "If I had you in our own country I would proclaim vendetta against you. As it is I will have you killed anyhow." Then he goes to the bravo. "How much to kill my son-in-law?" "One million scudi," responds that ready man-at-arms, without a moment's hesitation. "Too much," says the inconsiderate widower, frugal even in his vengeances. "I'll give a quarter of a million." They haggle a little and settle on a price. "But you must pay for the weapons," the bravo says. That is agreed to. They sally forth, ascend the mount of piety—in other words, go to a pawn-shop—and purchase a Venetian stiletto and a Florentine arquebuse—

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in other words, a bowie-knife and a revolver—for which the employer joyfully pays, and forthwith speeds the bravo upon his mission. Once out of sight, that man of blood goes and puts the weapons again in pawn, and, after drinking up the proceeds, hies him to his intended victim, and lays the plot bare before him. They go together and recover the pawned instruments, and with them as evidence lay their complaint before a magistrate, who quickly causes the father-in-law to be haled to the judgment-seat to make answer. He explains that the treacherous man-at-arms owes him money, and has instituted a conspiracy to avoid paying it. After the distribution of a copious flood of colloquial Tuscan, all the parties are discharged, the court retaining the cutlery and artillery. And all this actually happened as recited: time, last week; place, Thompson Street, in New York, and the neighboring police court. The persons, it is true, were not avowedly princes, but wore the outward seeming of rag-pickers and corner fruit-sellers, and the sums of money offered to husband and bravo were more in keeping with the resources of this class of exiles than with those of expatriated Bentivoglios and Malatestas. But the peninsular greatness of spirit shines through the tale all the same, radiant though the proffered subsidies were farthings. It reads like a story of the fifteenth century, and might have happened in the capital of Tuscany or in the Rome of the Orsini and Colonna.

GREELEY.

Mr. Greeley was always sensitive to errors in his proofs, and sometimes broke loose in thunder-storms of reprobation. A serious blunder of this sort turned the milk of his kindness into koumiss, which exploded and deluged

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the office, making printers and proof-readers pale as the element which engulfed them. An inverted comma stung him like a mosquito. A mistake in a table of election returns set him into such fury as the red flag of the picador kindles in the Catalonian bull. "Henderson," he said once to the compiler of these sterile statistics, who had made an error of two votes in the returns from the Molly-muck-a-chuck district in the Mooselucmaguntic region of Northeastern Maine, "I discharge you; I don't want to see your face around here any more." But Henderson was at his post the next morning as usual. "How is this, Henderson," said George Ripley, as he came into the office at his customary hour. "I thought Mr. Greeley discharged you yesterday?" "Yes, he did," said Henderson, "but I didn't put any confidence in what he said." One day Mr. Greeley wrote that if a man were to shoot haphazard out of a window he would be morally responsible for any harm he might do. In print the "haphazard" became "half a yard," a rhetorical conversion which so depressed Mr. Greeley's spirits that he had no strength left to discharge anybody, not even "Henderson," which was his constant resource in great emotional crises.

DEPEW.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, one of the retinue of Mr. Blaine on the journey from New York to Buffalo, revolved like a forensic Catharine wheel the entire distance, sending out showers of rhetorical fireworks of an undeniably dazzling character, like those with which he so copiously illuminates after-dinner and other occasions less momentous than the critical passage of a Presidential campaign. He followed his chief at Rochester, and was guilty of the im-

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morality of producing as new, and associating with Governor Cleveland, a joke which is green with the moss of ages, and which might as well have been associated with George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, or Count Otto Von Bismarck. It was to the effect that Governor Cleveland had a colored valet who, after the Maine election, resigned his service, saying: "I didn't mind being your valet, Governor, till I found I had become the valley of the shadow of death." So told the story is pointless as a Brescia sausage and falls to the level of aldermanic wit, which, while it may set on some barren spectators to laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. There are many versions of it, and it has been ascribed to all wits from Walpole down. "Who is that?" said one of the punters of Watiers's gaming house in London to another, referring to a solemn, lugubrious figure clad in black whom he had noticed in the background during several evenings. "My valet," said the person interrogated. "Your valet! He looks like the valet of the shadow of death." This would not have been unworthy of Walpole. The Rochester version is not worthy of anybody. Was it Steele who said of the purloiners of jokes that they treated them as gypsies treat their stolen children, mutilating them in order to pass them off as their own? Lincoln's quaint phrase that it was no time to swap horses while swimming the river has been in speech and print a million times turned into the proposition that it was no time to swap horses while crossing a stream. Why not? The most hardened horse-traders would hardly strike up a bargain while they and their horses were to a great extent under water, and not without anxiety as to reaching safely the opposite shore; but why shouldn't they trade while riding across a bridge or on a ferry-boat as deliberately

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and with the same tranquil accompaniments of mendacity and expectoration as if they met on the road or in their own stable yards? Mr. Depew has so much wit himself that he rarely need borrow; but when he does he should scrutinize the loan more critically before giving it currency.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Sherman's celebration of the bridge in his speech at the dinner of the New England Society indicates that he, in common with some others, regards that structure as in its sort the most triumphant work of man, representing a conquest of difficulties greater than those surmounted by the builders of the Pyramids, or the temples of Luxor, or the Coliseum, or any other work of architecture or engineering of antiquity, as it easily exceeds any such creation of modern times. In majesty of appearance it is hardly inferior to the battered Egyptian Mausoleum or the cypress-grown ruins of the Roman arena; and for its giant buttresses and arches a like duration with them may be prefigured. They will outlast the race which builded them, the tongue, all tongues, in which their artificers and artisans addressed each other, and every shred of record or tradition now existing on the earth. They will look forth on solitudes where now are cities, and will have witnessed the encampment around their bases of as many races as those which in succession dominated Nineveh or Rome. Conquerors in procession will ride through their arches crimsoned and charioted, new Cæsars and Scipios and Napoleons, the womb of time not yet barren of such, let the peace societies say or sing what they will. Of Niagara and the Yosemite Emerson said

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that they were the only things America had to show which were quite up to the brag. If he had lived long enough he might have added the bridge, and declared that when its rugged pillars rose out of the tides,

> "Nature gladly gave them place,
> Adopted them into her race,
> And granted them an equal date
> With Andes and with Ararat."

JOHN RANDOLPH.

A kinswoman of John Randolph of Roanoke recites in a recent number of the *Current* a pathetic love story of that attenuated and exacerbating mortal, who, historically viewed, does not seem like the sort of target Dan Cupid would select to fire one of his arrows into. Whatever sentiment he may have displayed in this romantic episode, which had so sad an ending, it seemingly exhausted his entire stock of the same, none being observed at any subsequent stage of his career. The young lady to whom his heart was given, and whom, it is said, he had loved from childhood, turned out to be a kleptomaniac. While on a shopping expedition with her just before their intended marriage he saw her steal and secrete a piece of lace. He made no immediate sign of his discovery, but conveyed the young lady to her home and then betook himself to his own, when he gave way to an emotion of overwhelming misery and despair, being found by his servant not long after in a state of insensibility. He never recovered from this blow, nor communicated to any one any circumstance concerning it. The lady soon after made another marriage, speedily followed by her death from the effects of a powerful medicine, taken with the expectation that it

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would impart brightness to her eyes and complexion, she being about to sit to the famous artist Sully for her portrait. It was the first and last romance of Randolph, worthy to be remembered for its association with one of the most singular figures among the public men of his time—able, bitter, sinister, unlovely, unloved, but a genuine patriot withal, preserving a resolute and unswerving sense of public duty and a courage equal to all its obligations. It lends an added ray of interest to him that one blossom of romance should grow out of his grave, though, like "that sanguine flower inscribed with woe" embroidering the mantle of Camus, it were of such sombre and fateful hue.

COLIGNY.

It is three hundred and twelve years in this present showery month of April since the mortally wounded body of Coligny was hurled from one of the windows of the Louvre into the court beneath, and now within a few feet of that spot a statue is about to be erected commemorating his virtue, renown, and martyrdom. He was the first and greatest of the victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the friend of Calvin, of Theodore Beza, of Jeanne d'Albret, mother of the chivalrous but apostate Henri IV. (who excused his apostasy on the plea that Paris was worth a mass); soldier, sailor, statesman, and sage, and this monumental sign that the work he did for Protestantism in camp and council, by sea and land, is not yet forgotten, will engage wide attention and sympathy. It is as if, after more than three centuries, the ground reddened with his blood blossomed in commemorative marble, attesting the heroism and worth so ill-requited by the spear-thrust of Bearne, the assassin, and the taunts and curses of the

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Duke of Guise, at whose feet the dying Admiral fell. Coligny was falsely supposed to have been accessory to the murder of the Duke's father, and I remember to have seen a picture by one of the modern masters of French art showing the Duchess, with her youthful son beside her, kneeling before a tapestry on which that deed was delineated. This she did with pious constancy, nurturing in him and mingling with his growth the purpose of revenge, which he carried out so sternly, though it struck the wrong victim. In all the list of Huguenot martyrs there is no more venerable or illustrious name than that of Coligny.

He planted colonies abroad for the refuge of his oppressed coreligionists in the Carolinas, in Florida, and in Brazil, but they did not thrive. In the latter country he drove out the priests from their churches and monasteries by the side of the beautiful Bay of Rio, and the oppressed fathers betook themselves to the neighboring mountains, where the remains of the habitations they erected to shelter their transient exile are still shown. I rode out to look at them in company with the late William R. Garrison (whose lamented death by a railway accident at Long Branch a few years ago will be remembered), but we could find nothing save some crumbling walls overgrown with a tropical riot of verdure. Near by was the Cascade Grande, or grand cascade, a tumbling mass of emerald and snow, touched with beams of fire and arched with a double rainbow, and the surrounding forest glooms, their boughs hung with incense and "engarlanded and diapered with inwrought flowers," glimmered and glittered with butterfly and humming-bird numberless as the rustling leaves which canopied them. Not far away was the Lagoa des Freitas,

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a little lake fringed with reeds and bordered with palms, with wading water birds along its margin and a solitary fisher's boat on the motionless mirror of its surface, floating "double, boat and shadow." The holy fathers probably cursed after pious formularies the Protesting Gauls who drove them forth out of their peaceful cells and chapels, but it was a fairy land of exile in which they took refuge. The echoes of the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois reached them after a space—the bell of St. Bartholomew. Their enemy was dead, the cause for which he had striven in the dust, and they came forth from their forest Alsatia and took up their old habitations on the islands and by the shores of the beautiful bay, where they still abide.

MIRABEAU.

The last of the Mirabeaus died recently in his chateau at St. Phillippe du Roule, and the historic line of the Requettis or Arrighettis cast out of Florence in some Guelph-Ghibelline contest of the fifteenth century to take such strong and flourishing root in France fades into a memory. It reached its crescent glory in the mighty tribune of the States Generale convened on the eve of the revolution, which its proceedings ushered in, ringing up the curtain on the most momentous national drama of the modern world. He was the colossus of that stormy parliament, in the midst of which he stood for eighty days, "all Europe ringing from side to side with the thunders of his voice," linking his name inseparably with the events of that period of agitation and ruin, and with all of the after-story of France and the world. Of the tribunes of the people he was the greatest of the moderns, and might have stood beside Demosthenes in the bema or Cicero

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in the forum, as towering and sublime a figure as the Greek who loosed the whirlwind of his denunciations against Philip, or the Roman who launched his thunderbolts at the spoiler of Sicily. Of that volcanic upbreak of revolution destined to rend and cast down in ruin the fabric of an ancient society, he was the first fiery tongue shot aloft into the heavens, kindling a lurid presage over the world. The great name has since been borne by a succession of respectable commonplace Mirabeaus, making no important figure in the world, and the passing away of the last of the dynasty would be only of neighborhood import except for the imperishable lustre shed on the race by its single memorable representative, whose renown a century has not diminished, but broadened and brightened, and which will not sink in eclipse till the story of France is perished from the world.

TALLEYRAND.

Unexplained reasons must exist for the delay in the publication of the memoirs of Talleyrand, now more than a decade overdue. No work of the kind published in modern Europe has been awaited with similar eagerness, and when it does appear it will doubtless surpass them all in interest as much as his life surpassed in romance, vicissitude, and achievement the lives of most ministers and statesmen. Brooklyn has a curious reminiscence of Talleyrand. When he fled from France, before the Revolution, he came to America, bringing a mercantile venture in the shape of various commodities, and a partner, who, one evening after their arrival, wanted him to walk along the Heights, then the summit of a lonely steep precipice, the water brawling on the rocks below. At a sudden stage

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of the walk Talleyrand suddenly turned and confronted his companion. "Monster," he said, "you have brought me here to murder me—to throw me over this precipice. Confess it." And the wretch, who turned out to be in the first stages of lunacy, confessed that such had been his intention. He died shortly after in an asylum, making only this entrance upon the field of history, his name even forgotten by me. I have often thought, in passing by the houses of Mr. Low, Mr. Pierrepont, and John T. Martin, that either of them might occupy almost the precise spot on which this thrilling little drama was enacted. Traditions of Talleyrand abide in the central counties of New York, through which he journeyed, and he slept over night in a chamber of an ante-Revolutionary house, afterward the property of my father, in which I have often slept, a huge old chamber, with a black, cavernous fireplace and wooden wainscoting, wearing the embrowned livery of a hundred years, very cold in winter-time, and at all times a fortress and impregnable stronghold of mice. The ancestors of those which squeaked and twittered in my childish ears must have made similar music for the remote, unfriended exile who once found shelter there, and whom such important destinies awaited in his own land.

NAUNDORFF.

At Delft is the tomb of Naundorff, the clockmaker, who pretended to be the son of Louis XVI., and it is inscribed, "Charles Louis, Duc de Normandie, fils de Louis XVI., et de Marie Antoinette d'Autriche." His widow and children pleaded in Paris for their birthright in 1851, and again on appeal in 1874, having as counsel Jules Favre, who did not win the case for them. It is to be again re-

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opened. The male descendants of the clockmaker are Auguste, Louis, and Charles, his grandsons, but the active power in arraying and urging their dynastic pretensions is in the courage and ambition of their aunt, the Princess Amilie, daughter of the aspiring old maker of horologes, who married the son of Lawyer Xavier Laprade, is sixty-five, and looks like Marie Antoinette, as beseems her pretensions. She keeps her little court at No. 5 Rue de la Neva, is clever and highly educated, and has many partisans. The throne of St. Louis seems hardly worth the fighting for in these days, being merely obsolete lumber like that of Charlemagne or Canute or Aurungzebe, little likely to bear again the flame blossom of royalty; but the claims of the Naundorffs are interesting, inasmuch as they renew attention to a historical mystery—whether or not the child who died at the Temple on June 8th, 1795, was really the Dauphin son of Louis XVI.—a mystery not likely to be cleared up by the most exhaustive efforts of the counsel for the claimants or by the adjudication of any of the legal tribunals of the Republic.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

Madame Tussaud's world-known collection of wax works, for fifty years exhibited in Baker Street, near the British Museum, Russell Square, London, has just removed to Marylebone Road, where it has established itself in a building of costliness and pomp befitting the renowned collection which it receives. The event attracts much attention in London, where Madame Tussaud's has long been an institution as popular and celebrated as Barnum's Museum used to be in New York. Biographical incidents of its founder, who died not long ago, aged ninety-one, are

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revived. She was the daughter of a Swiss modeller in wax, from whom she learned her craft, and on coming to Paris was chosen to instruct the younger members of the royal household in that art. She had seen and known Voltaire, Mirabeau, and Lafayette, Madame Roland, Recamier, Necker, and De Staël, and might, perhaps, have seen in her old age, but with her beauty yet undimmed, Ninon de l'Enclos and the lovers who surrounded her court in the days of its decadence. She modelled the ghastly face of Marat, slain in his bath, and the beautiful but pathetic and fateful countenance of Charlotte Corday, who slew him there. An hour after the head of Robespierre had fallen under the knife of the guillotine it lay in the lap of madame, who took the cast of its abhorred lineaments, which is now shown in the collection. Marat's image lies in the bath in which he was slain, and recalls with terrible emphasis the historical episode in which he bore so memorable and tragic a part. She modelled the living faces of the Emperor and Josephine and almost all the mighty personages of the revolution and the empire. In her later years she sat amid her waxen effigies, hardly to be distinguished from them, a small, prim figure, with white kerchief modestly pinned across her breast, which held within it, perhaps, as wide a range of personal memories as any which rose and fell with the breathings of any little old lady in Great Britain or elsewhere. She leaves descendants of her name, which seems not soon destined to perish out of English remembrance, where it has rooted itself more and more firmly through all the years since Waterloo.

The Tussaud collection of the relics of Napoleon is the completest in the world, showing the equipage and per-

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sonal belongings of him, from his military carriage, in which he rode over Europe as in a chariot of fire, distributing doom, down to his linen underwear. There are his cocked hats and coats, his swords and boots, his field glass, his snuff-boxes, his writing cases, military charts and maps—everything seemingly which could have appertained to him in the way of raiment, ornament, and equipment, and they are all shown in a room by themselves, only needing to make them complete the addition of a small glass jar in the Hunterian Museum, in which is shown, preserved in spirits, a portion of the imperial stomach, with the cancerous growth upon it which brought him to his death, as a similar affliction did his father before him. That was, if my memory serve me faithfully, brought back from St. Helena by Surgeon O'Meara, and by him presented to the Hunterian Museum, and therefore rendered inaccessible to the Napoleonic zeal of the Tussauds, who would undoubtedly have had it if money could have purchased it.

Dickens used to tell his young contributors to *Once a Week* and *All the Year Round* that if they wanted to write something original they should go and be locked up over night in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, in which were displayed the heads of all the more celebrated recent murderers of Great Britain, and the knives, and pistols, and bludgeons, and poison bottles with which they had wrought their baleful work. None of them was courageous enough to try this, though it seems as if it might have been made the basis of an entirely unique magazine paper —that is, if the writer had been able to preserve his reason through the ordeal. Juliet's foreglimpse of the horrors which would meet her awakening in the Veronese tomb of

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her ancestors was quite tame in comparison with those which would have confronted him during his long night vigil. I remember to have been shown through this appalling chamber by Monsieur Tussaud himself, who expatiated blandly upon the celebrity of the various murderers and certified to the surpassing accuracy with which their lineaments were reproduced. It is possible that they might under certain circumstances inspire literary fruitfulness—kindle artistically available visions in the imagination; but they would be more likely to incite homicidal mania, so that when morning brought release the maddened scribe would rush forth and slay the harmless, necessary doorkeeper, qualifying himself for a niche in that evil Valhalla, the images whereof had upset his reason.

EARL DUDLEY.

Earl Dudley, just dead in England, aged sixty eight, was one of the wealthiest and at the same time one of the most eccentric members of the British peerage. He was sane enough to be at large, but in reality as mad as any inmate of Colney Hatch or the Salpetriere. One of his periodical delusions was that he was in a condition which might have been possible to his countess, but was in nowise so to himself. Another was that he imagined himself to be made of glass, and was always attended by a servant, whose function it was to prevent anything from coming in violent contact with him. He had no doubt that in that case he should fly in pieces like a wine goblet. He was a famous patron of art in all its branches, the collection in his town mansion in Park Lane, London, being one of the greatest and costliest in the world. Not many years ago he paid thirty thousand dollars for three pieces of Rose

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du Barry porcelain of moderate size, up to that time the largest price for works of that kind ever recorded. The Dudley collection of jewels was almost as famous as that of the late Duke of Brunswick, known as the Diamond Duke, who lived and died in Paris and was buried in Geneva, to which town he bequeathed his vast possessions, and which has erected a magnificent mausoleum in his honor. A goodly share of this renowned collection the Countess Dudley carried once in a travelling-bag to the Euston Square Railway Station, where in some mysterious manner it disappeared. It was valued at over one hundred thousand pounds, and the police were unable to detect any clew to the robbery. It is understood that private negotiations resulted in the return of the jewels and the payment of a large reward, but nothing was publicly known about it. Lord Dudley married one of the beautiful daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, sister of the equally beautiful Lady Mordaunt, whose amatory escapades, involving the Prince of Wales and "most of the younger nobility," some years ago threw London into spasms of social consternation; he leaves her a widow of forty, still handsome, and one of the richest in the kingdom—all this being of limited importance on this side of the water, though on the other it divides attention for the time being with events of much greater importance. The house of the Dudleys dates far back in English history; it was of commanding power and influence in the days of Elizabeth, but its present great wealth comes from a city goldsmith of the time of Charles I., whose descendant married the impoverished Dudley heiress, regilding the ancient escutcheon and setting the old historic house up in business again. None of its members has done any useful thing in the last two and a half centuries, and if the

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vitreous and obstetric hallucinations of the late Earl are transmitted to his posterity, there is no likelihood of such a thing for an equal period to come.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Mr. Croffut tells in the *World* an interesting story of the late Blanchard Jerrold, whom he supposes to be alive and still editor of *Lloyd's Weekly*, which his father for many years edited before him. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold died, I think, in Paris, something more than a year ago, but I have no record at hand enabling me to fix the date. The story is to the effect that while he was assisting his father in the editorial work of the paper some visiting friend said: "So you are going to follow in your father's footsteps, are you?" "Yes," replied young Blanchard, "I'm a chip of the old block." "A chip!" growled his father; "you're only a witling;" which is, on the whole, a very creditable outbreak of Jerroldism. I saw quite a good deal of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold in London in the old days when he was in the beginning of his career, a contributor to *All the Year Round* and some other literary periodicals, and a companion and friend of Sala, the brothers Mayhew, Robert Brough, Albert Smith, and the rest of the litterateurs and men about town of that period, which was something more than a quarter of a century ago. He had a thin streak of caustic wit, stinging but not malevolent, somewhat like his father's, considerably diluted, but was a merry and popular companion and held in general esteem. I believe he edited *Lloyd's Weekly* up to the time of his death, and was always an industrious literary worker in other directions; but at the last his principal claim to distinction is that he was his father's son.

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FREEMAN.

Freeman, the historian, who visited this country a few years ago, has been appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, succeeding the learned Dr. Stubbs, whom Gladstone consulted as to the appointment. The admiration of Freeman by Stubbs and of Stubbs by Freeman and of Gladstone by both of them and of both of them by Gladstone has long been known, and the eminently suitable appointment was, therefore, so to speak, inevitable. The two historians are, perhaps, equally erudite; they possess a common heaviness of style bordering on dulness and a tendency to learned bumptiousness which, in the case of Freeman, sometimes assumes flagrancy. The mutual esteem of the retiring and incoming professor recall Mr. Thorold Rogers's epigram:

> "See, ladling butter from a pair of tubs,
> Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs."

EMERSON.

Venerable, learned, witty, wise, and enchanting Dr. Holmes is writing a life of Emerson, which it is likely will be his last important literary work, as he is now in the last lustrum of his fourth score, when "The god of bounds who sets to sea a shore" commands pause and surcease from such ambitious labors. It will be eagerly and anxiously awaited, and remembering the friendship which subsisted between the wittiest and the wisest of the sons of New England for more than fifty years, it may be safely assumed that the biographer will have something to tell about his subject that the world will be glad to hear and remember.

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The voice of respectable Boston and conservative New England which greeted Emerson forty-five years ago has undergone a change of cadence. "Do you know Emerson?" was asked of Webster during his visit to England. "Do you mean the Socinian minister?" he rejoined, in sepulchral accents. Jeremiah Mason, mighty legist of that time, with whom I think Webster read law, heard one of his lectures after interest and curiosity had begun to mingle in the public mind with the confusion and aversion which his earlier utterances excited among the bewildered Philistines of that period. "Can you understand him?" was asked of Mason. "No, I can't, but my darters can." John Quincy Adams wrote in 1840: "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once loved friend William Emerson and a classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the every-day avocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of Transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. . . . Mr. Lunt's discourse this morning was intended to counteract the effect of these wild and visionary fantasies. He spoke with just severity of this spirit of hurly-burly innovation to the most important and solemn duties of the Christian faith." The world hath indeed moved somewhat since then, carrying perforce even Boston and Massachusetts with it, and notwithstanding the conservative and "counteracting" effect of the sermon of Lunt and the epistle of the venerable ex-President and other discouraging local influences, the golden voice of the seer to whom they would not hearken has borne its music and its more than priestly benediction to the limits of the world.

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EGYPT.

The spade of the archæologist is kept quite as busy in Egypt in recovering her buried trophies as that of the soldier in throwing up defences in front of Assouan and Wady Halfy and the other Soudanese outposts. At Zoan Tanis Mr. Flinders Petrie and his associates have unearthed some of the richest treasures which the mysterious old wonderland has ever yielded to the diligence of discovery. Mummied kings who slept unmindful of the tramplings above them of Cambyses and Cæsar, scrolls of papyri, inscribed tablets and pillars, old as the Pharaoh who held the Israelites in captivity, have come to the light, bearing their now intelligible messages out of the dark backward and abyss. It cannot now be affirmed of Egypt, according to the discoursings of Sir Thomas Browne in his "Fragment on Mummies," that she is become the land of obliviousness, and doteth. Rays of clear historic light stream out from her hieroglyphs embroidering tomb and cerement, pillar and pedestal and pyramid. No longer need we say of her that "Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant and sitteth upon a sphinx and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanic erections and turning old glories into dreams." The puzzles of the Titantic erections are in these days pretty thoroughly understood, and the old glories of the land have come into a historic light which enables us to interpret them as something other than dreams and cloudy traditions. Mr. Petrie describes a colossal statue of Rameses II. which must have been the largest piece of sculpture ever known in the world, its altitude from foot to crown having

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been ninety-eight feet. It was a standing figure of the usual type, wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, and with its pedestal had an extreme height of one hundred and fifteen feet. It was a monolith, and came from the quarries of Syene, like the great obelisks and pillars of Luxor, and, according to the most careful computation, it must have weighed about seven hundred tons. What tales it could tell us if it were erect again and voiceful, like Memnon, of the sons of Misraim and ancient braveries of Egypt! It has been mutilated and despoiled beyond recovery, but, dispersed as it is, in defaced fragments, it must always be regarded as one of the most interesting and wonderful remains of Egyptian art. Dr. Schweinfurth, the great African traveller, has likewise been engaged on excavations upon the site of the labyrinth near Lake Mœris, in Western Fayoum, with results which are said to be important, but which are not yet given to the public. Professor Sayce, the learned Orientalist, has also brought back from the island of Philæ and the regions of the Upper Nile many curious and interesting trophies of the twelfth dynasty, illuminating an historical period hitherto obscure; and, all things considered, neither the war nor the disturbed state of the country seem to have impeded the labors of the savans or archæologists in the least.

VEDDER.

Mr. Elihu Vedder sends from his studio in Rome the compositions designed to illustrate the new edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," which is about to be issued by a New York publishing house. They have been privately exhibited, and, as might have been expected from the artist's fame, are pronounced to be very striking and

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impressive, full of the weird mysticism which is characteristic of his work, and is equally characteristic of the strange poem which it is to illustrate. The edition will be awaited with much interest, and there can be little doubt that it will have the effect of greatly extending the knowledge among Americans of that song of epicurism and fate, with its deep under-echo of the vanity and nothingness of things, and the powerlessness of any force in nature to avert the foredoomed or mitigate the sorrow appointed unto man, sung by the tent maker of Naishapur on the edge of the Chorasmian Desert—a thousand years ago.

Such portions of the Rubaiyat as have been rendered into English were translated by William Fitzgerald. I first encountered it bearing the imprint of Quaritch, London, about a dozen years ago. It has since widely extended its fame among scholars, and among those to whom the East is something more than a land of citrons and dates and perfumed spiceries and dainty fabrics. It seems strange that this old Oriental singer and seer should have found his first adequate recognition in a land far from his own, among people of another faith, and after his dust had been for a thousand years blown about the desert wastes from which it took its origin and was for a little time kindled with the fire which yet burns unextinguished "through that night of time in which suns perished." He was never popular in his own country. "The MSS. of his poems, mutilated beyond the average casualties of Oriental transcription, are so rare in the East as to have scarcely reached westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of arms and science." There is only one in England, No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz

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A.D. 1460. This contains but one hundred and fifty-eight Rubaiyat (or stanzas), but in other copies preserved at the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta and at Lucknow, the number is greatly expanded. The present translation contains in all but one hundred and one.

Omar lived in the meridian of that golden age of Persian poetry which began with Abdul Hassan Rudigi, about the middle of the tenth century, and closed with the death of Djalma, the last of the great Persian singers, in the year 1492. In that interval the lofty rhymes of Firdusi and Nizami, of Sadi and Hafiz, were builded, and the latter date is memorable with us as the one on which the caravels of Columbus set sail from Palos. Rudigi's work was written two centuries before the Canzoni of d'Alcamo, the first known fragment of Tuscan literature, and its origin outdates the Cid, the Saxon chronicle, and the Niebelungen. It was while France was full of Jongleurs, Trouveres, and Troubadours, with their *chansons de geste*, their romances of Arthur and St. Grail, and while the gallants and ladies of Provence were singing to each other the earliest love songs of the beautiful language of OC. When the period closed the literature of the west was in its splendid dawn; the Divine Comedy was written and the Romaunt of the Rose, the Niebelungen, and the Cid. Ariosto was just born, and Garcilaso de la Vega was just beginning to impart new energy and splendor to the literature of Spain. England was still dumb, or spoke in halting half numbers through the voices of droning monks and dull chroniclers, but she was preparing in no long time to send abroad and aloft such a storm of music that the very stars singing in their courses and choiring to the young-eyed

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cherubim might have paused to listen. Few nations can boast of a more copious and various literature than that which gave birth to the melodious, agnostic Omar, and among all its master singers there is none whose voice is winged with more penetrating sweetness or interfused with a more subtle charm. His confusions and blind gropings after a truth which he finds not, his vain endeavor "to unshackle his steps from destiny and to catch some authentic glimpse of to-morrow," which would not reveal itself to his most earnest and passionate invocation, leaving to-day his only standing ground, with each vanishing instant slipping from beneath his feet, will not be without sympathy in these later days.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go
Round with the sun illumined lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

"Impotent pieces of the game he plays
Upon this checker-board of nights and days,
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the box he lays.

"The moving finger writes and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

"And that inverted bowl men call the sky,
Whereunder crawling, cooped, we live and die—
Lift not your hands to it for help,
For it as impotently rolls as you or I.

"With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,
And then of the last harvest sowed the seed,
And the first morning of creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall read."

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It will be interesting to see after what fashion Mr. Vedder interprets "the magic shadow shapes" and the fateful "moving finger" that, "having writ, moves on," leaving behind it its eternally ineffaceable record, and the other phantasms and forthshadowings of the tent-maker's wizard song.

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